MERRIMACK;

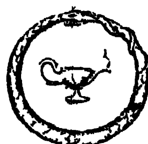
OR

LIFE AT THE LOOM

A Tale

BY DAY KELLOGG LEE,

AUTHOR OF "SUMMERFIELD, OR LIFE ON A FARM," AND "THE MASTER BUILDER, OR LIFE AT A TRADE."



REDFIELD
110 & 112 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK
1854.

CONTENTS.

MERRIMACK.



MERRIMACK.

I.

I PURPOSE to write the history of my life, and I will begin with the first event in which I can flatter myself my readers may be interested. I was nine years old, and we lived in Salem, Massachusetts. It was August, and we arose very early one morning to see the Helen Doyle away on a whaling voyage to the southern seas.

My father was captain of the Helen ; and while he stood on Phillips's Wharf, just ready to sail, my mother, myself and my brother Jesse, with two or three friends, turned the corner of Derby-street, running to take his farewell kiss, and see the good ship under way. We had waited at home, I remember, for a friend to join us, who did not come ; and though we almost flew to the wharf, we had only time for a hasty kiss and one or two brief words, before my father was hurried from our embraces, and the vessel gave her broad sails to the breeze.

The hour was very 'beautiful,' as the Salem people say. It was an August morning in a double sense. The pale

dawn had deepened to a ruddy glow; the great warm sun was just peering above the water, and the white mist that hid Baker's Island, crowned Marblehead, covered the Juniper, and hung waving on the Beverly woods like a bridal veil, was dissolving in his beams.

Three other vessels sailed from the harbor that morning. One was bound for Canton; one for the west coast of Africa; and the other for Brazil. Every sail was hoisted, and as the brave old whaler took the lead, and the others ran after,—one on her right, one on her left, and the other in her wake,—they were a handsome sight to see. The air was finer than usual for that season. The grass glittered as in the dews of June. The city was bright and pleasant. The sounds of waking life were full of animation, and one would have thought we might have been more cheerful than at an hour of natural gloom.

And yet our grief was heavy: we could not tell why; but the very sunshine seemed to give us melancholy feelings. The sights of beauty on the water and on the land oppressed our hearts, and filled our eyes again and again with tears. My father made an effort to look cheerful and speak cheering words, and he smiled as long as a smile could be told from a tear, and gave the most joyful-seeming waftures; but it was plain to us that an ominous grief had touched him, and all that cheerfulness was put on to comfort my mother and the children.

My mother detected the gloom which my father could not disguise, and she had frequently wept since the day was set for the vessel to sail. It was not all on account of the long voyage, and years of absence (though that

anticipation was hard to bear); but a strange melancholy haunted her, stifled her breath, and stirred up the fountain of her tears. It seemed to her, she has often said, that the anchor of that tossing ship was cast in her bosom, and was tugging at the cords of her heart. To please my father, who liked to remember her last appearance, she was dressed in white that morning, and I see her stately form now as she stood on the head of the wharf, her face glowing with emotion, her eager eyes long following the vessel, and her right hand waving adieus.

At last she turned to us, and found our eyes brimming with tears, while our friends were weeping with us.

"Why do you cry so, mother? will not father come home again?" inquired I, with a grief which was prompted as much by her own tears, as by the farewells taken of my father.

"I pray that he may return, my dear," answered my mother; "yet, something grieves me deeply. I know not what it is, beside this separation."

"Don't cry so, mother; you make us feel so bad," I continued; "and tell me, won't father return pretty soon? He came in a year the last time, and that seemed a long, long while to have him away. Say, will he stay longer this time, leaving us so lonesome, and keeping you on the look-out for him day and night?"

"Oh yes; he will stay away longer than ever before; he will stay four years this time,—and don't you remember how short and happy he said that time would be to him, while getting something more to enable him to buy us a pleasant home, to quit the dangerous sea and live all

the while with us. Let us cheer up, Mercy, and see how short and happy we can make the time; and how glad we can make him when he does return."

"I cannot wait *four* years to see father again," said my brother Jesse. "Why don't he come before, and bring us more oranges, and tell us more good stories? Wasn't that funny he told us yesterday about teasing the boobies from their nests, and chucking the gravel down their throats?—Wish I could have gone with him! Why didn't he let me go? I wouldn't be afraid of a booby: I've thrown Booby Ben a dozen times; I wouldn't be afraid of a whale neither; I could catch a whale, for I've catched cunners and flounders off Beverly Bridge."

"I'm glad pa isn't a sailor," exclaimed Milly Dorlon, with a smile of gladness flashing through her tears. "Ma would cry harder'n you do, Mrs. Winthrop, if pa was a sailor and went so far, to stay so long; and I'm sure *I* should go crazy."

"*My* father goes ever and ever so far away," said little Hannah Buxton. "He goes away off to Providence two times a year; and we all feel *so* bad when he goes, and so glad when he comes home again! What *would* we do if he staid away as long as Daniel Winthrop?"

"O, I *hope* he will return—I think he *will* return," replied my mother. "'The Helen' is a safe ship; she has a good crew, and sails in a favorable season. But it was hard to part with him this time! We have had such a pleasant summer, and he has been so happy with little Walter, it is very hard to part again so soon. Don't talk to me any more now, children; I shall feel better

soon. Come, Mercy, let Milly and Hannah run home, now they have seen the ship sail, and we will hasten back to see if Walter has not been awake and crying more than we in our absence. Poor boy, I have neglected him so much since father made ready to sail! Let us see what a bright and gentle boy he may become in these four years, and how father will shout for joy when he returns again."

"I know father felt real bad to leave Walter," said I "While you were down cellar for butter, he took the little fellow from his cozy crib and hugged him, as if trying to squeeze him into his heart, held his little fat hands to the candle and looked at them, glanced down at his white feet and let a tear drop on 'em; he did, mother, and patted his head, pinched his neck, hugged him again, then kissed him all over his face and neck and hands, and forced him down as if Walter had clung to him."

"And he grieved to part with you and Jesse, too," answered my mother; "and you must love him, and see how much you can learn and improve before he returns. O, dear! this parting with a sailor husband is a bitter grief to bear! Parting at a time, too, when the cheerfullest things make me so unhappy."

Milly and Hannah directed their steps toward South Salem, and mother, Jesse, and I went to our home on Essex-street near the common. Little Walter opened his bright eyes with a wild and laughing gaze as we entered, and he was caressed more tenderly for what had passed that morning, while even his song and laugh, too, called

back the sorrow to my mother's heart and filled her eyes again with tears.

The sailing of the Helen Doyle that day was an event of great interest to a large circle of friends. My father was well beloved in Salem. He was born there; and was left an orphan when only two years old. He was said to have been one of those sweet-hearted and swift-footed boys who win a person's love at first sight, and keep it. He came up against so many discouragements, he was a capable man so early, and such an excellent seaman, that many appeared proud of his friendship, and took his welfare warmly to heart. His friends were particularly interested in that voyage on which he had just departed, and had not the time been mistaken, we should have found a crowd on the wharf, as they gathered there an hour afterward, to shake his hand and say good-by.

II.

My parents had been married ten years, and they celebrated their marriage anniversary with a family pic-nic on Backer's Island a week before my father sailed. I can never forget that day. The island was all alive with light and beauty, and father said it lay like a green-breasted duck on the water. The sky was fine; the harbor was white with sails, and all the world seemed to send us words and smiles of congratulation. Father took his diary along, and after dinner he read the accounts of all his marriage anniversaries—where he had been, whom he was with, and what he had enjoyed. Twice he had been at sea, when the welcome day returned, and with only three exceptions he had spent it with mother. They both declared the days had all been happy, and *that* was the happiest of all. "Too happy," my mother repeatedly said, "to return with the same joy again."

Three children were the fruits of that union—myself, Jesse, and Walter. I was nine years old, and I well remember, that up to that day the only real sorrow I had ever experienced, was when my father went to sea.

Jesse was six years old, and he appeared a little red-haired stranger in the family, resembling neither father nor mother in looks; but he had a gentle eye and a

kindly heart, and every boy and girl was his friend, and delighted to serve and please him.

Walter was so young it would have been hard at that time to say which of my parents he most resembled. Young as he was, however, he was a real little fancy character, such as novelists like to describe. His "golden locks" (as they would have said) fell on his shoulders in the prettiest shining clusters. He ran alone, bending back like a major, and moving his limber legs so lightly you would have said he could dance a hornpipe before he was two years old.

Walter was my favorite, as I suppose I must have been his, for he said he *liked* everybody, and *loved* me. I loved Jesse very much, but Walter bewitched me with that pretty hair, those charming eyes, and crimson velvet cheeks.

Poor Walter, how often in after life have I thought of his innocent ways, and the happiness he gave us at that time! He was such a blessing from the day of his birth; our lonely home was made so light and pleasant by his smiles; there was such gay and tender music in his prattle; he cheered so many lonely hours, charmed so many sorrows from our hearts; and wound so many webs of silken attachment around us, it would have grieved us terribly if he had been taken away. How blind are we all to the future, and how little do we know what we ask for our dear ones, when we pray that they may be permitted to live on earth! How often in later years have I thought of the comfort he gave us when a child! How I loved to draw him across my lap and bury my face

betwixt the fillets of fat which bound on his double chin, and kiss him till he made the house ring with his merry laughter !

I wonder not that father took Walter from his crib that morning and looked at his dimpled hands, held him in his bosom, and caressed him as if he would devour the lovely creature. And I know not what he would have given, at any time of that lonely voyage, to step into his pleasant Salem home and enjoy one summer day with us. O, I know not how often he dreamed of such tender joys, to be awakened by the creaking of his vessel, or the wind that wailed among its shrouds !

Amelia Dorlon was of my own age, and we were intimate friends. Amelia's parents were poor and not intelligent, but they were very good people, were much respected, and took a world of comfort in their humble home. Amelia—or Milly, as we called her, and as I shall call her often in my history—Milly Dorlon was not an intellectual girl, and she did not manifest much force of character, while her appearance was rather comely than commanding. But she was a frank and confiding creature as ever loved a friend.

Hannah Buxton was only six years old, and she was as prim a little Quaker maiden as one could wish to see. She was not what you might call a Quaker beauty. She was rather too slender in form and features, and the freckles were too plenty on her dark brown face. Her complexion was so different from that of either of her parents, they were frequently asked where it came from, and how it was that she had so slight a family likeness. The

physical likeness, however, became more perfect in after years, while already the mental and moral likeness was true and striking. Decided individual forces were rising within and around her heart, which held her in great reserve, and kept her from mingling with others as freely as most girls of her age; and yet she was generous, affectionate and good.

When Milly and Hannah went home, and told their mothers how my mother wept that morning, they were very sad, and said they would spend the afternoon with her, and try to give her comfort. They came over about one o'clock, but found us not at home. Mother took a little breakfast on the return, but her house was so lonely she kept Jesse and me from school for company, and sat down to her sewing, and tried to sing a cheerful hymn. But she could neither sew nor sing. She whiled away the time, however, till the clock struck eleven, and she was so miserable she told us we would put Walter into his wagon, and take her sewing, a book, and basket of refreshments, and go and spend the day on the Juniper.

The Juniper is a point of land in the bay, about a mile east of Salem; and it takes its name from the juniper trees which it bears. Its contour is somewhat broken by the remains of Fort Pickering, but at that time it was covered with luxuriant verdure, and tufted with a few evergreens, which formed delightful shades, and it remains to this day a fashionable resort for parties, and the favorite haunt of those who like to go out alone and commune with nature for a solemn or a joyous hour.

We children clapped our hands with joy, of course,

when the Juniper was mentioned; and in half an hour we were past Bentley's Rock and the Alms-House, and within sight of the tree under which we spread our blankets for the day. It was a sweet relief to get on the Juniper. The day continued one of the fairest and most delicious of the season. The mild, warm, motherly sky seemed to stoop down near us and invite us to a rest in its placid bosom. The wind came soft and fragrant as if blowing from gardens of bloom. Rains had fallen in such profusion the grass was fresh and bright as a green meadow in May, and we needed only to exchange the cries of the cricket and katy-did for the songs of the thrush and bobolink, to make us forget we were on the verge of autumn.

We children had a jubilee. I romped and raced, as mother said, like a wild colt. Jesse raced after me, clomb all the trees, played hide-and-seek in the trenches of the fort, and fished for flounders from the rocks. Walter frolicked like a little corset lamb, now under a tree, and now on the rocks at the water's edge; and mother found she must lay aside her sewing and abandon reading altogether. So she looked after us, and gave what heart she could to the scene. The sea tossed and murmured in gentle commotion, and every wave that rolled against the rocks convinced her, she said, that father was having a pleasant voyage, and yet she imagined more than one peril yawning in the distance, counted the chances that rose against every mariner's return, and endeavored to conceive what her grief might be if father never came home. She knew that her few

friends would not desert her, nor withhold any sympathy or aid; but she was so unfortunate in gaining friends and having her true heart understood! She shuddered at the very thought of dependence; and, bereft of him who was the world to her, what might she do? "What may become of these glad little beings," sighed she, "who bless my eyes with so many of his looks?" But she went to the Juniper to forget her grief, and these fears were banished as soon as resolution could prevail. She cheered her heart and showed a smiling face. She joined in our sports; she caught flounders for Jesse; she gathered sea-weeds for me, and shells and pebbles for Walter. In the afternoon Milly Dorlon and Hannah Buxton joined us, and very soon Mrs. Dorlon followed the runaway girls. They were welcome company, and they remained till night. Milly and I were despatched for another basket of refreshments; a fire was kindled on the rocks, and we enjoyed a fine supper, and returned at sunset with our hearts lightened and our spirits restored.

That pleasant day on the Juniper was better than society or any words of comfort for my mother. It soothed her nerves and solaced her lonely soul. She read her lesson that evening with a clearer voice and more cheerful spirit, and found an early and a grateful sleep. The next day we had visitors from Wenham, and Mrs. Buxton and Mrs. Dorlon were over in the afternoon, conversing the whole time in words that fell on mother's heart like the comfortings of Heaven.

III.

MONTHS passed away, and my mother enjoyed many pleasant seasons, and thought every day, if father was blessed, what satisfaction they would take in planning the little home they might be able to have. At first she desired that it should stand north of Phillips's Wharf, near the foot of Derby-street, if they could purchase there, where we had enjoyed so many delightful walks, and where, from the chambers, we could have a charming view of the harbor and its green shores and islands But she changed her mind; and, after a visit to our friends in Wenham one day, when she brought home the gladness and beauty of summer in her heart, she wrote father a letter, in which she said:—

"I have thought much of late of the dear little home we are going to have one of these days; and, unless you still insist on Derby-street, and your favorite view of the harbor, I think it must be in Wenham after all, where things look more beautiful than ever to me;—or over on Lafayette-street, beyond Derby's Farm. Or, if you *must* have the blue sea before you, why not build near Lynn Beach, where the grandest waves are rolling, and yet where one sees no ships depart, and hears no sighs of farewell grief?"

After the first year, it occurred to my mother that she could get along in a smaller and cheaper tenement than the one we occupied, and add the difference in rent to what she might earn with her needle, so as not to draw any from her allowance, and have all the more on father's return, to buy that little home. Her friends objected to the change, as they thought her tenement was small enough already, and they knew father would grieve to find she had worked so hard and practiced such self-denial in his absence. But she was determined, and she took a chamber in a large brown old house in Becket court. I remember how I wept when we left our home on the common for that unpleasant place.

Everything seemed to conspire to give us gloomy feelings. It was a rough, wild day in March, and we thought that the wind would blow us away while moving. In the evening a dreary and almost smothering darkness fell, and it rained in torrents all night. And the house was so gloomy for the first fortnight! I had heard very often of the witches that once infested Salem. I had heard of haunted houses and secret murders, and I felt, if ever a house had harbored witches or been haunted, or concealed a murder, it must have been the old brown house in Becket court. My mother told me it was built not more than a hundred years ago, and that the witches were all dead.

"Then," said I, "this must be the haunted house you have told such stories of—the house where the bleeding man appeared crying for help, and screeching murder!"

"No, no," said my mother; "that house is over the river, and nothing will molest us here."

But the house was filled with such a ghostly gloom! It was large as a barn on the ground, and was three stories high. It had never been painted on the outside, and on the inside it looked as if no brush had touched it since the Revolution The fire-places were large and deep, and the mantel-shelves were as high as mother's head, and long and narrow. The base, the chair-moulding, the cornice, and casings, were indigo blue, and the ceilings had been whitewashed so many times they were flaky as the crust of a Christmas pie. The windows were high and short, with little panes of blistered glass. We took a chamber and two bed-rooms on the second floor

Our neighbors below had the reputation of very innocent people, but their wild and withered look increased my suspicions of the house, and made me dread our first night in the chamber. The head of the family must have been more than eighty years old. He had a long, thin nose, spotted a little with indigo, which I thought he must have taken upon it when the house was painted, and he made motions with his hands and feet just as I had heard the wizards did in ancient time. He kept whispering to himself, and laughing and frowning by turns, as if in conversation with some invisible being, and went around the street picking up pins, nails, and buttons, as they said it was the custom of real wizards to do.

This old man's wife looked even older than himself, and more suspicious. She answered the description of a

witch. She had a low, wrinkled forehead; her eyes were small and staring as a parrot's, and closely set. There was a long hair mole of wolf's gray on her cheek; her mouth was hollow, her nose and chin almost met, and she looked as if she could ride a broom-stick when the weather was mild and there was no wind to blow her away. She saluted us with a little croupy voice, and she was sweeping cob-webs. I could not doubt but she was as good a witch as old Ma'm Nurse or Mary Easty, while my mother thought they were a harmless old couple as there was in Salem.

A son and his orphan children lived with them. The son was a maniac. It was told us that he had been a sensible little man, but he was one of the jurors who doomed that poor impulsive boy, Merrill Clark, to the gallows, for arson, which others induced him to commit: that he witnessed his execution, and saw his bright yellow hair float on the wind as he struggled with the pangs of death, and he was smitten with such horror for the heart-rending scene, and for his own action in the tragedy, he went home a maniac, and had continued a maniac to that day. This melancholy object was often before our eyes, smiling and weeping by turns; crying now, "Poor Merrill! it was my voice that killed thee!" then, starting up with a look of frantic joy, and saying, "Thank God! we saved Merrill—he was such a pretty, tender boy—we saved him from the gallows, and he is not dead!"

This man increased my terrors, though I was told that friend Buxton was going to take him away and make an effort to restore his mind. The children had wild

and glassy eyes, their hair was a smoky white, and they kept hitching up their shoulders There was a smell of cats and pigs, and snuff and fish in the house, and I was startled by the echoes that gabbled and squeaked around the dreary chambers.

However, there were several things to cheer us. On the first night, in particular, though dreary enough, we found it more cheerful than we expected. The black darkness without wrapped fold after fold around the city; the wind blew a terrible blast; the thunder echoed with a sort of wizard laughter in the sky, and the lightning startled us often from our seats. But we had our large chamber lighted with a rousing fire, and spent the night with some enjoyment. Milly Dorlon staid with me, and we read the New England Primer, and told stories and riddles till bed-time, and were glad to have the dreams which we desired, as we expected they would come to pass.

Number Four, Becket court was not nearly as pleasant as the house we left; but we had a good roof and plenty of room, and what if there were no charming mall, with its proud old elms in view of our window, to put damask curtains out of mind, and refresh our weary eyes? Mother had a smaller rent to pay, and with plenty of work and perfect health, she maintained her little family in comfort, and sent Jesse and me to school, both summer and winter.

We remained some time in Becket court, and that time wrought changes in the forms and characters of the children. I grew to a goodly stature, if that were all, and enjoyed such health and spirits, I was willing enough

to be called plain-looking, and to walk the streets with a rustic gait.

Jesse continued a good and gentle boy, and on his sunny head a bright hope rested. Walter had lost not a cluster of that shining hair, nor a charm from his face, nor a dimple from chin or hand, in those innocent years, while his milk-white neck was soft and rosy as ever for a full taste of kisses. Walter was the little darling of the household. Walter was the pet and plaything of the neighborhood. Half a dozen little girls usually contended for his hand to lead him home from school. The milkman had him often on his cart, driving his horse, like a lordly coachman; or away on his farm, feeding cows or finding hens' nests. Horses and wagons enough were presented him to have furnished a royal stable in Lilliput. Old red-shirted fishermen liked to take him out beyond Baker's Island to see the sun rise from the ocean, and fish for cod and haddock. The shop-keepers bantered him, and filled his pockets with nuts and cakes. And Aunt Bessie Plympton, a colored maiden, who lived alone in the court, declared, while "'spose all ye boys was little sassy snipes, Waltie Winthrop was a sweet purty picter of a boy as ever her eyes did see," and Walter began to show that he was flattered by all these notices and praises.

But who could help noticing the cunning little elf? Who could help showing and looking praise, if they did not speak it? Praise, too, that would set that rosy face dimpling with smiles of triumph, and light up those roguish eyes with boastful flashes. My mother made constant exertions to silence the flatteries of friends, and

conceal her own pride, and yet the boy would find out by the twinkle of her eye, in the sternest mood--by her face, long as she might draw it, by the tone of her voice and touch of her hand, that he was her favorite, and he would grow vain in spite of her. But that vanity was only another charm in the eyes of many people.

In these circumstances, in this dusky old house, we lived, and counted the months that would soon bring around the time for father to come home; when one evening, as we were starting for a walk by the water, a sailor ran into the court and gave my mother a letter. He had just stepped from a vessel that had met with the Helen Doyle and exchanged despatches a few months before, and brought letters to friends in Salem. Mother knew by the superscription that the letter was from father, and forgetting to thank the bearer, or invite him in, she flew to her chamber, and by the light of the setting sun devoured its welcome words. Father had not seen an hour's illness since he left Salem. All of his crew were well and in the best of spirits. Good fortune had guarded the ship, and guided their harpoons as they lay in a teeming fishery. They had already two-thirds of a cargo, and with a mighty sperm whale along side, and ten men bailing and barreling the clearest oil, what could he write but happy news? And why could he not make up a cargo and see Salem again in less than a year after the letter might reach us? He sent a sailor's love to mother, and bade her take comfort, live well, and make the children happy, denying little Walter nothing that he might wish; and he would bring a heart full of love and

a barrel full of oranges to us when he came home. He directed her to call on his agent, Mr. Ezra Coleman, for any funds she might desire, and hoped he would make enough, beside what was left in that person's hands, to procure the Derby-street home, of which they had enjoyed so many sweet anticipations. He warned the children—"little double-chinned, white-throated Walter" in particular—these are his words—"to stand-to for a regular storm of kisses when he came."

That unexpected news was almost too much for my poor mother. In a paroxysm of joy she crumpled the letter to a wad on her bosom, and soaked it with her tears. The full moon rose, and after getting Walter to sleep, she took me and Jesse by the hand, and enjoyed her walk by the water. It was an evening I shall always remember. The very waves seemed to congratulate us with sympathetic murmurs, and the moon and stars looked glad on our account. We did not return until nine, and nearly all that night we were kept awake by a joy that was more refreshing than slumber. Mother and I talked of the new home, and concluded, if father preferred Derby-street to Wenham or Lynn, we would gladly favor his wishes. But the house should be a cottage of the Gothic style; my own room, in one wing, should be hung with landscape paper, and the little attic chamber over the porch, for Walter, should be as pleasant as it could be made. Our mosses, shells, foreign birds and curiosities, should all be arranged in father's room, to remind him of his voyages, and every thing we could work to adorn its furniture should be done.

The time would not be long before we should see him ; he would return in the loveliest season of the year, and we resolved to enjoy ourselves as best we could until he came. We would not go back to a larger tenement ; we would buy nothing better to eat or wear than we had bought ; we would not draw on Mr. Coleman at all for money, and no less work should be done in our Becket chamber ; but we would enjoy ourselves now more than ever, thinking of what was written in the letter, and of the love and good fortune my father would bring.

IV.

One morning, very early, we had risen to talk of all that happiness, when a neighbor knocked at our chamber door. My mother turned pale at first, and I threw up my hands with alarm, for the knocking was unusual, and seemed a startling omen of some great sorrow. But we soon knew our visitor, and were assured, by his presence, that he had come on a kindly errand. It was Hannah Buxton's father. As the reader must already have supposed, he was a member of the Society of Friends. He descended from the family of Buxtons who emigrated from England on the early settlement of Salem; and he maintained a zeal which would have made him a martyr two hundred years ago.

Nathan Buxton was about fifty-five years old. He was a straight, round, noble-looking man, with a rare force and vivacity of both outward and inward life. His head had the mould of more than common character. It evinced great firmness; it showed aggressive and even destructive energy; but it was amply rounded over the forehead; while a stranger judged at a glance that his soul was mistress of his senses, and had changed all his passions to principles of Christian life. He had deep and acute perceptions; his Roman nose, and fine mouth and

chin, expressed goodness, firmness, and wisdom combined. His hair was streaked with a trifle of gray, and was brushed back from his forehead, behind his ears, and fell on his shoulders in venerable waves. His countenance was of that fresh and rosy cast which a white neckcloth so well befits, and he always wore one. He wore the handsomest Quaker coat I ever saw; there was a dainty pride in his long brown waistcoat and neat silk stockings; and small clothes became him well.

By the familiar voice of this good Friend, my mother was saluted on that early morning, and he said,—"Be not afraid, Mabel, by this unusual call. Thee knows I always rise early to have my walk and get a taste of fresh morning air, and I hope I've not fetched thee ill news. I was told that Daniel had left his money with Ezra Coleman, and thee had drawn nothing from him since Daniel went away?"

"It is so, friend Buxton," said mother, turning pale, and trembling as she spoke. "But why—what is the matter?—nothing bad, I hope?"

"I hope nothing bad, Mabel; but I fear it is coming out that Ezra is not as trusty as we thought, and I remembered thy money, and hastened here this morning to advise thee to remove it into safer hands."

"Dear me! I hope we shall not lose all that money. Have you heard correctly, friend Buxton? Everybody said Mr. Coleman was a very honest man. We could have put it into the savings bank, but we felt that it would be even safer in his han's. He has all of a thousand dollars, which my poor husband earned on the

stormy sea;' and how can he have a heart to wrong us out of a cent?"

"I hope it is all safe—I think it is safe, Mabel, if thee runs right away and sees to it. But, knowing it would be hard for Daniel to lose a dollar of his earnings, and, fearing it might be unsafe, I thought thee would allow me to set thee on a careful watch."

"I thank you, friend Buxton, for this very kind interest, and I will put on my bonnet and shawl; and ask you to go with me and see how the matter stands. Mercy, you see to Walter, broil the mackerel, and draw the tea; I will return soon. How *can* we lose a dollar of that money which has been so dearly earned, and sacredly kept? O, I hope all is right!"

"Be calm, Mabel—be calm, and in patience possess thy soul: if it is lost, thee should not let it worry thee. The money is not so precious as the love which gathered and saved it. Happy will thy home be with Daniel and the children, and that lively faith of thine, even if thee remains poor in Becket court. Have patience now; thee has not lost thy friends, nor thy faith, nor thy conscience; and in any event thee will be richer to-day than hundreds that have their thousands. I fear that Ezra Coleman is weaker than we, and needs that some one should walk with him and set his steps aright. But, however, I hope that he has not even stumbled this time, much less stepped away from the good path. Come, Mabel, take courage, and go with me and see."

My mother put on her bonnet and shawl and went with Friend Buxton to learn the truth of the report. Mr.

Coleman met them with a face all beaming with the blandest smiles; and, though he acknowledged he had trouble enough to justify the rumor, he declared he was glad they had come to know for themselves how matters stood, and enabled them to return with the happy assurance that no one would be wronged by him, and every trust was safe in his hands.

But before the week ended, a sad disclosure was made, and the people of Salem were shocked as by an earthquake. Ezra Coleman had failed, and ruined many of his best friends. "That man of silken words and angel face," as Friend Buxton afterward called him, — that friend of the friendless, as he claimed to be—was a false deceiver; and widows and orphans, servant girls and operatives, absent sailors, the poor and needy, were robbed of the little savings they had trusted in his hands.

Every mill of my father's money was lost, without our sharing a dollar of what he expected we would draw for comforts which he knew would be hard to earn by the needle. And a sad woman, indeed, was my mother, and sad was my own heart, when the truth at last came out! We cared little for ourselves, while all might have health, and plenty of work came in, but it was *father's* money; he had earned it all on the sea—venturing among treacherous cannibals, suffering the fires of African fevers, eluding the pursuit of pirates, and returning in winter often to this wild New England coast, to deposit hundred after hundred in that false friend's hands!

My mother took to her bed for four days, and endured the anguish of her grief. Many attempted to comfort

her, but there were only three or four who knew in what way to approach her, or to administer comfort to such a heart, while most that was said increased her sorrow. Lydia Buxton was her best earthly comforter. This good woman was a type of beauty which I fancied that an artist must admire. Her form was grace and majesty combined. Her features were chiselled as finely as those of a Grecian grace, with a full, smooth forehead, and nose and mouth expressing intelligence, spiritual power, love and peace. Add to this a soft, white complexion, changing to crimson when she warmed with emotion or kindled with thought, a head of brown hair, too romantic for a Quaker woman as she was, and eyes that beamed with the mingled lustre of a warm heart and a sunny soul, and you will have the best impression I can give you of my mother's friend.

Her cap had a Quaker plainness, her dress wore the Quaker color, and there was in them a soft and holy purity as of new-fallen snow, or new-blown flowers, while they were always arranged (unconsciously, I am sure,) in the best style to reveal the grace of her form and perfection of her features. Her voice was soft and rather low and tremulous, but rich and musical. She was tender and sympathetic as a child, and yet I never saw a tear on her cheek, nor observed any sign of weeping, except in her eyes, which glistened with tears a dozen times a day. She had only one habit that I ever disliked, and that perhaps, I ought not to have noticed. I did not notice it as I grew older, but children are too close observers, and too easily annoyed. She kept her mouth and

lips in almost constant motion, as if she were chewing some little honeyed quid. I merited a whipping, when a curious child, for running up to her one day and asking her if she chewed tobacco. I was going to offer her some that father had brought home from Cuba, but I had only time to see her blush and take a quicker rock in her chair before my mother had me by the shoulder, removing me with quick, long steps into the kitchen. I ought to have known better, and I did not resist my punishment. Lydia Buxton's pure lips and pleasant breath should have convinced me that she used no tobacco; but what she did use I know not as any one ever found out. Some said it was a little ball of white paper; some said her tongue, and others, a thread of silk; but it is most likely that the motion was only a habit, and she chewed nothing at all.

She sometimes made these motions while giving comfort in the sick-chamber; but they never annoyed my mother, and she was always stronger and more cheerful when Lydia had made her a visit.

She said less than others, but she had learned the mystery of comfort, and she soothed mother at last to resignation and peace. To have her come in and sit down, if she spoke not a dozen words, was a solace which she felt most deeply; and when sorrow had had its day, she resumed her cheerful moods.

Her thoughts were now on my father from morning till night—on his good fortune at the whale-fishery, and the happiness we would enjoy when he came home. This hope, however, was raised only to be disappointed, for we were soon informed, that after he had started for home

with a full cargo, the vessel struck a reef on one of the south-sea islands and went to pieces, a total wreck; and while most of the crew perished, after his almost super-human efforts to save them, he was delivered, as by miracle, taken on board a British brig, and landed in London, and he would be home in five weeks in the Cleopatra.

When this new grief came upon us, my mother felt that she had never suffered before, her former sorrows appeared so light in the contrast. But she remembered, at length, that her trouble was nothing, compared with that which the widows and orphans of his lost crew suffered; that by God's mercy father had been spared; that he was returning, that his society would be sweeter than the fairest smiles of fortune, and it was our duty to put away sorrow, and prepare, with thankful hearts and cheerful faces, to receive him. These last considerations wrought a great change in her. So far did they elevate her above her recent grief, that she appeared quite happy again, and she dreamed of a happy meeting, and told us what we would have, and how we would all appear, to make him forget his troubles.

You would have thought our old Becket chamber had never made sorrow its guest, if you had given us a visit then. Mother became so resolute and hopeful, she imagined she could support the whole family, and she declared she would do it gladly, if father would permit her, and keep from the sea, and make himself happy at home; while Jesse and I were telling how we would rejoice to see him, and what we would do when a little older, to

buy a home for our parents; and Walter "stood-to," morning, noon and night, for that "storm of kisses."

During the last few days, hardly an hour passed without some one or all of us running down to Bentley's Rock, to look for the Cleopatra. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday passed, and no sight of the expected vessel. Thursday morning, before we rose, we said we knew she would sail in sight before the sun went down. At dinner, I remember, I said my eyes itched, and I was going to hear something that would make me cry, and I hoped it might be for joy. Jesse was sent to market for a pair of chickens; I went to the store for some coffee, and mother prepared for getting a good supper, as soon as the vessel should appear. Jesse still declared he knew father would be home, and have the oranges given out before dark, and Walter dimpled and shook his curly locks in expectation of the fruits and kisses. Mother even went and dressed herself in white, (the color that father was so fond of,) and said she would go and stand on the wharf, where she parted with him, and wave to him while the ship was coming to the shore. Mrs. Buxton and Mrs. Dorlan came over to witness her joy and give a welcome to Captain Winthrop.

But all at once, my mother turned ghastly pale, and weeping with the same grief which oppressed her on the day my father left, she kissed us, and told us she feared we would never see him again, for something had assured her that he was dead! At that moment a little boy came running into the court, and stamping up stairs and crying, "The Cleopatra's coming! joy! joy! joy! Mrs.

Winthrop, Captain Winthrop will be home in half an hour!" The boy ran away without waiting to get his news-money, and we shouted and danced with a joy which mother could not restrain. We bade her rejoice, and go and stand on the wharf, as she said she would, and wave to father as he sailed in. But she lay down on her bed and wept as if her heart were breaking. In came friend after friend, to congratulate her, and they were astonished to find her sobbing and panting in such an agony of grief. Some called it hysterics, and chided her. We, children, were indignant because she would not allow us to run down to the wharf; while none but Mrs. Buxton seemed to enter into her sympathies or take her part. In half an hour, however, the Cleopatra was at her moorings, and a sailor entered our chamber, and with a hushed breath and moistened eyes he informed my poor mother that her husband was no more.

My father had taken passage on the Cleopatra in very good health; but he brooded over his troubles, was attacked by a violent fever, died in eight days, and was buried in the sea. And the grief which then broke in upon our joy the reader may imagine if he will. Let the half raised curtain fall again, that I may not re-enter that melancholy scene! that I may not add its crushing griefs to what I have since then suffered! That was a sorrow which Mrs. Buxton could not hope to comfort very soon, and she offered nothing for a week but her presence, and attended to our physical needs, aware that the consolations which mother could receive to bind her broken heart, were best dispensed in silent sympathy and deeds of friendly love.

V.

It surprised our familiar friends even to see my mother yield to such immoderate grief, for they knew she had an energetic will, and faith and resolution, and they supposed she would have been more resigned at the death of the dearest being in the world. And persons slightly acquainted were astonished, for they supposed she had not much love ; and they were bold to say they would show more fortitude than she did, even for the sake of her children and friends; and they would go about and attend church as though religion had left a little comfort, and make the best of their bereavement.

But with all her resolution she was crushed by this last great sorrow, and she wept and moaned incessantly, and kept her bed, and refused to see anybody but the Buxtons and two or three relations.

The Buxtons looked after the children, and taught us how to appear in her room, while they continued to come and sit down by her ; and by silent and instant assiduities they *acted* the prayers, consolations, and regards, which others would have spoken. The prayers were answered in heaven, and the consolations took root in her heart, and budded and blossomed at last, if not like lilies in a garden, like lilies in a lake, with all the more flowers, and

whiter and more fragrant for springing from the waters of grief.

Her faith and will at last revived, and she resumed her cares once more. She had less courage to sew late at night now than when visions of the cottage home inspired her; she had less economy and skill, and she was obliged to send me out to service, at twelve, to help her maintain the family.

It was my chief comfort to know that I was of a little service to our melancholy home. I had a stout will, and while I acted with some resolution for a child, I believe I tried to approve myself to my mother and her friends by good dispositions; but Heaven knows how often I came short of my duty. I had never learned to sew on my mother's work, as I had taken charge of the nursery and kitchen while she made coats and vests. I had no desire to learn her trade: I disliked it; but I performed everything else she demanded, and she was grateful for my help.

At this time a person came to engage me in other service. Her name was Carey, and, by the cognomen of Ma'm Carey, she was known to many people in town. She kept a little toy and provision shop, and took in washing near the corner of Essex and Pleasant-streets; and as her last daughter had just been married against her will, and left her alone in her home and business, she was looking around for a girl to take her daughter's place. She heard of me, and called to see me. She called with one of our friends; and such were the impressions of all parties, an engagement was made and I went to live with

her, agreeing to tend her shop most of the time, and help her to wash and iron, when she was hurried, for fifty cents a week.

Of the history of my mistress, before I went with her, I have never been particularly informed. My mother said she was of an ancient and worthy family, and had always borne a respectable name. I remember I kept calling her "Mother Carey" for a week or so, and the first question I asked her was, if she was the mother or owner of the chickens of which I had heard the sailors talk. I would have been glad of an affirmative answer, for I would have liked the care of a little peeping brood.

I found Ma'm Carey by no means the worst woman on the street. She did not at that age pretend to any fascinating ways. She said they called her fair when she was a girl, and I will add that she may have been prim and dainty, but now, while her face was agreeable, she was rather coarse and fat. She was both bronchial and asthmatic, and if she attempted to utter a kindly word, the tones were broken, and were frequently taken for the opposite of her good intention. She had an unpleasant way of shrugging her shoulders and pursing her lips, which repelled many persons from her sympathy and trade. She knew all these misfortunes, and told me I would find that people were more shocked by the smallest personal blemish than by any deformity of the heart. Her sentiments were on the side of goodness; she endeavored to be honest as her business would allow. In sickness and distress she was very kind, and by her potent teas and syrups she gave much comfort, and wrought

many cures. But, as she had been twice robbed of her last shilling, she felt that she ought to be more suspicious of the world, and conduct her business with more tact and prudence.

She kept a tidy shop. You would not have found more than a dozen flies in her windows on the latest days of August, and these were not of that corpulent and officious kind which swarm in our large cities. Her bread, her cakes, her candies, milk, eggs, yeast, and fruit, were as clean and fresh as any on that street. I had my instructions on the first morning. I was shown where every article was placed, and I soon held the contents of the little shop in my eye; but I could not help trembling under the orders she gave me concerning the trade I had engaged to conduct. I feared I could not please my employer; and yet, like George Primrose, I had a good knack of hoping, and went about my business. The first I did was to go and bring green bushes to hang around the shop, to give it a smell of freshness, and allure the flies away from the sugar and cheese. I found time to help Ma'm Carey a good deal in her laundry, and to knit and sew for myself occasionally in the shop.

When a customer came, I met him or her with as pleasant a smile as I had, and gave children and all the best attention I could bestow. I could dip a pint of milk in the smallest moment, and give a measure full. I did up seeds and spices in the neatest papers and with the cleanest strings I could find. My radishes and turnips looked and tasted as if fresh from the garden, my shelves had no dust, my glass cases were unspotted, my counters and

floor were tidy as a parlor, and my mistress acknowledged that I was quick and accurate in making change.

But six months had not passed, before Ma'm Carey paid me the last of my wages, and told me I might go home, and she would look out for another girl. And it was not without sorrow that I heard this notice; I liked the business very well, and had visited my mother an hour every night, and at the end of each week, laid money in her lap, to pay a portion of her rent, and saved enough besides to clothe myself.

I claim no merit for this, but I took satisfaction from these little earnings, and this use to which I applied them, and wept in fear that my pleasure would not soon return. Ma'm Carey found no fault with my services, excepting that I was a little too frank with her customers. If night's milk was mixed with morning's, I felt that I must tell them so, and not lie for the world. If the bread or cake was sometimes two days old; if the radishes were not fresh pulled; if the yeast was stale or the butter rancid; if our Roxbury crackers were made in Lynn, and our Spanish cigars in Salem, I knew that my looks would confess it if my tongue were tied, and so I allowed my tongue its own honest way, and a trade was often lost, when perhaps no one would have been censured for making a good bargain. But so it went, and while Ma'm Carey praised me for some things more than I deserved, she insisted that she must have a smoother tongue to recommend her articles, and a smoother tongue she procured within two days of the time I left her.

VI.

While I was at service with Ma'm Carey, my brother Jesse was not idle. He had a situation as errand-boy in a grocery store, and carried home more wages than one would expect from a lad of his age. It was a grief to my mother to put us to service so young, yet such were her circumstances, she grieved still more when my wages ceased. Then the anguish of her bereavement was revived. And to this another grief was added, which made the bitter cup run over.

It was told her, at last, as a current report, that she had not been kind to my father, and every wound on her heart was torn open, to bleed and ache with fresh agony, which no power on earth could soothe. She was assured again and again, that none of her friends believed it, or heard it without offence. But the rumor of a thing so abhorrent to her heart, was more than she could bear. Her faith and will were still firm and resolute, but her nerves were too much shattered; and after a struggle and a prayer for strength and patience, she fell beneath the burden of her woe. A quick consumption seized her, and she knew her end was nigh. For herself, she welcomed the event, and was eager to taste the relief it would bring

her; but there were her precious children to be left without a parent or a home!

There was Walter, the tender, the helpless, the specially beloved, and how could she leave him to the sorrows and temptations of this world? Inexpressible was my mother's grief as she thought of parting with her children, and grief at last deprived her of her reason, and in that way seemed to work its own cure. After that she appeared to be unconscious of our situation, except for brief and distant intervals, when she would call us to her bed, and pity us, and drench us with tears. After that, for most of the time, she imagined she was with father, and enjoying her former bliss. Sometimes she returned to her happy girlhood, and was walking with father hand in hand to school; or off a Maying at Orne's Point, or on Derby's Farm. Again, she welcomed his return from sea, and talked with him as if we were all living in the new home we had expected to enjoy. Sometimes she was spreading her cloth for a family pic-nic on Baker's Island, and again she would cry out, "It is not so! he is not dead, I know I shall see him home to-day!" And from all these dreams she would waken and weep to find the sweet visions were not true. At last, they said her face kindled up with a bright and heavenly smile, and she rose from her pillow and threw up her arms as if to embrace some person, and exclaimed, "Joy! joy! we meet in heaven now, and Walter is with us, and Mercy, and Jesse! —all our troubles are over! joy! joy! joy! we meet in heaven!" and after a moment, in which she sat entranced, she fell back on her pillow, and closed her eyes in death.

As we were absent when she died, my mother had informed Mrs. Buxton where she preferred to have us live, but she died so suddenly, there was no time for further arrangements, or for the anguish of taking final leave. The scene that followed her death I cannot find heart to describe. I bore myself with unexpected calmness at first, but when the first stunning effect was over, it seemed that my heart was broken to pieces. And brother Jesse's frantic grief, and the heart-rending sobs, and cries for "mother, poor, poor mother!" which little Walter kept up for hours, and repeated for days, increased my anguish, and made life itself a bitter woe.

Experience has shown me that death is always an unwelcome messenger. Come when he may to our dear human homes, we shudder and weep as he enters. Take whom he will, the young man or maiden, parent or child, the tears will gush, and the heart will throb with anguish, while the tongue most eloquently pleads that he may not lay them in his lonely bed. We may not fear that it will go ill with them hereafter; but such is our human love, we cannot bear to have them leave, though it be on a heavenly journey. The separation, the interruption of dear communings is what we dread and what embitters our bereavement. For those cheeks to grow wan, for those eyes to be dimmed, for those hands to become cold, that have given us the warm grasp of affection; for those voices to be hushed, that have been eloquent with accents of love; for our house to echo the wailing of sad funeral hours;—*this* gives an anguish that wrings the tender heart, and with tearful eyes and quiv-

ering breath we name him the King of Terrors. But there are scenes of death, in comparison with which many others called mournful, appear happy and peaceful. And O, my friend! what scene is shaded more deeply with melancholy; what event of providence is harder to reconcile with the infinite love of God, than that of a mother closing her tender eyes in the sleep of death, while fatherless children are left to wander amid the sorrows and temptations of this world?

VII.

My mother was buried, and our friends came together to learn her last request, and separate the children. Jesse was to go with the grocer, whose errands he had done; but my poor brother had a slender frame, and tardy foot, and the grocer refused to keep him, so he went with our uncle in Wenham. I went with Mrs. Buxton to do housework for wages, and Walter went with an aunt in Danvers.

Our separation was another draught of the cup of anguish, whose bitterness was next to death. I happened to maintain more firmness at first than I expected, but when Jesse clasped my neck, and pleaded with me to keep the chamber, and be a mother to him and Walter, and Walter threw himself into my arms, crying to have me go and sleep with him in Danvers, and feed him till mother came back from the sky, I lost my resolution, and was more of a child than they. My brothers were taken to their new homes, and after I had spent a fortnight with Walter, I returned and went to Mrs. Buxton's.

For an inexperienced orphan girl, few places on earth could have been found more desirable than mine. With all their affluence, the Buxtons managed their affairs with economy as scrupulous and simple, as was their costume

and address. They resided in South Salem. Their house was more ancient in style than years, for it lifted a suit of gray old gables so common in that town, and had the large square form and stinted stories we so often see there. It was the very symbol of quiet Quaker comfort. It commanded a charming view of the harbor, and a glimpse of the sea, and the ships and islands. There were firs and larches in the door-yard, and it was surrounded with groups of handsome fruit-trees, which were sheltered by elms and maples. And while within it was plain and neat in all apartments, it was filled with good furniture, and arranged with a convenience which enabled the women to dismiss their cares in the shortest time, and enjoy extra hours in conversation and with books. There was one large parlor below, and it was hung with a plain white satin paper, and decorated with pictures full of the Quaker spirit of innocence, charity, and peace. One picture was a grand mountain scene, on which a shepherd appeared. His flock was grazing on the opening and in the little nooks around; his wife sat with her work in her lap, and her eyes gazing off as if to descry some object in the valley below; one of his children was following a stately old corset with his father's crook; another was fondling a meek little lamb in the group, and another—a blue-eyed cherub with apple cheeks—clasped its father's neck, and bestowed a kiss, which one could see administered.

Another picture they called the Millennium, and it represented not only the lion and lamb in company, but all the nations of the earth, of every class and color, enjoy-

ing equality and fellowship. Another gave us Oberlin and his sweet rural parish in the Ban de La Roche, and we saw Catholics and Protestants, in one gentle band around the Lord's Table, taking the bread of life from the Christian pastor's hands.

Another showed us an Asylum for the Blind, and others, an Orphan's Home and Sailor's Snug Harbor. Another was a picture of Charity, (suggested, as I was told, by an old poet) beaming with angelic grace and beauty, crowned with a tire of gold, seated on an ivory chair, with a pair of turtle doves at her side, and a multitude of babes, receiving her blessings, and sporting like lambs around her.

The other rooms, on the ground-floor, (the kitchen, especially,) were all as pleasant as the parlor, and were not without the large old fire-places, which I have seen blaze in so many blissful Yankee homes. The chambers were numerous, and cheerful. I liked my own exceedingly. It was situated in one of the gables, and was hung with three or four pictures, which were designed as lessons to the occupant. On the north wall was a picture of Penn and the Indians; on the south was one representing Wilberforce in the act of unlocking the fetters of a kneeling slave; on the east was one representing Elizabeth Fry, on a visit to Newgate; and on the west, a simple landscape, in which a river flowed, and a herd of deer were standing, and stooping down to drink—a piece wrought in German worsted, by their eldest daughter. From my window I had the finest prospect. It was a west window, it is true, and I could not see the harbor

nor the Beverly woods, nor Baker's Island, which lay in full view of the east parlor-windows; nor could I, till I went below in the morning, have a sight of the fields, sloping down to the shore, as the sun revealed their rich green verdures and kindled their sweet dews. But I was not anxious for another room, or another prospect from my window. I could sometimes descry objects as distant as Bunker hill monument, and the Boston harbor lights. I saw the old woods on Swamscot beach, and the Lynnfield forest, and the little valleys between. I saw Witch Hill on the north-west, (although I would not boast that *that* enriched my landscape,) while on the south-east there was a beautiful grove, from which I could hear the thrushes sing. Then I had the sunset to myself, (which I almost prefer to sunrise;) I had the sunset kindling all the landscape to a radiant verdure as one ever enjoyed in the morning.

The Buxton family seat included a few acres on which there was a small pasture, a cornfield, garden, and orchard. The garden was the pride of South Salem; but the finest ornaments of that happy home were the beautiful hearts of the family.

Before I went there I thought it was vain in Nathan to say so much of Lydia as he did. But I soon discovered (as I ought to have known long before) that he was reserved in this respect, and could have said a great deal more with even Quaker propriety. His pride was just and true. Her character presented some traits which were the contrast of his own. She was not so much of a Hicksite as he, and she had less pride of sect. But,

while I could observe that their very contrasts enriched and exalted each other's life, I could also discover that they grew more like each other in character and looks as age mellowed down their being; and the bliss of that loving union comes back to me now with his life and her life blended like the words and music of a hymn.

The Buxtons had a son and daughter married—one living in Nantucket and the other in New Bedford; and they had a son and daughter at home. Moses was then about fifteen, and he possessed most of his mother's looks, with his mother's temper and turn of mind; while Hannah, though not the image, was the echo of her father. Moses attended the Salem Grammar School,—Hannah went to a select school kept in Federal-street; and such were the cares of the family I found on my first day's engagement, that all my services were needed in their home.

With all their genial goodness, the Buxtons were very close and exacting in business affairs; and they assured me that they were paying me all I could possibly earn, with half a dollar a week, although that was the same that Ma'm Carey gave me for lighter service. It was not without grief that I accepted that pittance. However, I said I did not desire more than I could earn, and commenced my first week's work. They encouraged me in some of my manners and notions. They encouraged my plain-speaking with unanticipated praise. They said I need not to regret my brown complexion or plain face, while I pleased them with open and innocent expressions. They were glad that I did not appear *very* fond of dress,

or vain of the little intelligence my mother had tried to give me. They said I was attentive enough to all commands of service; and yet they did not refrain from giving reproofs at first that pierced and stung my heart. They said my patience was too weak, and my passion too strong, and I must confess that they judged me rightly. I was far too heady and irascible. I was almost a stranger to the spirit of true forgiveness, as my father, mother, master and mistress possessed it. I *did* enjoy it so to see any one come up with, (as we phrased it) when he had injured or grieved another! They gave me the first reproofs on these dispositions, assuring me they were very wrong, and could not be indulged in their house. They hoped to render my nature more adaptive, that as I grew up I might take the world as I found it, and assist in making it as much better as I could. They said I should be more saving of my money, and not buy so many needless things for myself as I was disposed to, nor carry so many trinkets to my brothers. They checked me and schooled me with words that wounded for the moment, all the more keenly, for being mild and kind.

While my heart still grieved with my late bereavement, and I felt that I ought to be indulged a little on that account, I went often to my chamber, and wept for the chidings I received. Yet I knew their goodness and wisdom, and hoped all the while to correct the failings they reproved. I made Mrs. Buxton my purser;—restrained my spendthrift spirit, and overcame my failings as fast as I could.

And the first year had not ended, before I was told I

had made some improvements, and I began to enjoy my new home. I had few idle hours, yet my work was pleasant and reasonable. I had all sorts of housework to learn and do; and when not engaged at housework, I sometimes made a cheese, or spun a skein of yarn, or sewed, or pieced bed-quilts. It was the pleasantest thing, when the warm spring was breathing, to go out doors and work in the garden. At such times I fancied that it was wrong to live in houses. They called me vain for this, (and I suppose my critics will call me sentimental,) but I knew they shared more of my feelings than they were willing to confess. I fancied that we ought only to stop in houses over night, and during winter, and while the wind was blowing and the rain was falling, and when the larches at our door were renewing their green boughs; when the maple leaves appeared, and the little boxwoods were piled with white blossoms; when the thrushes gave out their soft, gurgling songs, and the quails whistled from the oatlands; when the pigeons cooed in the woods, and robins and sparrows lifted chorus upon chorus to God,—then it was my delight, (a delight I enjoyed even more than Maying in the fields,) to make my flower beds, and see the corn and melons bursting through the velvet mould; to smell the flowers of the tender grape that were so pleasant to King Solomon, and watch the young fruit-trees as they relished the dew and rejoiced in the morning light.

And while I was learning the arts of housekeeping better than from a book, I had time every night before I slept, to review my early lessons, and pursue new studies

and exercises, to improve my mind. I shall never forget the interest I found in the lives of Penn and Howard; in Mrs. Barbauld's Poems, and Evenings at Home, and a volume of Female Biography. The Vicar of Wakefield was the only fiction they permitted me to read. My first interest in the prisoner, my first hopes of the reformation of the fallen, were awakened by those books. I laughed and wept a hundred times, as Dr. Primrose sat before me in those prison scenes, which appear at once so humorous and so tender, and pursued a work of philanthropy which changed the dark prison to a home of virtue and peace. I was aided and encouraged in my scripture studies, and although no effort was made by the family to bend my mind to their own belief, or to take me from the meeting of my mother's church, I liked a great many of the Quaker sentiments, they were so simple and sincere, and was happy whenever I attended their meetings. I observed a holy and beautiful worship in their placid and devout silence; my young heart seemed to glow with the fire of their own spiritual life when I heard them speak; those cordial shakes and greetings after meeting were so different from the manners of other churches, and so delightful to me, I carried a benediction from each service which lasted through the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Buxton advised me to continue at my dear mother's church, but Hannah seemed never satisfied with me unless I went to her meeting. She was a born Friend. Thee and Thou came as by instinct to her tongue, before she was two years old. You could not have induced her to doff her prim Quaker dress for the

world, and now she talked of "exercising seasons" and "heart-tendering seasons;" of "low times" and "disturbed opportunities," and of all the "testimonies" that were borne against error and sin. Hannah exerted herself to win me to her way of worship, and the most liberal eclectic could not but admire her sweet and earnest Christian zeal.

VIII.

I REMAINED three years at the Buxtons', and then I could see myself that all my little griefs, and all my tasks and trials, had been a wholesome discipline, and improved my mind and heart. I still liked the Quakers, in many respects, although I did not join their society. I saw the practical fruits of their religion, as borne like catawbas in sweet ruddy clusters by Nathan and Lydia Buxton. I saw them "walking" with the weak and tempted and oppressed. I saw their doors often opened to the wandering beggar, the friendless orphan, the penitent convict, and fugitive slave. I saw it was the chief fear of their life that the blessing of those ready to perish might not come upon them, or that they might stand on the left hand when the Shepherd divided his sheep from the goats.

While I was at the Buxtons' I saw more of the "Crazy Juror" of Becket court. Friend Nathan believed that he could soothe the maniac's troubles and restore his reason, and he took him under his care and walked with him some time. His influence was soon discovered, and he hoped for perfect success. The paroxysms of insanity grew less frequent, and the subject manifested more reason and tranquillity every day. True, there remained a certain

wildness of thought and confusion of ideas, and he was projecting the strangest schemes of reform that were ever conceived; but he had more peace of mind, he was more rational in other respects, and his friends were glad they had not sent him away to the asylum

His paroxysms varied. When they were not of hate, or fear, or grief, they would sometimes appear in pity, and he wept for the sufferings of man. Again they would appear in wit, or mirth, and he shook his friends with laughter, or spent a day or week in merriment himself Then his mind would wander another way, and "Poor Merrill Clark" haunted him, and he strove to escape from his own trouble, or to rescue that unfortunate boy from his tragical fate. Again, he would imagine himself Dr. Tuckerman, ministering to the poor and to prisoners in Boston, or some one else engaged in an equally philanthropic work.

And one time, when the Buxtons were in Lynn attending yearly meeting, he was seized with another paroxysm, and fancied that he was Lydia Buxton; and what should he do but steal into her closet and put on one of her meekest dove-colored gowns, a very peaceful cap, a sober cloak and hood, and enter the meeting, as they were weighing the subject of capital punishment, and bear *her* testimony against it!

I remember the surprise and confusion he created—how Lydia blushed crimson, and chewed her mysterious quid—how others who knew him, were tried—what an irresistible sense of the ludicrous followed, and forced a smile from the most solemn faces—and with what a

mixture of calmness and impatience Friend Buxton said, "William, thee mistakes thy name, and hadn't thee better quit meeting now and go home with me? Come, William, we will go home now, and comfort ourselves, that not many more Merrill Clarks will perish on the gallows. Come, we have all borne good and suitable testimony against the evil thee dislikes."

But William Knowlton was amazed at such treatment from "a true and loving husband," who had always contended for the right of speech; and he raised his voice and insisted on taking the rest of the time. Friend Buxton urged his persuasion, and William raised his voice still higher, till his testimony was all borne; and then, as if suddenly coming to himself, he glanced at his dress, flashed his wild eyes around the house, blushed and dropped his head, and ran away; not only from meeting, but from the care of his kind guardian, and I think it was nearly a month before they heard of him again.

An incident of this character might surprise my amiable friends, and even provoke a transient smile, but it could not damp the ardor of their benevolence. They did not reject the little maniac when he returned, but persevered in their efforts to restore him. And they gave the same care to the prisoners; and many a time was I sent to the cells with words of sympathy, with articles of comfort, and books, which they hoped might bring them to repentance. I assisted at Lydia's table once or twice, when a fair was given for philanthropic objects. And, to identify my interests still more with institutions of reform and charity, I was induced to contribute a little of my earn-

ings, to enterprises which the Buxtons told me would return to me in blessings.

My friends assured me that even my plain and awkward appearance was improved by these good people; for they had touched and chastened me with finer graces, which I needed too much. The lessons and habits of prudence I learned of them, were now gratefully remembered. I had supported myself, and had a pretty full wardrobe, and handsome little library, with a small sum in my treasury to prepare for a new situation.

But much as you may congratulate me, reader, on these lessons and examples which I enjoyed, you will not suppose they found me a very passive subject of their influence, or that half the steps I took at Buxtons' were steps towards heaven. I have to confess many acts of resistance, and many steps in the ways of evil. It was a long while before I could see the duty to the erring and repentant which they said I owed. It was not in their home that I dismissed the last capability of hatred and revenge.

And here I am reminded of an event which occurred there, that will show how little at times this evil spirit was restrained. I have spoken of the garden. It yielded the finest summer and autumn fruits. The fence, which inclosed it with the orchard, was built so high that no one from the street could see an apple, except on the tallest limbs, and that no one could be tempted to break through and steal. But, notwithstanding all precautions, it was known by many of the boys in town that we had these tempting luxuries, and every summer we were

robbed of many of our melons and much of our best fruit After each robbery, I could see that Nathan was more grave and brief, and Lydia sighed frequently, and chewed, in deeper abstraction, her mysterious quid I discovered by the blood in Hannah's cheeks what a trial it gave her spirit, how she had to struggle for an exercise of true forgiveness, and what an effort it cost her to "keep inward enough to the principle of divine light, and grace" But I know not as I detected a less mild and forgiving spirit They declared that, much as they felt the loss of their fruit, they were more afflicted by the assurance it gave them of the sinfulness of [illegible] nature, and the crimes and miseries to which such acts would lead some otherwise amiable youths.

But one night, during my first summer with them, a depredation was committed which tried even Lydia's patience, and troubled Nathan's peace, while Hannah was absolutely indignant, and I was absolutely mad!

Some boys came into our garden, and not only stole what they could, and left much bruised and unripe fruit on the ground, but wasted melons, tore up hills of vines, and escaped without detection We were not only vexed by such mischief, but troubled to find a motive for it, as every boy who had asked for fruit, had been given some we were troubled to believe the human heart could be so wantonly vicious We concluded that some one should watch the garden after that a few nights and see if the rogues could not be detected

The next night the gardener engaged to watch, and Friend Buxton and Moses prepared themselves to rise and

run to his assistance, if he arrested any one. So, about midnight, a ladder was set up to the fence on the most distant corner, and three rattle-headed boys were let down with ropes, to repeat their depredations. They commenced with the harvest apples, and gathered a bushel or so in bags, and handed them over to their companions outside. Then they selected a few fine cantalopes, and some large water-melons. They then began again to tear up the vines.

As soon as they had entered, however, the gardener crept into the house and called Nathan and Moses, and they were all in the garden in an instant, and saw their operations and heard their talk.

"After all," said a boy in the garden, in a softer voice, "it's a little too bad to come here again and steal the old man's fruit, when we could get all we want by asking. I've a notion to go back and leave his apples and melons alone. I'd rather steal from old Ned Hodges, or Deacon Dowst: their fences have spikes on 'em, and we'd have the fun of silencing their dogs. I've snuff in my pocket—that will make 'em peaceable as pigs. Or else, let's go home and come again to-morrow, and ask Uncle Nate for a few."

"There ain't so much fun in askin," said the second; "and apples we beg ain't half so sweet."

"We serve him jest right," said the third. "He might give us a couple a-piece, but he'd be talkin Quaker to us, and askin us to give some old rogue or beggar a lift. I hain't forgot what he done for nigger Bill—savin the black devil's neck—father says, when he ought to 've

danced on the little end of nothin And he lugged Mose Prouty home from states-prison, and tried to git him in among honest folks, 'cause he served his time out—as he ought'er, and as much agin more—and promised to do better"

"Old Slick-coat ought to be pestered a little," said the fourth, entering the garden, and helping himself to a golden pippin. "He ought to be pestered: he says he never gits mad—that a nest of live hornets couldn't start his dander; but we'll see if he don't chafe a little to-morrow and look daggers, and swear in his sleeves!"

"I tell you what," whispered the second that spoke, "if this don't raise his Ebenezer a grain, I know what will Come, let's have some fun to-morrow night. There's a hornet's-nest as big as a leather-back pumpkin over there in Tug-mutton Hollow, where the Quakers turn out their horses yearly meetin days. They're your real black-headed hornets; their stings look like darnin' needles, and they'll make a fellow skip like a sheep over a stone wall. Let's go and plug up the nest when the hornets are all in quarrelin among themselves, and come and tie it to old Nate's door-frame, and tie the plug to the door-handle, and call him out, and he'll come without dressin, and out 'll slip the plug and the hornets, and then, I *tell you*, if old Buck won't bound and blaat a little!"

"It's a bargain," said another, "and we'll see him dance like a Shaker.—

"Uncle Nate is mild and meek,
He goes to meetin' twice a week,
He looks as harmless as a goat,
With apple-tree buttons on his old gray coat'"

"Would'nt I like to let the hornets out, swarm like pirates with their daggers drawn, and when the old man got to takin' the pigeon-wing, and blaatin', jest sing *that* to him, and let him dance the figure out?"

"You may be sorry for all this, yet," said the first boy, "and you may yet have to thank him for leadin you back from prison, and givin you honest work, or savin your neck from a halter. However, we don't get such apples as these in market, and he'll not miss a few. If he does, he may swear in his sleeves, and take it out in swearin What!—O!—by Jimminy Pelt!—that big apple pounced on my nose, and I thought it was a stone from Ase—Jimminy, how my nose bleeds! It's a big apple, though, it's a bough apple; are bough apples ripe a'ready?—Jimminy! it smells as sweet as a rosy."

"I'll stack up the vines," said the second, "and pay old Buck for what people lost by the rascal he bailed out of jail last month. To-morrow night 'll be too soon to fetch the hornets, won't it? We had better give him a week to swear in his sleeves, and let down his Ebenezer, and think his troubles are over Then, when he's quiet again, and the hornets are a little hotter for a fight, fetch 'em over, and hear 'em cuss, and see 'em dart their daggers at the old Quaker's legs, and into his face and eyes."

As he commenced tearing up the vines, the men crept into the garden, and observed and seized two of the rogues and frightened the rest away. Two of the boys in the garden instantly leapt up the ropes, and over the fence, and escaped with their comrades, and as they passed out of the gate, another broke Asa's hold, and escaped also

But one of them, the rogue that tore up the vines, was secured and led into the house, when a light was struck, and Nathan (after "a time of solemn waiting, in which he prayed for a tendering of hearts,") spoke to him, and testified against his sin.

"If my recollection serves me right, friend, this is our first acquaintance? Asa, hold the light to his face."

The boy was speechless, and hung down his head.

"I am sorry, friend," continued Nathan, "it tries my spirit to have such an introduction to thee. I'm afeard it will not lead to a very pleasant acquaintance, and our walk together will require more patience and long suffering than either of us can show. Howsever, it has begun as it has, and we'd as good as make the best of it. And why has thee come like a thief in the night to steal our fruit, when thee knows, or ought to know, that we often give it away. It pleases us to give away all that we can spare, but this stealing is a vicious kind of business, that tries our patience and troubles our rest. We have no patience that we wish to spend or have spent in this way. Why's thee here, friend, at this time o'night?"

"The boys coaxed me here," said the poor trembling culprit.

"Make me no such answer," said Nathan, showing more impatience in his face and voice than he was wont to express. "It's a bad thief that lays his guilt on others. Own up, my friend, own up like a man. That is the way for thee, if thee would make a repentance not to be repented of. Why did thee come to steal from me? and what is more evil, why has thee torn up my vines, and

destroyed fruit thee did not wish to take away? This looks like revenge, and revenge is worse than stealing. Look me in the face, now, and tell me when and how I harmed thee."

——"I—the boys——"

"Tell all the truth concerning thyself. Truth is the first step in the path of virtue, from which thee has fallen Have I wronged thee?"

"No."

"Have I injured a hair of thy head?"

"No."

"Is it true, as thee told the boys in the garden, that anybody was wronged by the man I bailed out of prison?"

"No, I only told them so as an excuse for what I did"

"But thee must have some reason to give for tearing up my vines, and saying thee would pester me with hornets Hornets, thee knows, are dreadful creatures to sting."

"I did it for fun, and to have something to laugh about to-morrow I would not have brought the hornets here for the world; as true as I live and breathe, I would not"

"But thee's a perverse boy, very perverse indeed, and I am more grieved by the lie, and that perverse disposition, than by all the harm thee has done me."

"I know it was wicked, and I am sorry I stole, and lied, and acted as I did. I will never do so again."

"Ah! thee's so perverse, I'm afeard to trust thee."

"Do forgive me, do let me go, I will always be good, as sure as live and breathe."

"Thee needs to be exercised, and to have a sound correction. I would do wrong to others to let thee off at this. I must confine thee till morning, and then take thee before a justice, and see what he will do with so perverse a boy. I fear he will send thee to prison."

The boy began to weep bitterly, and pleaded that he might not be brought to trial or exposure.

Hannah and I were wakened, as he was brought in, and were informed of the arrest they had made. We bounded from our beds, and ran to the head of the stairs and listened to the dialogue. Mrs. Buxton entered the room where the prisoner stood, and she and Moses ranged on one side, and Nathan and Asa on the other. When Nathan spoke of taking the boy to prison, and he wept aloud, we heard aunt Lydia put in her plea for him, and Moses support her with earnest words.

"He was very unkind, I know," said aunt Lydia, smoothing back her hair under her cap, and changing her mysterious quid to the other cheek. "He was very unkind to do these things. He ought to confess the worst and not lay the sin at another's door. But I would temper my justice with a little love, Nathan," (the tears starting up and glistening in her mild, sad eyes.) "Keep him till morning; move him to confess, lead him back to the good way, walk with him a little that he may not stumble, and then send him home. But *don't* take him to court or prison. It might break his spirit and discourage him from every effort to be good. Israel said, 'There is

no hope; we will walk after our own devices, and the imagination of our evil hearts.' "

"I know all that, Lyddy, 'Without hope, without God in the world'—but thee knows——"

"O, father! don't let him go to court or prison, it might ruin him forever," interceded Moses, holding his mother's hand in one of his own, and grasping his father's with the other.

Then they stood in full view before us, and I looked at the culprit. I thought I never saw a more vicious-looking little mischief before. His hair hung in "witch bridles," as we used to say, all over his forehead and eyes. He had an evil look from top to toe. When he tried to look up to Friend Buxton, I saw the guiltiest face and eye, and my heart burned with vengeance. I was vexed with the whole posse of them for dallying a moment, to speak at all gingerly to him. I wanted to rush right down and shake him, and take satisfaction for my vexation out of his evil skin. I shouted from above, "I *would* take him to prison, Mr. Buxton, I would. Mr. Buxton, take him straight off this very night. He's a mean little good-for-nothing thief,—he's worse than a thief, to come here when he thinks we're all asleep, and cut up his pranks and shines. I would let out a few hornets about his ears, and let him find how it feels to be stung."

"Mercy, Mercy, it is very evil in thee, and thou denyest thy sweet name, when thou talkest thus," replied Mrs Buxton, with the tears still sparkling in her eyes. "Thou wouldst have revenge, and revenge is very wicked. Wouldst thou make a hardened criminal of this little

boy! 'Thou shalt not smite them,' saith the scripture 'Wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink and go to their master.'"

"I beg your pardon, I have no patience at all with the little rascal!" said I, "and I would send him to jail and have him learn better things, Mr. Buxton."

"Don't you do it, father," cried Moses, with a voice and look that ought to have shamed me and melted my heart.

"I would do it, Mr. Buxton," said I, while Hannah remained silent, seeming strangely enough for her to be swayed by the last voice she heard.

"Mercy, it grieves me to hear thee talk thus," replied Mrs. Buxton. "The boy has done evil in our sight, but he looks as though the spirit was willing, while the flesh is weak. Has thee a mother, my little friend? Does thee know how it will grieve thy mother to hear of this? and how near thee has been stepping on the brink of ruin?"

By this time the boy was pierced by the glances which the mild eyes of Nathan himself sent to his heart, and melted by Mrs. Buxton's words, and he sobbed and moaned aloud. After a while, he was able to speak again, and he made a confession. He confessed that he was the ring-leader of the gang, and he came there because he had heard the Buxtons blamed for befriending prisoners, and he wanted a little fun at our expense. He seemed to make a very honest confession, and told what

his name was, and where he lived But I could not get over his vicious looks, nor the nest of hornets

He was a widow's son. His mother was known to the Buxtons as a good woman, living in rather indigent circumstances. The boy now pleaded that if he was taken to prison, his mother might not be informed of it, for it would break her heart But I thought of the hornet's-nest, and renewed my plea that they should punish him, and Hannah supported me. But Mrs Buxton and Moses were against us, and Nathan stood a few moments silent, putting his hair behind his ears, as if doubting what course to pursue, while Lydia hung on his eyes, and ruminated with her quid. The boy repeated his promise never to do so again, and at last Nathan told him what he would do He would keep him a prisoner till morning, then take him before a justice and have him tried and sentenced, but, on the boy's solemn promise never to do the like again, he assured him that his name should be withheld from the public, and if he went to prison, his mother should receive such hints as to allay her anxiety, while she should be kept in ignorance of his condition and crime

The boy was greatly terrified at the thought of going to prison, and renewed his sobs and pleas But Nathan was unyielding He was kind in his treatment, but firm in his resolution So the boy was led up-stairs and locked into a chamber with Asa, the gardener till morning He was then taken before a justice and tried fined, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment He was overwhelmed with grief and terror by this sentence, and hung

down his head and seemed the very picture of despair. But Nathan relieved him somewhat at first by assuring him he would pay the fine himself, and still more, by persuading the justice to suspend the sentence, on the boy's promise that he would go out of town and engage with some strict master in an honorable service.

Bonds were given and the boy's release was granted, and Nathan had him by the hand, on the point of leading him to his mother, when she met them at the door of the justice's office. She had spent hours of painful anxiety, and, hearing from one of the other boys where her son might be found, she had gone to our house and followed us to court, and met them in time to learn what was done. I need not describe the scene that ensued, while I shall always remember the expressions of grief, mortification, and fear, that stood on that poor mother's face, the thanks she gave Nathan for his kindness to her son, and the readiness with which she consented to his proposal To conclude this little narrative, George Milbank—for that was his name—was taken away from Salem before another week, and apprenticed to a farmer in Topsfield. As Friend Buxton took leave of him, he said to George, "Thee knows by this time, my child, that every vice has its punishment. Thee cannot escape: God loves us too well to permit us to be happy long in sin, or triumph long in evil, or be satisfied with any low or vicious life. So keep thy promise from this hour—be honest, get wisdom and honor, and do unto others in misfortune as we have done to thee."

IX.

A YEAR before I left the Buxtons, Mr. Dorlon died, and Mrs. Dorlon removed to Merrimack, and placed Amelia in a mill. Amelia was pleased with her employment; it gave her an independence she had not enjoyed in Salem, and she was able to clothe herself better and help her mother more. She and I still kept up an acquaintance, and I was persuaded to leave Salem and enter the Lafayette Mill. The Buxtons assured me that they found it something of a trial to release me from their service. I had lived in their care so long they were attached to me, and they told me, when I left them, that it seemed like parting with one of their own daughters. The serene Quaker face strove in vain to conceal the emotions that were mounting from their warm hearts when they came to say farewell. But they encouraged the step. They believed it was not to dash in gayer apparel, or indulge in worldly joys, that I desired the better wages which were paid to factory girls. They did not seem to fear that I would forget their counsels, or compromise one of the principles they had planted in my heart; while they were aware that a trade might add considerably to my resources, confirm my independence, and elevate my life

They heaped my trunk with useful presents; and they gave me a generous sum of money, besides my wages, and told me whenever I wanted friends, to come to them,—at all events, to make them frequent visits, for they should always love Mercy Winthrop, and send anxious thoughts after her. On the morning of my departure, I rose before day, and walked out in the twilight to take farewell of my favorite scenes. I went down to the water, and the rising sun recalled the scene with which I began my history, while the same white mist veiled the Juniper, and sheeted the Beverley woods with an unspotted, crape-like shadow, that fairly waved in the currents of light like a curtain in a breeze. I carried away that scene as another picture to illuminate my memory, while the bright sun daguerreotyped its glowing beauty on my mind. I bathed my hot forehead in the ocean-water, and picked up a shell and some pebbles and mosses, to keep in remembrance of that tender hour.

When I returned to Buxtons', I found several friends waiting there to give me a parting word. And among them all, there was no one whose love or blessing was much more welcome than Bessie Plympton's. She was a poor colored woman, it is true, and was despised by many for the darker shades which God had given her complexion, and was held as the lowliest and least regarded member of the Methodist church. From my earliest childhood, I was familiar with the hardships she had endured, and the insults which half a dozen ill-bred children gave her. I had seen the girls make fun of her eyes and lips, and point to her old bon-

net and dress, and giggle, as she passed. I had heard the boys call her an old nigger wench, and ask how much she would take a pound for her ivory; saying they wanted to have it made up into combs. I knew they stoned her windows, pulled up her own darling sunflowers, and annoyed her in many ways. I had even heard parents laugh at their sports, (these were very few,) and one ludicrous looking mother inquired, "Was n't it keen in the little fellow?" when her own foolish, monkey-faced urchin gave a dead rat to Bessie in a nice white paper one morning, and as she opened it, ran away shouting, "April fool! April fool!"

But poor as my own breeding was, it would have led me to respect her, if the instincts of my nature had not, while the warm summer light of Bessie's heart hid her dusky shades from honorable eyes, and fell as a blessing to be cherished. Bessie loved me and my brothers, and she could not let me go away without shaking my hand and giving me her prayers.

"Good morning," said I to my friends; "good morning. I thank you for this farewell call.—Why, if here is not Bessie Plympton, too! How good you all are to me; —you, Bessie, in particular, have been so kind, I know not how I shall ever return your love! You were good to my poor father and mother—you need'nt blush and turn away, you *were* good to them, and I will say it; and think you, Bessie, I shall ever forget the sunflower you planted under mother's window because she would'nt allow you to do anything else for the little trifles that she sent you? Will I ever forget your kind blessings in her

sick-chamber; your watchings by night and day; your cheering words, your tears of love? Kind Bessie, you know not what a world of good it does me to see you here this morning!"

"Ah, Maircy! I's afeard it's but leetle that poor old Bess ever done for yer folks!" answered she. "I's alwers so poor I could'nt do or give as I wished I could. But yer mother was such a nice womern, and so dreadful clever, I could'nt help wantin to pay back her love. And yer father, I knowed him from a boy, and liked him wal, I always did, and ef I planted the sun-flower, I knowed it could'nt blossom half as bright as my love has blossomed for ye all. Ye've made me forget my old black skin, these many times, ye hev; and now ye wont scorn my poor good-bye, Maircy, ef Bess is black, ye wont, will ye, Maircy?"

"No, indeed, I will not, my dear friend," said I, "and there is no one here that would scorn it any sooner for your complexion. They have seen your white heart, through all your dark color, and loved it, I assure you, Bessie."

"Then good bye, Maircy!" added she; "and be a good girl for old Bessie's sake; and mind what Missy Buxton tells ye. Don't listen, Maircy, to every slick tongue ye hear. Look out sharp fur sich pussons as smokes and swears, and wears brussels on their upper lips, and takes shew brushes for their under chins; and perks and perlavers, as thousands dew. Look out sharp fur sich like fellers, Maircy! They're slicker'n ile, and make love *so*

easy; but I've hearn people tell it's auful dangerous bleevin em.

"Don't forgit what yer mother used to tell ye. Git religin as quick's ye ken. Religin's a dreflel good thing to git. It's dreffful precious. It wont cost ye as much as a pint o'broth, and it has a valley, and a comfort, and a helpin hand, that all Massa Peabuddy's gold could not buy. It's good for the heart and good for the head, Maircy. It's good in the day and good in the night. It's good in joy and good in sorrer. It has made of my little chamber a pleasanter and handsomer palace than the one ye read about to me in 'Rabin's Nights. And O, what oceans of pleasant light it has poured into old black Bess's heart! Git religin's quick's ye ken, I tell ye, girl. Then ye'll know for sure ye've a Father more tender-hearted than any buddy here in Salem. Then ye'll know where to look for a Friend in need, and a hand to lead ye right. Git religin, and ye'll know a good 'eal more than any buddy ken tell ye, and be strong in heart, when weak in body, and keep off the Devil, and die in God's lovin arms."

I thanked my old friend for her counsel, promising to pray for the blessing she recommended, as she went away crying like a child. I found it harder even than I anticipated to part with those who had given me that dear home, and been to me such faithful friends. But little was said at parting. I was too full to speak. Hannah stood and pressed my left hand, while the others were shaking my right, and repeating their few words of affection and counsel. I believe Lydia said, if she had thought

a week ago what an undertaking it would be, and how we would feel to separate, she should have opposed my going and tried to make me contented with them a year or two longer. Her voice was uncommonly tremulous; her eyes glistened with unshed tears, and she said "farewell" in a tone of tender and patient love, that will be music in my soul forever. I took farewell of all, and at nine o'clock the stage-coach wheeled up to the door, and I started for Merrimack.

I hardly knew how strongly I was attached to Salem, until I passed out of Boston-street, and felt that I was leaving the beloved city for ever. I hardly knew my love for Walter, until he ran to the street, as I passed my aunt's, where I had visited only the day before, to snatch the last look, and pick up the primer, and trumpet, and dime, which I tossed to him from the coach window. His head was bare; his forehead was white, and full as a blown snow-ball, and his hair fairly glittered in the sun. His eyes sparkled; his step was lighter than a fox's, and that beautiful face and neck were still so tempting to my eyes, my sisterly loves were all kindled to a flame, and I wept that I could not carry him away in my bosom. I *would not* pass him thus coldly. I stopped the driver and alighted from the stage, and called my darling back, and I know not which gave the most or the warmest kisses while we clung to each other in a long embrace. But the driver hurried me, and we tore ourselves apart, and I jumped into the stage and closed my wet eyes till we were a mile away from Danvers.

"O, my poor brother Walter!" thought I: "his heart

is yet soft and gentle, and he may easily be moulded to a fine manhood, and I will pray that he may be, and hope to assist; but he is so indulged and flattered, and so ready like a pet lamb to follow all that caress him!"

That thought of Walter made miles of my ride unhappy; but the scenes on my way were so beautiful, my cheerfulness returned, and I looked back on Meadowvale with something of delight. Then I indulged in a reverie, and brought up months and years of the future to my gaze; with the toils and triumphs of factory life, and the mental culture, and nobler womanhood I resolved to attain. Then my sweet Quaker home had a tear of remembrance. Then the forms of my friends thronged around me, repeating their tender good-byes. Then my father, mother and brothers smiled upon my dream, and my spirit inquired, as it clasped them, if I might not meet them in heaven! A grander landscape tempted me out to a seat with the driver, and held me in its enchantment for half an hour. Jock slackened his reins, and told me stories about the dangers of city life. I entered the coach again, and continued my enjoyment of the rich rural scenery till the city of weavers rose in sight. Then he whipped up his horses to a dashing trot, on an easier road; and meadows, gardens and cottages glided past as if in a wild rotation. Then we met more and more people in better attire, and we were in the city,—up Chestnut Hill, and at Mrs. Dorlon's door. Then I sat down in the house of my mother's friend, whose embraces almost smothered me, and whose greetings made me feel as if it were my mother I was pressing to my heart.

In a few minutes, Amelia ran in from the mill, "for her share of the joy," as she told me; and I soon forgot that I was not in Salem, and forgot my fatigue, while my heart seemed lighter even than it was while walking by the sea-shore in the morning. Mrs. Dorlon set her table with an early tea; while Milly insisted that I should go with her to the factory, and see where I was to work. But Mrs. Dorlon called her a crazy colt, and asked if she supposed I flew there on wings without tiring, or that *she* did'nt want my company herself a little while. I refreshed myself with a cool bath, and tasted a glass of sassafras beer, and did all in my power to answer Mrs. Dorlon's questions, repeating some answers as many as three times.

Chestnut Hill may have been worthy of its name when the Indian built his wigwam there, but to tell the truth, it was far from any rural romance now. The only trees I saw as I went to Mrs. Dorlon's, were two little maples and a cedar in front of her door. They were poor marsh maples, with small heads and sallow leaves; and the cedar appeared as if it was dying of home-sickness in such a barren and ungenial spot. I thought the first thing I would do after tea would be to bring out a pail of water and refresh the poor sapling, and see if I could not restore its hopes.

Our street was one of the worst in the city. It was crooked and narrow; the houses were of all sizes and colors, and huddled together without order; and they stood on such stilted foundations, I feared they would topple down and crush me as I passed. The street was filthy, and numbered scores of low, filthy houses. But

Mrs. Dorlon had rather a comfortable house. It was convenient, and respectably finished outside and in. There was a little grass-plot in front, and another in the rear, which a few pails of water would render fine. There were three or four houses like Mrs. Dorlon's in our neighborhood, with respectable families in them.

I was taken up stairs after tea, and given a room with Milly on the second floor. This room was about ten by twelve. The walls were poorly plastered, but it was not a month before Milly and I united our means and purchased a neat paper, and papered our room with our own hands, after eight o'clock at night. We had a bed, a stand, a lounge, a bureau, and two maple chairs with cane seats, for furniture, and during the year I attended a furniture auction, and bought me a little mahogany whatnot, to stand in a naked corner, and receive my books. I felt confined and stifled as I sat down in my narrow room that evening, and compared it with the dear old Buxton chamber. A foolish tear stole down my cheek, and an irrepressible throb of grief shook my heart.

I threw up the window to get breath, and, while leaning my head on my hand, and glancing away with an absent gaze, a scene arrested my eye which I thought was no poor compensation for what I disliked on Chestnut Hill. It was a landscape, so lessened by distance that a painter could almost have drawn it on his thumb-nail, and I never saw a more exquisite gem of beauty. There was a link of the river in a crescent form, that dashed down a precipice at last, where I discovered a little cascade, which looked in the distance like a knot of white roses on a

silver chain. Between me and the river was a narrow lawn, whose bright green turf was more beautiful than velvet. Farther along was a small group of trees, and over the river I saw a pasture covered with cattle and sheep—a cornfield, a cluster of white houses, a white church-steeple, and, beyond all, a forest, whose crown fairly blazed in the glowing splendors of the setting sun. There was an indescribable charm about that scene, which banished my discontent, and held me in a pleasant reverie, when Amelia returned and asked me down into the parlor. I expressed a preference for my present sitting and *company*, but rose and followed her down.

No sooner were we seated than the boarders came into the parlor, and Milly gave the introductions. These were Miss Mumby and Miss Logan, and two other girls, who were all Mrs. Dorton had at that time. Miss Mumby was about nineteen; she had a fleshy and florid look, like the "Marys" and "Marthas" one sees often among the pictures in a country parlor. Her taste seemed to run on gay colors and glittering toys. She sported more finery than any other girl of the group. She drawled and minced her words in a manner that annoyed me. She sat opposite a looking-glass, and I know not how often, even while talking, she glanced at her own fair image and adjusted her curls or her attire. She had a few pet words and phrases to express her likes and dislikes, and they were, "beyeautiful," or "splended," or "abominable," or "silly," while her favorite exclamation was, "O, murder!"—and I heard them a dozen times or more in the course of two hours. Her first questions were, if

there were any witches in Salem now—if I had ever passed the old Bell Tavern in Danvers, or seen Eliza Wharton's grave.

But, after all, there was something in Miss Mumby that impressed me a little that evening. She had clear eyes and an agreeable face and form, and I was convinced that she was at least faithful and open-hearted. I said, in my mind, May-be you and I can be friends, but you must off at once, Miss Mumby, with your affectations; they nettle me sorely. You must arrange your finery better and have less of it, and that of a more substantial quality; you must keep your eyes from the glass while speaking to me; you must courtesy less to your own shadow; increase the number of your adjectives to half a dozen at least, and have a more natural pronunciation.

Anna Logan was a Protestant Irish girl, about my own age. Her mother was a seamstress and a widow, and she lived in the suburbs of Merrimack, and supported herself and three children with her needle. Mrs. Logan was at Mrs. Dorlon's when I arrived, and I thought I had seldom seen a finer looking or more energetic woman. She must have been over fifty, and her hair and cheeks looked like a girl's, and her voice attracted me the more as it reminded me of my dear mother's. I fell in love with Anna Logan at first sight. I thought of my brother Walter as the last gleam of the sunset kindled her yellow flaxen hair—it fell in such glossy clusters down her white neck! She was above the medium height: she had a full, transparent face, gracefully chiselled, looking, with

its dimples, when she laughed, as if quilted on the cheeks and chin; touched with white and red so beautifully I thought if I were a painter I would like it for a picture She had a tender blue eye and stately form, with the spirit of health and life in its motions. Her arms and hands were the handsomest I ever saw—large at the shoulder, round, and tapering down to her fingers' ends. Her laugh was as hearty as it was melodious; and she stepped as proudly as a colt before a band of music.

A little before sunset, a young gentleman came in to take the girls on a walk. Neal Derby was his name. He was about eighteen. He was a machinist. He was not handsome, yet he had a manly form and interesting look He had light hair, a ruddy countenance, and a pair of large blue veins rising between his eye-brows and crossing his forehead in oblique lines. The veins I noticed were invisible while he remained calm and silent, but were full and rigid as whip-cords, and very blue indeed, when he blushed with emotion, or kindled with mirth. I thought his teeth were artificial, they were so white and regular. His hands looked as if he had spent his time in a store, amid silks and laces, instead of the crock and smut of a machine-shop. His linen was the whitest, and his varnished boots were all a-glow with lustre.

Mr. Derby was intimate at Mrs. Dorlon's, and I was soon informed that he was much esteemed. The walk had been planned before I came. The moon was at the full. The Merrimack was high, the scenery on its banks delightful, and we had a walk which consoled me for the loss of my Salem home and haunts. I was allowed to

choose the walk, and they took me down to the scene on the river which I saw from my chamber-window. We sat down on a bank half an hour, and enjoyed the landscape. It was finer than when seen from a distance. The roar of the little cascade was soothing and exciting at the same time. The lawn, the wood, the pasture beyond the river, and all fairly glowed in the newness of their verdure, and there came a mingled odor of field and wood, which was delicious to the sense. I remarked that I wondered some one had not selected those grounds for a villa or cottage residence; and said I would delight to have a home, if no more than a log-cabin, on that knoll.

"The scene *is* rather beyoauful," answered Miss Mumby; "but I should want a villa if I lived here. A cabin, or even cottage, would be abominable! Who could content himself in a cabin away here? I should be afraid of robbers; and, beside, folks would laugh at any pin-box of a cabin or cottage here. As long as I'm poor, I choose to live in a city where no one can distinguish my poverty; and when I am romancing, I always build something grander than a cottage to live in."

"There is something in that," added Derby; "and I confess I should not want to come here to live, till I could build a house that would attract attention and admiration."

"I'm sure a cottage would be just the thing for a spot like this," said Anna Logan, "and I would be content with a cabin, that I could call my own, and could open to my mother and sisters. O, wouldn't little Katy laugh

and shout to trip out on these banks, and pick dandelions in the spring, and go down under the trees and curl them! And wouldn't the meadow larks sing her to sleep on the lawn, and the thrushes teach her music in the woods! Give me a shelter from the rain and snow down here, and ye may have yer dashy houses and ye will. The fields, woods, and waterfall, would make up for all privations, and satisfy my heart. Hear the cricket and katy-dids! When the meadow larks were gone, the katy-dids would give us music."

"So I am sure they would," answered I, "and I would not exchange such a home for the proudest in the city. I suppose there are paths through that wood? I like to walk in a wood-path. It soothes, and exhilarates me, and Dr. Pearson says the breath of the woods is better than medicine. May and June are the times to walk in the woods. You know the boxwood blossoms are out all through May; the flowering locusts and white clover fill them with fragrance through the opening of June, and along towards July we have the laurel blossoms."

"Then in May and June the birds have such a jubilee!" interrupted Mr. Derby. "The wood thrush opens the concert as early as four in the morning, and I have heard him sing till eight o'clock at night. I have called him the 'Chorus-Warbler,' and I have noticed how he conducted the music of the woods. As soon as the other birds set in with their songs, he seemed to pause in order to show how poorly they would make out with no ruling voice to lead. And poorly indeed they sang, and there was a perfect Babel of notes and sounds. The crows sat

and cawed, and the squirrels chattered at the scene. Then the thrush gave out a new piece, and ran over it with his sweet and gurgling, yet full and far flowing voice. Then the robins and sparrows followed; then the bluebirds in the pasture, and blackbirds in the meadow, took the key, and the song, and brought up their part; then the chip-squirrels lent a musical chirp, and the crows and jays all joined in a chorus of full harmony, to which even the frogs and toads, as with cymbals, harps, and castinets, kept time. But I weary you, ladies, with this high-flying speech. I meant to say I should like to walk in this wood in May or June, and hear the thrush with all his performers give a chorus like the ones I have heard."

"I think I'd rather hear the Crow Family, or the Alabama Brothers," cried Miss Mumby. "Pardon, Miss Winthrop, but this enthusiasm for the woods and birds is what I call a sickly sentimentality. I don't want to become an owl or a wood-chuck myself, for the sake of the woods. It would be abominable to one who has lived long in the city."

Amelia Dorlon sang a song. Mr. Derby had read "Salathiel," and he repeated two or three passages which he thought were fine. They sounded well as he repeated them, but I thought they needed earnestness and simplicity to make them perfect. He remarked that the scenery around us and the picture language of Salathiel made him fancy we were in Palestine, and were looking down on the rolling Jordan. He then quoted a description of the Hudson highlands from Irving, and though I had never read "Salathiel," nor the "Sketch-Book," at that time, I

was most delighted with Irving, and desired the repetition of one passage that seemed rather to paint than describe the scene where we were. Then Anna Logan sang a sweet song, and the woods seemed to dwell on the echoes, and repeat them to the hills. Then we listened awhile to the roar of the waterfall, and started for home. Mr. Derby quoted a description of the moon and stars from Byron's Siege of Corinth, which he thought a finer picture than Pope painted on the etching of Homer; and we stepped into the old river road, and took our way through Central-street to Chestnut Hill. The clock struck nine as we entered the house, and Mr. Derby bade us good night, and in half an hour we were all abed, and most of us asleep.

I slept but little that night. Amelia kept me talking till past eleven, and after that, until nearly four, my mind was too busy with thoughts, and my heart with emotions, to sleep. I liked Merrimack far better than I anticipated. True, most of the people looked very strange to me, and I thought I should never get accustomed to their ways. And a manufacturing city too, how different in every thing from still and stately old Salem, where there were no manufacturing interests, and commercial enterprise passed into affluence and rest, a quarter of a century ago! But I was excited by so much animation as I found there. I was pleased with most of my new acquaintances, and especially pleased with my evening walk. I shut my eyes, and the river seemed to roll through my vision; the banks and woods re-appeared and glowed with a placid splendor; and the moon, "the cold round moon," as the pas-

sage from the poet went, was still "shining deeply down," and the stars,

——"those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright,"

cast sympathetic glances on me. The names of those new authors lingered like notes of pleasant music in my ears, and I hoped that I might soon possess their works. Anna Logan's song still brimmed my soul with melody, and I had no room for Amelia's song or conversation. Amelia dropped to sleep at last, and I reviewed all my acquaintances, charmed with the sweet Irish girl; suited with Miss Mumby's intentions, and thinking well enough of Mr. Derby. The future then opened in long and sunny views before me, and on the last scene there rose a city and a mill; in that city I selected my home, and in that mill I found myself weaving the snowy webs of a well-spun life.

After that, my mind wandered back to Salem, and to Becket court. Ma'm Carey's, Phillips' Wharf, Buxtons' and the Juniper, in tender and tearful walks and interviews, thrilled with a few strong throbs of home-sickness. I was with Jesse in Wenham, and finally with Walter in Danvers; till my mind floated off on the tranquil waves of sleep.

X.

I HAD not caught a glimpse of one real dream, nor taken an hour's refreshing slumber, before the bells rang us from our beds. I forgot my uneasiness, in the excitement of the morning, and was one of the first at the table. We had a sumptuous breakfast, the very savor of which sent delicious odors through the house, but excitement destroyed my appetite, and I only took a slice of toast and a cup of coffee. Breakfast over, we went to the mill, and I had to remark the light steps and merry hearts with which the girls all tripped away to their looms.

I commenced my first day's work in the mill. I found myself in company with Milly and Anna, and this kept me in heart, and gave me hope. I also made two new acquaintances. There was a stranger in our department, whom they introduced as Miss Newman. Agnes Newman was from Quinnebaug. She was perhaps a little over twenty. She owed to fine health her fairest outward charms, which I thought at first were indifferent. She was bashful and silent. Flashes of crimson came to her modest face on the slightest occasion, and she could hardly address another, or be addressed, without a blush. And yet, as I caught her keen black eye, I saw there were

firmness and independence in her character, which trial and conflict would develop; that she had that fund of merry humor which is possessed by so many of our still country girls. that she was shrewd and deep-sighted, and while a city exquisite might patronize her, and pity her simplicity, and tell her not to be afraid of city people, for they were no better or more refined than country people; she would read his whole character at a glance, take gay amusement from his patronage and pity, and then cast him aside as she would an officious poodle who might try to lick the freckles from her cheeks. I knew from the first that I should like Agnes Newman, be the better for her society, and better still if I could have her friendship. Her father was a farmer, and she left her mother, a brother and sister at home about a year before, and took her present situation in the Lafayette Mill. She left a fair and happy home, as I afterwards found, but her father had seen misfortunes, and she came to Merrimack to obtain what she could of the means of removing a mortgage from his farm. There was a grace in the steps and touches of her labor, and I thought if I could acquire her skill and ease in two years, it would be doing well enough for poor Mercy Winthrop.

I said to Agnes that I was pleased to make her acquaintance, and said it with a feeling which she must have seen in my expression; but she was so bashful that she only blushed, and replied, that she hoped I would like my company

I met the superintendent in the office, and had not worked half an hour before he came to our corner, and

began to talk. I noticed that he was something of a hector, but he had a pleasant word for every one before he left them, and I thought I should be pleased with him. He was homely at first sight. He was tall in stature and awkward in his ways. He had a blue and withered look that contrasted strangely enough with the robust forms and rosy faces of Salem. His hair was light and thin, and it seemed determined, in spite of all resistance, to fall over his forehead and annoy his little eager eyes. His ears were round almost as a weasel's, and transparent as isinglass. His nose was thin and hooked. His eye-brows drooped at the outer ends, and were high above the nose. His mouth corresponded with the arch described by his eye-brows, and his upper lip, which, after all, was not disagreeable, reminded me at once of the bill of a bird. He had long arms, long, blue, bony fingers, and a cold, blue hand.

But strange as Mr. Olney appeared to me on the first introduction, there was something in his eyes and voice and countenance which attracted and encouraged me, although I did not like his manner of stepping so uneasily about, nor his twittering laugh, nor reeling gait; still, as I say, I was attracted and encouraged, and I felt that I should like him well.

"This is Miss Winthrop, of whom you have spoken to me before to-day," said he to Milly Dorlon. "I believe I knew her father and mother, and I thought I observed a family likeness. Well, my girl, I am not sorry to see you here, if you think you will like the loom. I am not sorry to see you; and, if you have much of your father

and mother in you, I'll vouch for your success. I liked your father for one or two things at least: I liked him for his aptitudes, and for his resolute persistence in what he undertook to do. Those are the things that give success. He followed Davy Crockett's motto to a T. He was considerate, very, for a sailor, and he had an instinct of right that quite oppressed him at times; and, when he made up his mind to do a thing, he went ahead like a seventy-four. And your mother—pardon me—but she was an original woman, sweet and tender as a child in womanly ways and feelings, and yet she had firmness, and her independence pleased me. I saw them but a few times. They probably did not remember enough of me to leave my name with their children, but they left an impression on me. If you prefer a life at the loom, Miss Winthrop, I am not sorry to see you here."

I confess I was touched by what Mr. Olney was pleased to say of my poor father and mother—he brought them so freshly, and in such tender images before my mind. I had to play the baby a moment, and could not immediately answer; but, as soon as I could speak, I gave him to understand that while there were pursuits I would like better than that, of course I was not at all ashamed of being poor, nor of choosing that vocation.

He replied that, "We are not always to go by our likes and dislikes in this world. Like and Dislike are often mere caprices; and, like the false science the hermit sang of, they sometimes 'lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind.' There are a hundred occupations, perhaps, which the mass of women would prefer to yours, Miss Winthrop,

and more than fifty of the hundred would be chosen by operatives themselves after three or four years in a mill; because they are really more pleasant, and give more scope to one's faculties, and more enjoyment to the social and domestic sentiments. But I believe it would be good for every girl, rich or poor, to spend a year in a mill. It is a good physical discipline. It may even invigorate the mind, while it puts every heart in communication with our age, and in possession of its independent and progressive spirit. It will give you independence. And how little independence many of our American women have! Some of those even, who are contending for woman's rights, are creatures of impulse or prejudice—soft or conceited things, having no true independence, nor any power of perfect womanhood. They are not half women, some of them, and on this account their cause is regarded as so absurd. You will get independence without mistaking impudence for it, or running into any senseless fashions or mannish ways. Your trade will develop your gifts, and mature in you a more powerful, womanly, equable life. It will even draw out your sensibilities, I think, if you pursue it in the right spirit. Though you may call this fancy: certainly, I know the factory girls don't lose their sympathies here."

There was such downright earnestness in Mr. Olney's manner, and so much kindly sympathy in his voice, I was made to feel very much at home, as I heard him, and was encouraged with my prospects. He gave me as good a situation as was ever offered to a new beginner. My work, at first, was lighter than at the Buxtons', and

before night I was vain enough to believe I was not the most awkward novice that ever entered there, and that it might not be long before I could tend my looms with an easy hand and an agile step. The roar of the wheels and clack of the looms, roused all the spirit there was in me; but I thought it would whirl my poor head into delirium and set me to weaving webs of confusion, before I could get used to the noise. I went to bed that night needing much rest and sleep, but the mill seemed still to be roaring around me, and I worked all night in my dreams. The next day, however, was less exciting, and after that I had my rest, enjoyed my sleep, and was blessed with health and hope.

XI.

During the first week, I had as many opportunities to study human nature as I had to learn the letters of my trade. The mill was thronged with visitors. Party after party passed in, made their examinations, gave their opinions, took their instruction or amusement, and then passed out again, leaving us to our work and meditations. During the week, I suppose about every class of society was represented in some visiting party. One party I shall always remember. I believe it consisted of about seven persons, male and female, young and old. They appeared to be a Merrimack family, with a party of out-of-town friends. They had heard that the mills would present something of a holiday appearance that week, and came to see us as you would go to a museum or menagerie. I heard the name "Puffit" given to the leading gentleman of the group, and started up and looked around to know what it meant; then I heard, "Mrs. Puffit," "Miss Puffit," and—"Why, Bell Puffit, how you talk!"—and was convinced that that was their veritable christian name.

"Puffit!" whispered Agnes Newman, just then, in my ear,—"isn't that a name, tho'! and the last you ever

heard? But it's just *the* name for them, I suspect. Look again, Miss Winthrop, and see if 't isn't."

"For all but Mrs. Puffit," answered I. "She does not seem to match it, nor deserve it." I watched them more closely. I measured them and scrutinized their looks. Mr. Puffit was a gentleman about forty or forty-five years of age. He was a straight, stout, muscular man, having the air and motion of a sportsman. His head was round at the ears, and flat on the crown: his lips were thick, and the upper one turned up; his chin was square and massy; and he had a pair of black, long, bushy whiskers, which covered his chin, and most of his vast face, and which he did not neglect to twirl with his fingers and nourish with spittle while passing round the mill. His short, pinched nose was almost hidden by his great pumpkin cheeks. He had large gray eyes, very flat, and widely set, and very dull and glassy. His voice was flat and broken as an idiot's. He sported a huge diamond ring on his right little finger. He wore a black frock coat, of a short and dashy cut, and it looked on the back as if buttoned around a barrel. He wore a high dickey, while an ample satin cravat adorned his neck, and almost hid his bosom. His boots were prunella, tipped with patent-leather, and he flourished a rosewood cane with a large gold head. The said cane was in constant motion: first, he had the head in his mouth, then the cane was under his arm, or he flourished it before him, or tapped his boot, or struck it with emphasis on the floor.

Mr. Puffit's wife appeared to have made a great sacrifice, in changing her name (whatever it might have been)

for that of her husband, if not in becoming his wife; and I was prompted to ask the question, "Why should a woman give up her name to her husband, after all?" She was a woman of very good form, and, though not handsome, she was agreeable; and there was a kindly, placid, spiritual look about her which won the good-will of all the girls.

Master Puffit, also, I thought, was libelled by his name, and mortified by some of his father's airs. He often turned to his mother and blushed when his father's name was spoken, and when his father made this and that remark: and I noticed that he kept hold of his mother's hand, and they two walked together.

Miss Bell Puffit had not suffered unjustly, nor been aspersed by her name. Her looks were as pat to her name as were Livy Primrose's feet to the music in the moonlight dance. She was a second edition of Mr. Puffit, on softer and smoother paper, and in a smaller form. She was dressed in a fawn-colored silk, of a rich and showy figure, and in a florid bonnet. She displayed a great deal of jewelry. She tossed her head romantically, and threw all the pride and parade she could into her steps and gestures. She had a choice vocabulary of slang words and phrases, which she displayed in every speech. She wore an immense bustle, and no less than four wide flounces encircled her splendid dress; and we could see at a glance how thankful she felt that she was not a factory girl, and how fondly she doated on her consequential papa.

The Puffits called their friends by the name of Bleb. They were constantly quoting "York State," and showed

great ignorance of factory life. They were infinitely pleased with Merrimack, we observed; and, with open mouths and swelling words, expressed their interest in the sights they saw. There was not one of the party, I judged, (except Mrs. and Master Puffit) who regarded the mill in the light of an institution, and came to examine a noble branch of industry, and see how it was conducted, but they gazed on it all as a mere show, and actually compared it once or twice to the museum and circus, and told how far it was behind them.

"This is the way they work up the cotton in Yankee land," said Mr. Puffit, tipping his hat over his left eye, taking a nip of sweet flag, and resting on his cane with one hand, and thrusting the other into his waistcoat. "This is the way they do it; and these are the factory girls you've hearn so much about."

"So I see," replied Mr. Bleb; "and they are weaving at the rate of a hundred yards a day, I 'spose. Cæsar! how the looms clatter and bang about us. I should think they'd ketch their aprons in the machinery, or get pulled by the hair over some of them are beams or wheels. The looms keep time perty well, tho', and on the hull, it's rather an excitin scene. But I wouldn't like to have one of my girls here. I'd rather they'd do nothin and starve."

"I do not see any great danger," replied Mrs. Puffit: "everything seems to be well guarded against accident, and I suppose they get used to it in a day or two. If I was a girl, I should like to tend my looms; and I would do it before I would sew shirts for ten cents, and make vests for two shillings. I would do it before I would go

out to service in a family, and be treated as too many servants are."

"Why, ma, you must be crazy!" cried Arabella.

"No, Bell, I am in my right mind, and I wish you were in your right mind also. In a change of circumstances, I would rejoice at the chance of entering the mill."

"Now if I ain't done for a mother!"

"I have seen the time, Bell, when I would have been glad to come here, and felt honored, and not disgraced by my calling. There is no need of either of us coming now, but I honor this life—I honor many of the noble-hearted, intelligent girls that work here, and I wish you might be noble enough to honor them, and take more interest in their pursuit."

"You wouldn't ketch my Libby or Clara here," interrupted Mrs. Bleb, with a haughty smile; "and I could not consent to their coming as long as they had a gown to their back. But what's the use of talkin?—look at these poor wilted things!—what time have they to improve their appearance, or go out in society at all?"

"They have much time to read, and walk, and attend lectures," replied Mrs. Puffit; "and I doubt, after all, if there's a boarding-school in Merrimack that can turn out twenty girls who have more books, or are better informed, than the first twenty you could count here."

"You'd rather tend shop, if worst comes to worst—hadn't you, Libby?" said Mrs. Bleb. "You'd rather sew, or teach, or do a hundred things, wouldn't you, Libby?"

"Yes, indeed, a thousand times. Bell says the factory

girls are shet out of society," answered Miss Bleb, with a most exquisite simper.

"Why, Bell, did you say that?" asked her mother, with an expression of surprise and grief. "You know, Bell, that is not so."

"The *first* society I meant."

"Not what I call first society—not the good and intelligent."

"I might take in shoe-bindin, or shirts, or vests," said Miss Bleb, "and no one would know it, and earn at least a little spending money, now and then, and keep up my associations with the gayest girls."

"No matter how much our girls earn in that way for spending money and little knick-knacks," said Mr. Puffit, tipping his hat over the other eye, and striking his cane on the floor. "But to work for a living here in America, where so many are ready to do our work so cheap—that would be smart! There is a pretty girl there, I swow," —(he whispered loud enough for us to hear him, as his eyes fell and fastened on Anna Logan)—"she must be an Irish girl; but she's pretty enough, I swow, for a teacher or governess, or to take her stand behind a counter, or make some rich man a wife. She looks familiar. I wonder now if t'ain't Mrs. Logan's daughter? Mrs. Logan makes vests for me; she has a girl in the mill, and I'll bet a dollar that's the girl. Notice her—that cherry-cheeked girl there, that touches her looms and takes her steps so lightly. It's quite uncommon to see such a ruddy, round face here. And don't she do it up with a taste, though, Bleb? She's determined to rise in spite of her Irish

blood; but she can never rise here. I could do more for her on vests and overalls. She couldn't make so much a week as she can here, but she'd stand as good a chance not to wilt, and nobody would know when she was out that she done a stitch of work in her life. I find that's getting a mighty fashion with our American girls, to play lady, and make people think they live without work. And I don't know as I blame them at all; the world owes us all a living—women in particlar—and let 'em get it without work, or having people know they work if they can. I 'spose about half of my sewing women are what are called ladies at your balls and parties; and it ain't half the time that a woman gives me to understand that she needs work when she takes it. They make all sorts of excuses. Sometimes they want it for a sewing circle; sometimes, for a poor or sick friend they are helping to support; and sometimes to pass away time. So I help 'em along, and nobody abroad has any idee how they get money, unless they are rich, or suspects that they are needy. I'd like to help that Irish girl along in this way, and make a lady of her."

"Try and get her for a servant, pa," interrupted Arabella: "may-be she would make a first-rate one now if she *is* Irish. The trouble with servants is, you can't get first-rate ones even for five dollars a month, and they soon get seedy, and you must drive them around like dogs, and tread on them to keep them from being impudent."

"The girls are never impudent to me, Bell," said her mother; "and you know I never drive them or trample on them."

"But you make a slave of yourself, mother, to favor them. You say, 'Betty, *please* do this, and I'll *thank* you for that,' and never 'll allow us to call 'em up nights, or ask 'em for a drink of water. I wish father would get her for a servant—she looks real clean and pretty. She wouldn't dirty my dresses so hooking 'em, and I guess she'd be clean about the kitchen and table. May-be we can get her. See there again—she looks first-rate!"

"Hist!" said her mother, at first in a whisper, with evident displeasure, but still with a motherly smile: "Don't flatter yourself that that girl will go out into any family service. There's too much of the woman in her for that, as long as servants are treated in the common way. She's independent here, and has society that she would not find in one family in a hundred. Bye-and-bye she will get married, and have a sweet little country home of her own earning."

"That plain brown girl there seems to be a new comer," said Mr. Puffit, pointing down, where I was engaged.

"I guess she's a new comer, she has so many gawky ways," replied Mrs. Bleb, of York State.

"Don't she act green though, and have a real country bend and step?" asked Arabella.

"But she has one thing about her I rather like to see," said Bell's mother, giving me a sweet warm smile of encouragement. "She don't blush at all by our presence. Your impudent eye-glass don't disturb her, I see. She reckons herself as good as the best who are no better or

more accomplished than she. She's not ashamed of her calling, I see that plainly enough, and we need not be told that she will shift for herself, and have respect enough shown her."

"After all the enterprise I find in Merrimack," said Mr. Bleb, of York State, "I can't see that your factory system is any better than southern slavery. I should place the two systems about on a par. Understand me—I don't say much against *your* system, nor *that* either. But I think the slave has an easier life commonly, and is better fed and cared for."

"Yes, that's all very true; I've been south myself, and know it. There's more good than evil in both systems. after all they say. I've been south, and know. The negroes ain't so wilted and withered as these 'ere girls. Both systems are of great advantage to their subjects, but of the two, as near's I can judge, the negroes are the plumpest and happiest, and don't have to work half as hard."

"How you talk, Mr. Puffit!" said his wife; "would you rather Bell would be a slave than a factory girl?"

"I should about as lief," said Mr. Puffit.

"Heavens!" exclaimed his wife.

"I should myself, ma, as lief be a slave. I could have easy times of it at all events, and have the fat of the land to eat and wear, if I was waiting-maid to some rich lady. Pa and I seen some tip-top looking wenches in Virginny, and one or two had first rate times, and was better dressed than their mistresses, wernt they, pa?"

Mrs. Puffit replied only with a sigh, and a look of quite indignant grief.

"There's no use talking in this way," said Mr. Puffit, striking his cane on the floor, and tipping his hat over the other eye. "Come, come, Mr. Bleb, what do *you* say? I like my system better than either. Hickory Hall looms higher and higher in my eyes. I feel new pride every time I go back from the mill, and draw the contrast. It gives me a position in the great busy world. There's something in *that*, Mr. Bleb. I have a position. My name is known as far as newspapers circleate. I give my women less wages,—I have to pay my advertising bills, and to keep a large store. But a good many women, as I said, can afford to work cheap, having nothing but a little spending money to look up, while the poorer class I never see at home. I have my position now as *one of 'em*. *I* make the money roll in, *I—tell—you*, Mr. Bleb, since I bought that hundred dollar ticket to Madame Vogel's concert. That was the *coup d'etat*, Mr. Bleb. I had to get a lot of new clerks within three days, and a dozen tailoresses. They pint me out in the streets, and say, 'there goes Puffit, of Hickory Hall,' and lots of gentlemen I never see before, bow to me now and say, 'How are you, Mr. Puffit?'"

This was the climax of that long dialogue. Mrs. Puffit at last convinced the party that it was impudent to gaze at us so boldly and so long, and when Mr. Puffit concluded his defence of Hickory Hall, he tipped his hat on the back of his head, took the knob of his cane in his mouth, gave his arm to Arabella, and led the party from the mill.

The next day another party visited our mill, and left a better impression. I cannot say that the personal appearance of this party was the most agreeable at first; I saw that they were a different set, but I hardly knew what to make of them when they first came among us. They were six or seven in number, and we understood that part of them came from Philadelphia. They were all plain-looking people, and were plainly dressed. Some of them were quite awkward in their manners, and yet we soon observed an earnestness, a frank and respectful simplicity about them, which won our favorable opinions, and attracted our regards. One was called Miss Warden, two others, Mr. and Miss Downs, and if the other names were spoken, we did not understand them. Mr. Olney ushered them into our department, and left them at the door.

As they passed around, Anna Logan whispered that she had seen three of the company before, and Agnes Newman added, that she had also seen them, and had taken them to be quality people of the genuine stamp. The gentlemen were earnestly conversing on the new inventions that had been introduced of late to save labor in our mills, and improve the opportunities of the operatives. The ladies took an interest in their conversation. I saw, and asked many questions that showed they came there to study great lessons, and inspect the occupation and appearance of a class whose interests they had much at heart. If they looked at us, it was not with a brazen scorn or an impudent curiosity, which we often received from persons perhaps better dressed, but less refined than they. They had an affectionate expression, that seemed as plainly as

words to say, "We honor you, sisters; we honor your calling, and the courage and spirit you give to it; and we are anxious to be assured that you are hopeful and happy, and that you make the body serve the mind."

They examined the machinery, they looked at our work, by "our permission," they counted the looms that each girl tended, and asked how many hours we reserved to ourselves for reading and recreation.

Mr. Downs had two apples in his hand when he entered, and he soon ate one of them and kept smelling of the other, as if to avoid the scent of the mill. His manner reminded Agnes of a report of him, that he was a very eccentric gentleman. The unbitten apple he kept tossing from hand to hand, and rubbing against his cheek and chin, while he conversed earnestly, and allowed the others little opportunity of speaking.

"I never pass through the mills," said he, "without recalling the words of Solomon: 'God hath made man upright, and they have sought out many inventions;' and thinking that our Westminster fathers gave a wrong interpretation to these words. The word 'but' in our translation may have misled them. I understand the original to admit just as well of an *and*, and I quote it with an 'and,' and to me it teaches a different lesson."

"I don't know," said his friend, taking his cane from his mouth; "but I should fear to change the translation, or the meaning which is commonly had of it."

"Solomon," said Mr. Downs, "must have beheld many evils in his day. He deplored the sinfulness of men, but he nowhere gives us to understand that he ap-

plied these words to our depravity. The words themselves vindicate man. *God made him!* What a dignity of birth and parentage! 'God made him *upright!*' What a nature is his, what harmonies in his constitution! What possibilities must that being possess, of whom inspiration declares, 'God made him upright!' Wonderful mechanism! Marvellous organ, perfect in all its tubes and valves, and keys and tones! Do you wonder that it plays a tune? Intelligent being, having thought, contrivance, desire, emotion, hope and power; can you marvel that he thinks, and acts, and seeks out many inventions!"

"No, I cannot wonder at that. Rather should I wonder if he sought out no inventions."

"Solomon undoubtedly saw many inventions of evil, as we do now. This wonderful organ went out of tune; this intelligent being of perfect workmanship, and a soul to make him an angel in heaven, was deranged and corrupted, and it was to be expected that his inventions would often be evil. But there were some good inventions in that day. Writing had been invented, and the thoughts of Solomon and David were recorded, for the blessing of mankind. Architecture had been invented, and men had houses for dwellings, and temples for worship. Music had been invented, and its holy sounds were heard as the breathing of the Lord. And how many inventions of good have Christians sought out! To say nothing of whole sciences, to say nothing of printing, just think of the mechanical arts, and inquire if they do not speak the capabilities of man, at the same time that we receive them as gracious favors from God!"

"They really seem so, Mr. Downs, but there are monopolies and combinations of a few Mammonites, who employ these inventions and reap nearly all their fruits."

"But this is not the fault of the inventions. The inventions are divine, and they always teach me a lesson when I come here. I remember that the masses of the people have labored too incessantly and taken too little rest and time for improvement and recreation. Man was not created to toil every hour, like a dumb animal. Man was not surrounded with lessons of education, that he might remain in ignorance, and lavish his earnings on animal lusts and appetites. And if there be any sign of depravity, any wickedness of the old Serpent that destroyed the bliss of Eden, it is evinced, not by the great and manly spirits who have sought out inventions, but in the acts of those selfish capitalists who pervert the use of inventions, monopolize their blessings, and still yoke the people to labors, with no time for recreation, or for social or intellectual improvement. And the word which God speaks to me in these inventions is this, which more of our manufacturers should heed: 'Give my people their fruits. You have inventions, to save to the entire family in all labors of every kind, at least six in every twelve hours of the day. Give my people the advantage of the six hours' leisure, to rest themselves, to feed the mind with knowledge, to cultivate the affections, to cultivate literature and the fine arts, to see the beautiful world I have given them, and bring man and woman to perfection.' This is the word I hear in the voice of these inventions, and it tells me they are all benevolent, and it speaks of a

good time coming, when labor and leisure will be equally distributed, and knowledge and happiness the gift of all."

Mr. Downs became so animated, I thought he had forgotten himself, and we were going to hear a sermon right there in the factory, but his friends gave him the time of day, and they turned away abruptly and passed out of the mill.

I was encouraged by such visits as that, and went to my work with a stronger and happier heart when they were gone. I saw their respect for labor, I saw their desire to unite the two classes of rich and poor in mutual interest and respect, and their words were remembered in my heart.

The next day we had the President of the United States to see us. He was accompanied by half a dozen of his ministers, and he frequently said, as he passed around the mills, "Well, this is the proudest day I have yet had in my journey! Here are our institutions of labor in full operation. Here are the daughters of America engaged in their toils, independent and happy as were the maidens of Israel in the vineyards of Engedi, or in Nabbaoth's fields. I am prouder than ever of my country and my people."

As the President bowed to us, and left his warm smile and words of respect and honor in our hearts, I forgot the Hickory Hall party, and was farther than ever from envying Miss Arabella Puffit for all her fortune and fine things.

XII.

We measure time by the number of objects we entertain, and the joys and sorrows we experience. So I measured my first year in Merrimack, and though the days and weeks were fleeting, in their time, yet as I recall that year to remembrance, it seems the longest of all my life. During that year, I did something, I fancy, to invigorate my feeble powers, and quicken the activity of my being. As I climbed the hill of life, the horizon expanded around me, and brisker breezes fanned my face. I lived in a new and more animated world. My labors were heavier than ever before, my trials were great, and I had moments of gloom and discouragement; but with all these came thoughts and satisfactions that more than paid for what I suffered.

During that year, I purchased a dozen books, among which, thank God! was Wordsworth's "Excursion." I also had Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," Miss Sedgwick's "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man," and Miss Martineau's "Society in America." Neal Derby gave me a fine copy of the "Sketch Book," and I often read that and the "Excursion" of a Sunday evening, on the knoll near my cascade, till sunset; and then returned and

resumed the enjoyment in my chamber till ten o'clock, and retired, and continued it in my dreams.

During that year, I attended Friends' meeting a number of times. It so happened that in nearly every instance I heard women preachers, and though I did not adopt all their views, yet I was glad to go with them in most things, and always returned and passed the week with a higher reverence for woman, with more faith in her holy mission, and a more eager desire to see her enlarge her sphere, and shed on the world the sweet influence of her nature. I was inspired with new courage, and prompted to more resolute endeavors. The duty of improvement called to me day and night, with its eloquent voice. The course of time and the plane of eternity opened before me as one endless scale, which might be to me a scale of progression. And sadly though I had suffered from early losses and privations, and frail and slow-footed though I was, I resolved, even if I stepped backwards once in a while, or wandered from the heavenly way, that I would stand on a higher summit, at the dawn of each new year, than I ever reached before.

During that year, I attended a course of lectures on Astronomy, and that stimulated my weak faculties. The same gentleman also gave one lecture on the revelations of the microscope, and what courage I received, and what faith inspired me, when he led us up to God and rested our heads on His bosom!

The conclusion of his last lecture impressed me so deeply, I remembered every word, I believe, and ran home and wrote it down in my diary. Sometimes, as he

was giving the magnitudes of creation, I was amazed and overpowered by a sense of God's infinite greatness and might, and tremblingly inquired, "How can He know little me, and care for me, and be the Father of a worm?" Then, when I thought of the animalcule, and His care for that, I was sure He cared for me. And the lecturer's last words confirmed my faith. "While," said he, "the revelations of the telescope declare the power and wisdom of God, and show us a universe which He has spangled with shining suns, and embroidered with golden firmaments; and while the revelations of the microscope declare the providence of God, and show us a family of beings in a dew-drop, whose hearts He has filled with life and joy; the revelations of the Gospel declare the personality of that power, wisdom and providence, and assure us that He comes down from the general to the particular, and regards you and me with an infinite Father's love."

In that time I acquainted myself with factory life, and learned the characters of most of my friends. This new sphere of action and association was somewhat perilous, and I often trembled before I stepped on my way. Temptations of which I had been ignorant, I often met; temptations in the shops and stores, to inflame my love of dress, and steal away my earnings; and temptations of other kinds. To keep up with some of my friends, I soon found that I would have to depart a little from my Quaker simplicity, and wear more finery, and make more show. Milly Dorlon was more extravagant than she was in Salem. Miss Mumby evinced every day more proofs of a kind heart, and had her mincing manner been her

worst failing, no one would have regarded her a great deal less, or minded her faults, except to correct them. But she had other failings and misfortunes; and her passion for show and pleasure carried her quite away. She would have the gaudiest dress, and the most pompous rings and bracelets she could find, and she spent her earnings in complete slavery to fashion.

Mrs. Dorlon's example was not the best for us. I saw at a glance, when I entered her house on Chestnut Hill, that she was not the same Mrs. Dorlon who was my dear mother's friend in Salem. She may have had the same tastes in Salem that were indulged in Merrimack, but Lydia Buxton held them in check. I soon found that Mrs. Dorlon was a creature of circumstance — virtuous and simple at heart — but swayed to this and that particular bias by persons of more attraction and will, around her. She was even vain of the ruddy flesh that now filled out her face and hands like pin-cushions, and gave her dimpled cheeks and a double chin. She wore very ambitious caps and dashy gowns, and loved to have them tell her she looked like Martha Washington, as she sat back with dignity and rocked with her hands on the chair-arms, and no knitting or sewing in her lap. I believe she sat so every time she resumed the chair, for weeks, and took up no knitting or sewing for fear of spoiling the picture. Then somebody of a little energy and sense happened to say the resemblance to Martha Washington would be better if she would not brace back so far, and would take up her hands and knit or sew; and after that I scarcely saw her in her chair without some needlework.

Mrs. Dorlon talked much louder than she did in Salem; and when the subject of dress or manners was discussed, or some new step was to be taken, or some person was to come out or stay in, she sat back in her chair, adjusted her cap and collar, assumed the air of Martha Washington, and wondered what people would say.

As for dear Agnes Newman, I dare not tell how much I loved her in my heart of hearts, nor how much she added to the power and happiness of my life. A more womanly woman I had not found. The first month did not expire before she confirmed my faith in what Mr. Olney said of the generosity of factory girls, and of their intelligence and sense, while I thought she must have possessed just such a simple, fresh, and full-blown nature as Eve's before her fall.

Work did not seem to task her physical powers at all. It quickened and raised them rather, and she went from her looms at night as rosy and jocund as Musidora from her greenwood shades. She did not laugh as much as many other girls; she was not noisy when she laughed; but she was a smiling, sunny creature. She loved joy, she loved wit and humor, I saw, more and more, and the witty and pathetic in books, and in real life, were equally interesting to her. I remember how she wept when I told her the story of a poor girl that the Buxtons had snatched from the bridge of sighs, and sheltered, reformed, and made reputable at last, and happy as one could live in remembrance of an erring and a wasted youth. I remember how her sense of the ludicrous was touched, and how she laughed and cried together, when I told her

the incident of the little maniac who fancied that he was Lydia Buxton and stole her attire, and bore her testimony at yearly meeting.

Agnes Newman gave a grace and dignity to labor, and persons visiting the mill were almost certain to speak with her, and seemed to go away with more respect for us all. She loved her work for the discipline it gave her, and better still for the objects that prompted her to leave her mother and take her stand at the loom. She had already sent many handsome little sums to her father; and as his own endeavors had recently been blest, she hoped it would not be long before she could return and pay his last debt, and enjoy her beautiful home.

For Anna Logan we could feel no pity, except as we remembered the poor girl's orphanage and home afflictions, for she was above pity herself—such pity as we gave to others; and she had a quick, warm Irish heart, so brimfull of love and pity it flowed over on all that needed a blessing. Her mother lived in her chamber most frugally; still she could not quite support herself and her little girls making vests for I. Newton Puffit, Esq., of Hickory Hall, and so Anna took extra tasks and meted out the means. But there was nothing in our employment which could bow her form or flatten her round arms, or steal the cherry pulp or crimson from her cheeks, or cool the ardors of her sunny soul. The superintendent sometimes came in and slipped a dollar into her hand for her mother, and ordered her from her looms. The girls turned to and helped her at times, insisting that she must be too weary to work. "Oh, I am never weary at all—

never weary when I am earning a trifle to rest my sweet mother's fingers, and give her a little more sleep," was the faithful girl's reply. And of course Anna continued the centre of many clustering loves; and it was my own good fortune to find her heart linked with mine in ties as tender as espousals.

I saw Neal Derby often, and with the other girls confessed my obligations for the kind attentions I received from him, and the pleasant walks on which he led us to the hills and woods. He impressed me more and more. There was such a fresh glow of health on his cheeks; there was such a charming neatness in his person and attire; his language was so elegant; and many of his thoughts so fine, I found the friendship on my part becoming daily more agreeable and earnest. I did not consider him perfect. Sometimes his character seemed more conventional than natural; and he would occasionally, and, without doubt, unconsciously, express a thought of discontent, or aversion, for his trade, and the great ministry of labor, that sent a flame of indignation to my cheeks, and made me question his manhood. When I met him the next time, however, I was likely to have these last impressions removed, and hear something so manly and intelligent as to reinstate him in my best esteem.

XIII.

We continued to rejoice that our friend Olney remained our superintendent. He had the same strange ways that I observed with so much foolish humor at our first meeting. *He* was indeed superintendent, and nobody else. He was very strict in his discipline, and free to rebuke any error or vanity that he saw in us. He still had disagreeable ways, but he had other characteristics that soon put these little disagreeables out of mind. I found him more witty and humorous than at first I anticipated. He had many an innocent joke with us that set a whole company in a roar of pleasant laughter, and made us breathe more freely when he was gone. He was fond of giving us questions to answer. If he found a fine passage in a book, he was sure to point it out, or repeat it to some of us. He often engaged in amusing dialogues.

"What do you think of dress?" said he one day, to Miss Mumby, with a roguish glance at the finery Olive had put on to show off in the eyes of visitors, that day. "Do you think those girls are happier or more reputable who wear so many fine things?"

Miss Mumby always quailed before him, and she gave the faintest answer in the affirmative.

"Why," said he, "am *I* not respected?—am I not happy as I can be on earth? But I have seen the time when you would have given me the mitten, Miss Mumby, and spurned me as a coarse and vulgar country clown. I was sun-burnt: I had hands like shovels, and they told me my feet would fill a half-bushel measure. I wore red flannel shirt collars in the winter, and went to meeting barefooted in the summer. What do you think of that? I remember on a particular time that I went to meeting, how proud I was of all my new clothes. I had a brand-new wool hat, glossy as a glass bottle, and turned up behind. I had a blue and white cotton coat and trowsers, and a yellow and purple striped vest with bell-buttons, that would have dazzled *your* eyes, and ——"

"I see, then, that you had pride and vanity," interrupted Miss Mumby, with a confidence that had been rising with his last words,—"I see you were vain ——"

"Yes, I *was* vain at that time, though you would have laughed at all the finery I was so proud of, while I confess I was a little ashamed myself, because my trowsers were cut so short, and I had to go to meeting barefooted. I remember the first ball I ever attended: it was at one Pennington's tavern, in my native town. The boys went to extremes in the indulgence of pride, and I caught the contagion, and thought I must have something a little more dashy than homespun to wear that time. I was eighteen years old, and every thread of my winter garments was spun and woven by my mother and sisters at home. And what made our garments appear coarser than they might have done, they were made a mile too

large, or a year and a half ahead, as I may say, that we might grow into them. Then sometimes a younger brother took a holiday-suit, which his elder had outgrown,—had it pressed over, and wore it for new. They were cut by an old country tailor, in fashions that were in vogue when he was young——"

"O, you make it too bad, Mr. Olney, I'm sure you do!" interrupted Miss Mumby again, with a hearty laugh.

"No, I tell it just as it is," replied the superintendent, and continued: "Well, the time came for the ball; I caught the contagion of other boys, as I said, and thought I must wear broadcloth, and have a fur hat, calf-skin pumps, and even a watch. And how did I do? I could wear my brother Luke's fur hat by tightening the band a good deal, and sewing a list across it on the inside to keep it from coming down over my eyes. I could wear his Bolivar-mixed broadcloth coat with all its bright steel buttons, by rounding myself out to a greater portliness with two flannel wrappers and two thick vests."

"Murder!" cried Miss Mumby, shaking herself with laughter; "you are too bad!"

"No, I tell you the simple truth," answered he, with a comical twinkle of his laughing eyes.—"Well, I thought Luke's pantaloons would have to be turned up too much, and so I wore brother John's sleek indigo blues, that my mother spun and wove out of her finest merino wool. Then I must have a watch, and I traipsed off two miles through the snow and borrowed Ase Martin's old yellow pinchbeck, that looked like a warming-pan, and got my mother to sit up till midnight making a pocket for it in

the indigo blues. The pocket was too small, I remember, and I hauled out my watch so often during the night I burst out the sides, and bronzed the pocket till it shined with the lustre of the watch-case. I remember how I was cut up, just as I was setting out for the horse and cutter to go and get my Huldah, to have John come in and looking me up and down two or three times with a rascally leer, say, very dryly, 'Well, George, you are rigged out at last for the ball. Look very spruce, *very*, George! The pants set well enough, *don't* they? Be careful of 'em now, and don't get any candle grease on 'em, or stick 'em up with gin and sugar. Luke's hat don't teeter much on your head, does it? Luke's coat looks just as if 'twas made for you—*round the waist in particular*—and how the steel buttons shine! But I say, George,—(here was where the rascal cut me up)—ahem!—(measuring me up and down again with his leering eye)—George, I say, just run out to the corn-house now and get my stilts and wear 'em,—you're welcome to wear 'em: just get them and lengthen out your legs a *leetle*—the indigo blues 'll bear it—and then the tail o' your coat 'll keep up three inches from the floor, and the boys and girls won't be treading on it all night.'

"Well, I got my Huldah and went down to Pennington's, and was the proudest one out, I assure you, as I paraded with fifty couples to the step of Washington's grand march, into the ball-room, and danced the first figure,— the 'Money-musk.' After that I had rather an anxious and despondent night, for I thought of my coat-skirts and of John's offer of the stilts, and fancied every

girl but Huldah laughing at me. Certain it was that I could not get another girl to dance with me all night, and I had to dance with *her* ten times."

"But what has all this to do with ladies' dressing?" asked Miss Mumby, after she had wiped the tears of laughter from her face. "I am sure, Mr. Olney, to answer your first question, I think we will receive more respect if we dress in a becoming manner. Your own incident proves it. The girls would have danced with you if you had appeared in a handsome and well-fitted suit of your own."

"I don't care how finely all your rigging fits, but you'll be laughed at for your glitter, and your pinchbeck. I dare say they knew I couldn't afford the bright steel buttons, nor that abundance of broadcloth skirts, and they were amused to see me fussing so foolishly with the old brass watch."

"Ladies need more ornaments than gentlemen, and *my* bracelets are not brass or pinchbeck, I'd have you know, Mr. Olney. Ladies must dress a great deal to keep from being despised."

"Does anybody despise my sister—Judge Barnard's wife?"

"Why, no, Mr. Olney—what do you mean? Mrs. Barnard is one of the upper-ten—and she's your sister? I never knew that before."

"She's my sister, and she has friends enough in Merrimack, *that you* know. Well, have you not noticed how simply she dresses? There's not a cottage girl within

twenty miles that dresses more plain or spends less for clothing than she."

"But I'll warrant she had on all her rings and ribbons, and made her silks whistle when she was setting her cap for the Judge."

"That was what I was coming to, Miss Mumby; and I tell you, upon my honor, she never had a silk gown till after she was married and came to Merrimack. I have seen her go to church in a linen frock and apron which she herself spun and wove. And I remember how finely she looked as she tripped through the lane and across the strawberry meadow, and how her cheeks glowed, and how the hearts of the smartest young men palpitated as she passed between them on the steps of the old country church. My sister was dressed in white at her wedding, it is true, but she paid for all her wedding finery with what she earned at mother's loom and wheel; and a cheap bombazette was all the black dress she had."

"Can you remember all that, Mr. Olney?"

"Yes, I remember it all; and I remember how her associates envied her that black bombazette. It was the first that was worn in our neighborhood, and the news went around when she got it as if it had been a gown of gold. But I must go back to the office; and I wish you to remember, girls, that it is not fine clothing or gay jewelry that is going to get you enterprising husbands and make you respected in the world. Have good minds, well adorned with intellectual jewels; let health paint your cheeks, and simplicity grace your forms and manners, and

you will command admiration and ensure a fortunate and an honorable destiny. Mind what I say."

"But, we must conform to fashion, or be laughed at, Mr. Olney."

"Make your own fashions, Miss Mumby, that is the true way. Be fastidious in grace and simplicity, then choose according to your means, and you will make fashion your servant and not your mistress. The proudest girls in town like to get on their plain cottage bonnets, and their simple cottage gowns, very often, and all eyes follow and admire them when they do. And who gave them that fashion? Some bashful, beautiful country girl that they saw tripping through the fields, or walking in the wood-path, with the light of the morning in her eyes, and its gladness in her heart and on her face."

XIV.

I PAID a visit to my brothers. I found Jesse quite plea santly situated, and contented ;—in fact, too well contented to encourage me with the hope of his getting a great deal of culture, or acquiring any moral power or social elevation. A harmless, drowsy, peaceful life in the senses answered all his wishes, and circumscribed his sphere. It gratified me to look upon a face so amiable as his, and to hear everybody call him kind and clever, and assure me he would be a virtuous man ; at the same time it would have pleased me more, could I have seen him less elated with mere creature comforts, and more interested in a book, more eager for intellectual pleasures, and inspired with more manly hopes and aims.

So long as fortune smiled on us all, and Jesse possessed these comforts of his choice, I knew he would have as much happiness as merely sensuous objects, mingled with virtue and kindness, could give ; but if misfortune returned upon us, I feared that he would be ill-prepared to resist the shock, or shield his brother and sister. However, I spent a very pleasant week with Jesse. We enjoyed morning walks together, and I read to him until he confessed that a passage or two in Goldsmith and Irving gave

him real interest. His room was arranged more pleasantly, and he was given a couple of interesting books. We conversed on old times together, commencing with a laugh, as we related some incident of our young sports and adventures, and ending in tears, as we spoke of our dear parents, and remembered how happy we were the last bright summer that our father was at home. Our riddles were repeated. Old Blue Beard was reviewed. Jesse remembered Jack Sprat and his amiable wife, and he thought, when he was married, if he and his wife made out to harmonize their contrasted tastes as well as that exemplary couple did; and, while he couldn't eat any fat, and his wife couldn't eat any lean, they might drink the broth together, and lick the platter clean, he would ask no more of wedded life.

I described the rapture that thrilled me, and the shouts of joy I sent from basement to attic, when I found in my stocking, one Christmas morning, a pictorial copy of Mother Hubbard, that famous epic of the nursery. Jesse had not forgotten how his head swam as he saw the picture and read the poem of the old woman who was soaring up and away, broom in hand, "seventy times higher than the moon," to dust the stars, and "brush the cobwebs from the sky."

I related something I had read of "Eyes and No Eyes," in Mrs. Barbauld. Jesse remembered an incident of Robinson Crusoe. I was rehearsing "Edwin and Angelina," or "Lady Margaret and Sweet William," while he was admiring that wonderful sagacity of the King of Hearts, which detected and exposed the cunning rogue who stole the

damson tarts and spoiled a royal feast, "all on a summer's day." I climbed the delectable mountains, hand in hand with Christian, and was fanned by cool breezes from the land of Beulah, while he sat wondering if ever the cars would go faster than that marvellous man "of our town," whom the robbers came to rob one day; and who "ran fourteen miles in fifteen days, and never looked behind him!"

We recalled our experiences in Becket court. We retraced our May rambles in "Paradise," and repeated our pic-nics on Baker's Island and the Juniper. We talked of the Buxtons till I think their ears must have burned. We did not pass over our good old Bessie Plympton. The Crazy Juror was pitied; Haman Doust, the hangman, came in for a share of our conversation, as having executed Merrill Clark, and been the terror of Salem when we were young; and we remembered how we trembled, and sometimes fought the old torment, as he caught us in his snaky arms, pressed us to his face, and bearded or kissed us.

I remained with Jesse a week, and went to see Walter. He was still living with my Aunt Dorcas, in Danvers Aunt Dorcas was about two years younger than my mother, and though she was much plainer looking, she recalled mother's image to my mind. She was left a widow, without children, about two years before mother died. She was left with a moderate competence and a fine warm home, which was shared with her husband's mother and a servant girl, whom she took from the almshouse when young. She was a woman of much resolu-

tion; she managed her affairs with a masculine hand and judgment, and her fire-side was one of the most cheerful in town.

But my aunt Dorcas was not the woman to have the care of a boy like Walter. Of this I was now more convinced than ever, and I had much sadness during my visit. Like my mother, she was a person of strong and warm attachments, and though she had nothing but bereavement to afflict her in my uncle's death, and many things to comfort her, which poor mother could not enjoy, her heart, notwithstanding, was so deeply wounded, that she was deranged for a whole year after, and that derangement left her with a morbid tenderness and a weak and capricious judgment. She almost worshipped that good mother, who blessed her home, while to Walter she was a slave.

She seemed unwilling that Walter should become a man, or possess any manly ambition. Indeed, she often said she wished his hands might never grow, nor harden; nor his feet lose their dimples, nor his soft face get brown or bearded; and he might always be a child. She could deny him nothing that he desired. She was always telling him what a noble boy he must be; how generous, how self-denying, how persistent in the right and true, and yet she was educating him to disappoint her counsels.

And if my brother had been ever so unselfish, taking so many attentions to himself, and sharing so many favors alone, he was in danger of losing the most manly dispositions. I was grieved to discover the dangers that beset him on every hand. Still, with all his truancy, Walter

managed to master his lessons, and acquire a taste for reading, geography, and arithmetic, and I saw in him enough that was good, and kind, and manly, to console me; and, on the whole, I enjoyed my visit much. The season was so pleasant, I could not help seeing the world in many brilliant lights. It was the first of October, and the sky for a whole week was a perfect blaze of warm and yellow glory. The forests were unusually gorgeous. The oak with its russet leaves, the ash with its purple, maples in scarlet and vermillion, sweet liquidambers in their light crimson robes, mingled with green pines and hemlocks, with dogwood berries and sumach plumes, gave all the splendors of fairy romance to the woods.

The house within was cheerful, but we could not remain within doors. We were out in the pleasant sunshine during the day, and under the great, warm, smiling moon at night. We went into the chestnut woods and scented their fine autumnal odors, and gathered their brown fruit.

We visited Lynn Springs, and boated half a day. We sat down by the silver brook where Harmony Grove has since risen, and listened to its waters; read Burns' "Highland Mary," and fancied we heard the gurgling Ayr. Then Jesse came over, and we went to the old Broad-street burying-ground in Salem, and spent two hours by mother's grave. It actually seemed as if mother's spirit had risen, and we had entered the sphere of her attraction. I could hardly force myself away from the hallowed spot; and when Walter said he felt something press his head, and a strange sensation run down his arms and

throb in his thumbs; I was impressed for the time with the thought that mother was there blessing him. We were neither of us frightened, as we used to be at the idea of spirits, but were drawn up closer to her grave; encouraged, thrilled with strange and sweet sensations, and at last melted to tears. Over that sacred grave I and my brothers pledged ourselves to high resolutions of virtue, and promised to befriend each other with entire devotion until death. Then the attraction was dissolved, and we passed around the yard.

I was struck, for the first time, with the progress of Hope in our world, as I traced its records on those graves. The first one we came to, had a headstone in good preservation, and we read the date of 1630. The person seemed to have died a Christian, and left mourners, but how were their sentiments described on that stone? By words that seemed to have been written more in fear than hope. And there were the cross-bones and a ghastly death's head grinning upon us, as if in scorn of hope and a future life.

We turned away in gloom, and while passing to another grave, I asked myself if, after all, we had no more hope of the dead than was expressed for John Eldon, two hundred years ago? If the spirit were buried with the body, and slept through eternity, with only the release of the final week? And if death were really as ghastly as his picture above those ugly cross-bones?

The next grave was that of a young maiden, buried fifty years later, and about ten years before Salem witchcraft days. She too was a Christian, and was evidently

a favorite heart of an eminent family. She must have been beautiful: she must have been cultivated and accomplished. She died in hope; but that too was a time of darkness, and how faintly was that hope expressed! Yet the time till the resurrection was slightly shortened; the death's-head had relaxed its grim features a little; the cross-bones had disappeared, and a bright sun was rising in the distance and shedding heavenly light.

From Julia Putnam's grave we passed to David Johnson's. He died in 1730, two years before Washington was born, and I saw a great change. The progress of hope had been rapid as the rolling years, and on this grave the death's-head almost smiled; the rising sun shone brighter; there was a rude cut of an evergreen on the head-stone, and an hour-glass to show the time was short; and if the epitaph might be believed, the resurrection was quite near at hand.

We passed to another grave, the grave of a little child, and the death's-head had disappeared; roses were sculptured in its place, and the inscription told us the beautiful boy had passed to the bosom of his Savior, where his afflicted parents would soon meet him again, and find him a cherub of light. What a progress hope had made in the last fifty years! I seemed to trace the change on the sky, as it passed from a dreary eclipse to the cheerful splendor of the summer morning. I wept sweet tears of joy, and passed to another grave. That was made the last year. It was Mary Taylor's grave. A beautiful monument stood at the head, and the mound was covered with flowers still in bloom. A wreath of roses encircled the

crown of the monument, and two smiling angels appeared upon the tablet, bearing the maiden to heaven, while she was gazing eagerly to spy the pearly gates, and seemed actually rising from the marble; and the epitaph said: "SHE IS NOT HERE; FOR SHE IS RISEN."

We lingered till sundown, and passing out of the gate, we met Friend Buxton, who invited us to visit his house the next day. On the corner of Summer and Essex-streets we met little William Knowlton, the Crazy Juror, and found that in his fits of madness, which still continued to return, he was full of projects that were going to reform and bless mankind. He was now in that mood, and he told me he had just invented a medicine, with which he would raise Merrill Clark from the dead, and by the sale of which he would get money enough to turn every prison into an asylum, and give a home to every poor forsaken orphan child. I almost wished that every man who had offended his own conscience would show *such* a spirit of repentance, even if others called him mad.

XV.

Aunt Dorcas set a fine breakfast before us, and we would have relished it on any common occasion, but we were so eager to get to Friend Buxton's, we took it in less than ten minutes, and were tripping across the fields, and through "Paradise," before the dew was off the grass. We received a hearty welcome at my dear old home. The Quaker reserve was laid aside all day, and Nathan, Lydia and Hannah vied with each other in quiet inquiries and genial talk.

After the greetings and first questions and answers were exchanged, and while I still wore my shawl, I ran over the house; took a peep into the garden and orchard, and tasted apples from my favorite trees, to renew my early memories. Then with a pippin in my hand, and my hair all over my face, I romped through some of the rooms again, and reviewed the pictures, and went to the barn and looked at "Sammy" and "Pidey," the old horse and cow which had often taken food from my hand; and finding (as I fancied) that the kind old creatures remembered me I gave each of them an apple, and heard them craunch down the luxury with the heartiest zest, and returned and threw myself into Nathan's easy chair and

repeated all my questions and answers, as if a word had not been said.

Then who should steal up the steps as softly as a cat, and peep her smiling face into the door, but our old friend, Bessie Plympton!

"Walk along in, Bessie, never wait for an invitation, when thee comes here; thee's always welcome, walk in; here's a girl that wants to see thee," said uncle Nathan, smiling, crossing his legs, and smoothing back his hair.

"I know'd she was here, and I could'nt wait a mite longer. I's lookin to see ef she's altered a great sight since I seen her last. Good! She looks more like her mother'n ever, now, but she needn't be proud, she'll never look haff so well. I guess Maircy's forgot old black Bess, it's so long sin she seen me, but I could'nt wait a mite longer, I wanted to see her so bad."

We were soon shaking hands, and saying "how do you do?" a dozen times.

Then said Bessie, "Go 'n set down agin yender, and let me look at ye. Ye'r jist as big as I thort ye'd ebber be, and now ye laughs agin, I see more of yer mother about ye,—there! that was yer mother right out! how good it is to look at ye; but don't be proud, ye'll never look haff so well as yer mother did when she was a gal, nor when she hild ye in her lap. And if here aint Waltie too! Waltie ought ter let me kiss him, but he wouldn't like to kiss a poor colored wench. Ah, that perty face! it's lookin a heap too handsome for his own good, I's afeared; and them crinklin locks!—nice to look at, but unfort'nit, I's afeard for Waltie. But if he does dew

wrong, I hope they'll remember he was left a little orphin baby, and nobuddy could larn him and watch him as a mother could.—And here's Jesse, too!—what made ye sly behind the door when old Bess come? ye wasn't afeard of her once, if she *was* black; and many and many a time she's ketched ye up when *ye* was black in the face a squalin, and rocked ye till ye laughed and whooped, and then sobered ye down into a snorin sleep. That indeed she has many a time.—Thank ye, Jesse, for rememberin old Bess, and givin her such a good shakin hands."

And thus Bessie passed around and talked until Hannah reminded us of something else we had to do. So, while we were engaged, Bessie went out to the garden where she had caught a glimpse of some yellow sunflowers, and stood and admired them, and wondered if they were not smaller, and not *so* yellow as her own. The Buxtons remembered my predilection for pic-nics, and though they sometimes called it foolish, and one of the vanities Solomon condemned, they had prepared to indulge it this time, and now proposed that we should spend the day on the Juniper. The very word Juniper was music to my ears, and it revived a train of delightful recollections; but, I confess, I was a little crossed for once by the proposition, for I wanted to spend all the day in my Quaker home. I knew not how long it might be before I should re-visit it, and, as I could only remain a day and night at most, the time seemed too short to divide between that and even as tempting a place as the Juniper.

But of course I assented to their proposition, and the carriage was brought up, and with a full load in it, and a small train behind, smiling and chatting like children, we started for the pic-nic grounds. Bessie begged to go along and wash dishes, so we gladly accepted her request for her company, and she was with us all day. It was the same old Juniper, with every tree still standing in its familiar verdure, and every stone and tuft remaining as I saw it last. The day was quite warm, yet a cool sea-breeze was blowing when we arrived. Two fishermen had been despatched at daybreak to procure a supply of cod for a chowder, and cunners for a fry, and we were expecting a rare supper. My brothers were in their glory. Jesse remembered the afternoon we spent there years ago with mother; and Walter remembered our descriptions of the time. The one was soon fishing from the rocks, and the other was tumbling about the fort and taking great enjoyment. Nathan laid off his hat, and Lydia her bonnet, and sitting down under one of the trees, gazed off upon the water, and conversed in their quaint way, while Hannah and I went down on the rocks where the waves were dashing, and read Whittier awhile, and renewed our early memories.

At noon we took a lunch and enjoyed an hour's conver sation, and heard Nathan describe a court-scene which had recently come off, where by the greatest efforts he had rescued a poor girl from destruction, led her away weeping tears of penitence, and given her a situation where, by easy exertions and the price of good works, she could redeem her character and resume her peace.

"She had sinned greatly," he said; "and that was her second, and, as far as I know, her third fall. Her errors were getting expression even in her face. Nobody had an excuse to offer for her except that she never knew her parents, and had been badly brought up. Nobody had tried to walk with her. Every one seemed afraid to touch her, and afraid to have mercy fall once more on her hopeless head, though they dared themselves to sin every day, and to ask as often to be forgiven. I saw them look at me at first with impatience, as I ventured to speak on her behalf; and some laughed me to scorn, and exchanged evil glances as I pleaded for no imprisonment and only a nominal fine.

"My duty was not pleasant at first, I confess, and I felt like rebuking her sins; but then I remembered Christ's treatment of the sinful, that while he left them to be punished by the Spirit, with chastisements more fearful than bodily death, he was merciful, and said, "Go, and sin no more." I pleaded with Judge Whitman to let me take the responsibility of her conduct, and walk with her and give her one more chance to rise He answered respectfully, but I saw his patience was nettled, and I had crossed his will. But he saved her from prison and let her off with a ten dollar fine and strong security. The fine was paid, and I led the girl away. I received more mockings than usual from the crowd, but it seemed to me that the Spirit approved my conduct, and God and the angels smiled kindly on the simple deed.

"I humbly affirm that my treatment punished her at first far more than a prison would have done, for she

staggered with faintness, and covered her face and wept bitterly all the way. I left her with friends, and as I turned from her, she pressed my hand like a maniac, and sobbed out something which in substance was, 'that she might have been better had her mother lived to train her up; but that she was unworthy now, and did not blame her scorners.' She dared not to make any promise, 'but, O, how good I will *try* to be!' she cried thrice, 'and return to you all you have done for me.' There seemed to be a spark of the real woman in her as she made that promise, and I believe she will keep it to her dying day. It was a small duty; but small duties, like small seeds, bring great harvests, and since it was planted and watered, I have had an increase of an hundred fold."

The incident alone would have moved me, but told in Nathan's own sympathetic voice, and attested with now and then a dropping tear, it melted my heart. Such a change came over my feelings from that moment, that I felt as if I could not enjoy the pic-nic. I wanted to go and give the unfortunate girl a word of encouragement.

Hannah was as strict and devoted a Friend as ever, but I found that an issue of innocent humor had been opened in her heart, and seeing my sadness and abstraction, she relieved my feelings presently by telling the story of an "ignorant man" who had been recently sent to her father by "light young persons," with the charge not to take "no" for an answer, for it would be just like her father—eccentric man as he was to appear in a Quaker dress, and answer "No, no, friend, thou hast called at the

wrong house"—and insisted on being taught dancing; and renewed the plea so many times and so earnestly, that the door had to be shut rudely in his face.

When I had laughed and cried together for a little time, we saw heavy clouds floating over from the sea. The breeze became damp and oppressive, and Nathan told us we would not have too much time to return to the house before it rained. We gathered up our cloths and baskets. The fishermen came in with their cod and cunners, and we concluded to have the chowder in the house. The heavens darkened, light feathery clouds floated over us in rapid succession, and we had to hurry home. We escaped the shower and that was all.

As we sat down and gazed out of the open door at the large warm drops that dripped at first as from mountain rocks, and then poured like a cataract, Nathan smoothed back his hair, wiped his forehead, and said, "The Lord *raineth*, let the earth rejoice." I was struck with the full, suggestive beauty of the words, and thought I had heard one passage of scripture altered without lessening its meaning, or incurring the punishment of those who "take away from the words" of the book of God. We saw with our own eyes that the earth did rejoice and relish God's pure, sweet, flowing rain.

It was one o'clock, and we had much time before us for a visit. The fish were taken to the servants, with orders for supper at six o'clock. We then resumed our conversation. Just as it became most interesting, a young man came running in from the rain, and ringing the bell as if on an errand of death. He was ushered into the

hall and begged to step into the kitchen a little while and drain and dry his clothes. A change of raiment was offered him, which he refused. A roaring fire was built, and he was soon comfortable. In the course of an hour the sky lighted up, the rain ceased, and he asked to see Mr. Buxton. He was called into our room, and behold, George Milbank stood before us! Nathan had seen him within a year and knew him, although he had grown like a sunflower, and he said,—

"Ah, it is our friend George come to visit us!—it is pleasant to see thee here, George,—very pleasant to see thee. Has thee rained down from the wet sky?"

"Not quite, Mr. Buxton. I came to Salem this morning on business for Mr. Dodge, and I could not return without seeing you."

"We are heartily pleased to see thee. Take a chair, George, and sit down. Thee's not going to return before morning?"

"O, yes; I must return to-night."

"Then we shall have no visit to speak of. Better stay all night."

"No, I promised to return to-night."

"Then thee must return. But thee can stay to supper if we have it early, and then get home in proper season. Liddy, tell the girls to hurry the supper."

"I beg you will excuse me; I've no occasion for supper."

"Any promise about being back before bed-time?"

"No."

"Then we've great occasion for thee, George, and thee *must* stay—thee *must* now, George."

"Well, then, I suppose I must."

"Liddy, tell the girls to get on the chowder as soon as they can, so that the boy may'nt be belated or blamed. Let's see, George, thee has never come to visit us afore since that first evening call—a good while ago."

"Ahem !—no—no ; I b'lieve I have not been here since then, till to-day. And how many times have I wished I had not made that call, such a one as it was !"

"So have we, many times, and most sincerely. But may-be it will be none the worse for thee in the long run. As thee *did make* the call, I'm glad it was on us and nobody else."

"It would have been my ruin, perhaps. had any one else received me ; but I have felt the keener remorse, and the more blushing shame, to think it was made on people so ready to show themselves my best and kindest friends."

"But such shame is wholesome for the erring—such they need to have, or they never reform. It is suffering for the pure seed. Howsever, George, we'll let all that pass. We have got acquainted by the means, and both of us, I trust, are no worse, but a little better now for that very sad event."

"I don't know ; I feel far more strength to resist temptation now, and can prize virtue more. But I often feel that I should have been far better off if I had never committed the offence. It laid a great burden on me, and I carry it still. Vice is a horrid evil, whose dreadful consequence does not soon pass away."

"I suppose thy error made thee a great debtor, too ?—

but the debt thou owest can be paid without money and without price."

"I shall be a great while paying it, I fear, but I shall try my best to square the account; and it will do me so much good to square it! I could not taste the sweets of salvation if God had not been so good as to let me work it out."

"Thee knows Miss Buxton and Hannah?"

"Yes; I remember their faces, though your daughter has grown a good deal. I shall never forget *them*."

"Does thee know this other girl—this spruce-looking factory girl from Merrimack?"

"No, I don't remember her; and it seems, too, as if I had met her before."

"Would thee have known this young man, Mercy?"

"I think I should."

"Now she has spoken, I think I remember her. She had her first introduction to me here the night I came to steal apples and destroy vines."

"She was for letting thee slip off unpunished—wasn't she, George? She thought Friend Nathan very unwise that night, and the next morning too."

"I shouldn't have blamed her if she had persuaded you to let me go to prison. I deserved it richly, and the girl was right. I don't know as I thought so then. I rather suspect, however, that my dandruff was raised a little by what she said; but it was not many days before I thought she had very good reason to be vexed, and to demand my punishment. Let it pass if you will; I assure her I have suffered more shame and remorse from

your treatment than I should have suffered from hers. I went to prison as it was, and staid longer than I might have staid where she would have sent me. I was cast into a mental prison for a long while, and my heart was lashed every day with sorer punishments than a keeper could have inflicted. But your course has proved the best for me; it has saved me from ruin, and established me, I hope, in the practice of better things."

I was not prepossessed with Milbank; and, though I was ashamed of the conduct referred to, I confess I felt that a prison would have been his just desert. I did not care to shake his hand or sit very near him. We did not exchange any more words. Still there was great kindness in the glances he gave me, and I felt most unhappy when I saw a gush of tears follow his last words. The Buxtons all talked with him cheerfully, and he was soon in a happier mood. He inquired about Nathan's labors of love, and said he often heard of them, then drew out a paper folded like a letter, saying, one purpose of his visit was to leave that with him, to be expended on the first worthy object of need he might find. He had been some time saving it, and could not obtain perfect peace of mind until he had handed it over to the Prisoner's Friend. It was not much, but it was all he could spare: his heart was in it, and it gave him great peace to leave it in such hands.

We were called early to supper, and we knew by the flavor of the chowder that Aunt Lydia had directed the quantities of cod and rashers, and sliced potato, and poured in the cream and sprinkled on the mace. We

knew the fried cunners could not have been browned so properly, nor seasoned so well by any other hand. The light cream biscuits were of her own make, and they were delicious enough without the snowy plates of honey to which we were served. Our pleasant black tea sent its refreshing aroma all through the house, and we had the last bowl of her lemon cling-stone peaches.

Of course we enjoyed such a supper. George Milbank seemed the happiest of all, and I was struck with the correctness and fluency of his conversation. He left for home, and Nathan unfolded the paper, and found enclosed a ten dollar bank note, accompanied with these words: "George Milbank owes a debt to humanity, and he leaves a part of the interest of that debt with humanity's Friend. Please apply it to the most needy case you have on hand, and believe I am *willing to give more.*"

Friend Nathan choked a little, and wiped his eyes, as he read that note, and he folded up the paper and money and laid them away in silence, while I could not but reproach myself that I was not as well pleased with the youngster himself, as I was with his noble deed.

We had a memorable visit. Hannah took me into my old chamber at ten, and we slept together. I say *slept*: we ought to have slept, but we could not sleep more than an hour, and then it was not together, though we lay in the same bed. We had too much talking to do to sleep. And it was not enough to converse on old times, and ask and answer questions by the dozen, but Hannah had to get up once, and light a lamp and read to me one of Whittier's poems,—the Female Martyr. Then I had to

repeat something from memory, and thus passed nearly all the night.

The next morning Jesse returned to Wenham, Walter to Danvers, and I set out for Merrimack. The parting was sad as usual, and I had a few sad things to remember. But I was greatly benefited by the visit. Those glimpses of October left warm and sunny spots on my heart. The winter seemed warmer and more cheerful in consequence, and I had a better relish for my work, and for my books and friends.

I must not forget to mention here, that I passed Bessie Plympton's on my way out of Salem, and found my old friend among her sunflowers, in the little back yard. She had about fifty of them, and if I had guessed their "language," I should have said it described the warm and constant love of that faithful creature's heart. They reflected abundant, if it was homely light, and they held their mild faces toward their lord, and turned with him as he rode around the sky. So did her heart reflect abundant, if it was homely love, and her face was toward her Lord from morning until night.

But Bessie was tired of living in Salem, and that morning, for the first time, she expressed a desire to go to Merrimack. "Does Mairey think poor Bess could keep soul and body tergether, wid any sort of useful work thar?" asked she, as she led me up to her chamber, sat down in her chair, and puffed short breaths.

"Well, really, Bessie, you take me by surprise; but I should think you could get washing enough from the boarding-houses, or go into a family and do housework.

I don't think there would be any danger of disappointment. But would not you get home-sick there? After all, Bessie, Merrimack is not Salem."

"But I's so lonesome here. No buddy but Massa Buxton's folks cares for me any more, since so many my quaintance move away, and people git so gret and fashionble here. I hev to hev the coldest back corner in the church now. 'Twant so, Maircy, when ole Massa Wilbur libbed, and preached, and hed *his way*, and *made* me set up 'mong others to the communion and forgit that I was black and poor! 'Twant so when *he* libbed, and used to come reg'lar ebbry month, and see'f I was needy, and go off and hev wood and flour sent to me, and my little winders sot wid new glass. 'Taint so now. The new preacher's handsomer, but he seems afeard o' colored people. He takes good texes, but he don't foller em. Las' Sunday, his tex was, 'There's nidder bond nor free, there's nidder Jew nor Greek, *Af'can nor Ingin* in Christ Jesus.' But he don't foller his texes nor the people nidder, any more. O, how times is altered sin Massa Wilbur was here! Things gits nicer and nicer ebbry day, I know. They hev velvet covered pulpits and velvet quishioned pews, and velvet sarments, and a velvet religin, and sich like; but they don't foller the good old Bible texes and dew a body good.

"Then the boys is orful ugly yit, Maircy. They laugh at my fat old body, and keep teasin me for my ivory teeth to make combs of. See how many paper lights I've got now in my winder! The boys stones out the glass and I hev to paste in paper, and ole Massa Wilbur don't come

any more to have em sot wid glass. Then the boys comes and sings under my winders a nights. Las night, he! he! they sung Heavenly Union, alterin it a leetle. I was mad as hops, and arter all, I could'nt help laughin, it was so funny.—Curis how they could dicker it up in *that* way though. I sung the real Heavenly Union in confence las Sundy night, and yit this went so funny, I laid on my bed and spatted my hands, and laughed till I cried aloud. You know the reel hymn goes—

"I wonder why ole saints don't sing," &c.?

Wal, they had it—

"I wonder why ole Sayles don't sing,
And meck ole Archer's barn-yard ring,
And turn his ole hat outside in,
And draw his nose down to his chin,
And sing for heavenly union."

But I's tired to death libbin here, Maircy, and if ye see a good place for me over thar, you let me know; won't you, Maircy, and O, I'll be so drefful thankful, I will, I will."

"I will let you know, Bessie, and be glad to have you there, if you think you can be contented."

XVI.

After another year I could discover that my new vocation had wrought a few more hopeful changes in my life. I was encouraged. There were hours, I confess, when my heart misgave me, and I envied those daughters of fortune who had pleasant homes,—plenty of books, and leisure to read, and to enjoy nature and society, with none of the anxieties which often made me tremble, and none of the sad recollections which often made me weep. I thought how sad and how perilous it was to pass through this world as I was passing, with no mother to comfort or advise me. I felt that it was very hard to have to depend entirely upon my own exertions for such unsufficing comforts as I got. I sometimes fancied that nobody really cared for me, and that I was of no use in the world. These fancies gave me many gloomy hours, and increased the sense of loneliness in my yearning heart.

Then I saw the wants that lay pleading before me. I wanted two years leisure, at least, to attend school and cultivate my mind. I wanted to see my brothers in different situations, and more intelligent pursuits. O, how I wanted a father and mother and home! If I had had parents and a pleasant country home, and hopes of future independence, like Agnes Newman's, I would have

prided myself on working at least four years in the mill, nor envied the most fortunate lady in town.

I sometimes dreamed that father returned from his voyage, and built a fine cottage in South Salem, and mother and all were still alive, and happy to enjoy it. Night after night I returned to that home, and passed into the summer-house, and through the grape-arbor, and round among the maples, pines, and larches, which he talked so much of planting in his grounds; then visited the parlor and kitchen, and all the chambers, and found them *so* pleasant, and father and mother so young and happy! Then I dreamed that I was dreaming, and had no father, mother, or home, and woke and found my heart throbbing with anguish and my pillow drenched with tears.

Still I experienced happy changes, and felt the rising of new hopes. I was blessed with a health that even brought me compliments, gave me spirit and power, and sent warm surges of the briskest life to my fingers'-ends. I had tastes which I would not have exchanged for gold or silver. I had a knowledge of books, and a sphere of mental life which, small though they were, I had not dared to anticipate. If I *was* a factory girl, of course I had no occasion to apologize or look down; and Nature did not scorn to commune with me, and give me fair possessions in all her light and beauty. Irving seemed pleased to enter my pleasant little chamber, as I sat in sight of my cascade, and talk to me about the "Van Tassel House" and the "Alhambra." Allston painted pictures for me as for the President's daughter. Bryant came and sang to me. Wordsworth took me away on

glorious "Excursions." I had read Hawthorne's "Tales" more times than he has "told" them; and Barbauld, Martineau, and Sedgwick, were my constant friends. Who could not feel ennobled by such reputable company? Who could not enlarge her library, if not with new books, with very worthy old ones, in new and more appreciated readings?

I found that even my afflictions, severe as they had been, were not without their blessing. I needed the very discipline which they were sent to give. Orphanage and poverty had early promoted a thrifty, though difficult, culture on one zone of my life. That service of housework with Lydia Buxton, and those wise counsels and faithful Quaker "exercises," brought forth plants on another zone, gave me a little breadth of character, nourished a few loves and capabilities, and prepared me to bear the fruits of a rugged womanhood, while clouds might rise and tempests fall.

I made a few more acquaintances, and knew more about those I saw and met on first coming to Merrimack. I was still at Mrs. Dorlon's, and continued to be amused to see how my kind old friend enjoyed her fat cheeks, her double chin, and rounded form: how more and more ambitious she was in stately caps and dresses, how loudly she talked, and how the sweet persuasion grew in her heart that she resembled Martha Washington. I was still very intimate with my friend Milly, though her tastes were running wild, and I feared she would become a complete slave to fancies and impulses which every sensible girl resisted and despised. Agnes Newman and my other

friends were still as dear as ever. And, as a matter of course, we secured the regards of a number of individuals who moved in the highest circles, which were traced through aristocratic and through humble life.

There was the daughter of one fine Merrimack family, whose friendship was a prize. It was Julia Warden. The reader may remember the first time I saw her, which was during my first week in the mill, as she passed our way with Mr. and Miss Downs and others. The next time I met her was on an evening walk by the river, when we had an introduction. Her parents were in easy circumstances, and lived in a beautiful Tudor cottage on the banks of the river. They were intelligent people, and, having a taste for horticulture and landscape gardening, they had selected one of the most charming sites I ever saw, and adorned their grounds with every ornament which art out of nature could bring. So Julia from her cradle was trained to the finest tastes, and inspired with great and womanly sentiments.

She was a singular looking girl, and yet, to an intelligent eye, she was rather beautiful. She had a slender form, her movements were awkward, and she stooped to an ungraceful attitude. She had the lightest brown hair, a warm but white and delicate complexion, and lips that you often saw apart as if in wonder or abstraction. Her face was exquisitely chiselled, and her eyes, if they were blue, and expanded almost to her temples, were full of expression and light. She had peculiarities of taste that impressed me very much. Her dress was the plainest—a shilling print became her better than a brocade would

some girls; she had no curls; but seldom did I see her, either in summer or winter, when she did not wear a fresh flower, either rose, violet, or white jessamine, sweetly blooming in her plainly-braided hair.

I have subsequently thought that Julia Warden must have enjoyed what they call second sight, and been able to discern truth and beauty blindfolded; and since I have read Mr. Tennyson's "Princess," I have been reminded of her by his description of Melissa—

> "With her lips apart
> And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
> As bottom agates seem to wave and float
> In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

Born to conditions that were almost the contrast of those which left me an orphan in an humble sphere; blest with means and opportunities, independent of anxiety and care, Julia Warden had attained a high and accomplished womanhood. She had passed through schools in which the lowly are seldom placed; she had studied human nature, on many sides from personal observation, and on all sides in books. She had travelled and enjoyed sojournings, and she stood, at twenty, on a summit of excellence which too few even of the fortunate classes attain.

Julia Warden was a welcome guest in the homes of the wealthy, for they coveted the wealth of her rich mind and heart. She loved to make friends of the factory girls, and she gave us favors which cheered our best endeavors, and won our warm esteem. But she appeared among us with no patronizing airs, and she sought our regards with-

out desiring our worship. We would have despised her if she had done otherwise, and despised ourselves if we had thought ourselves so weak and low as to accept a *patronizing* favor. She had sense enough to know that our common sense would spurn such an insult, and feel above the person who had the weakness to feel above us. She would meet us half way; she would come more than half way, if we were diffident; she would come among us for those mutual improvements in which she expected to receive as much as she gave. She was favored in the outward conditions of fortune: we might be more favored in the inward riches of the soul. She had friends and admirers among the most respectable people on earth: we might have more admirers in heaven. She excelled in learning: we might excel in natural capabilities. She had more books than she could study as she ought: we might have more readings of the few best authors. If she desired, she could adorn her person with ornaments of dress too costly for us to purchase; while many of our number might already outshine her in the ornaments of grace and goodness. We honored her endowments: she honored our endeavors. We sometimes repined for being excluded from her privileges: she reverenced our employments, and respected those among us most who stood on the dignity of labor, and insisted on respect. She and we were daughters of that infinite Father whose estate is the universe, whose lofty halls have the sun and stars to light them, whose image and spirit all beings possess, and in whose mansion we are all to meet for a family jubilee, and enjoy the same privilege of holy worship and peace.

We all, therefore, had an affluent Father; we all could boast the noble blood of which God made presidents' daughters and factory girls. And Julia Warden would have betrayed a vain ignorance and folly had she met and mingled with us, thinking it a patronage or condescension, and we of course would have shown ourselves fools, by acting as her inferiors, any further we were inferior in the virtues and graces of noble womanhood; or by respecting ourselves less than she respected us.

XVII.

It may be that I am noticing too many characters, but my readers will not have a good variety of Merrimack life if I do not here give some account of the Puffit family, who may be remembered as having visited our mill. I never had a formal introduction to the Puffits, and could not reckon them amongst my friends, and yet, by this time, I think I knew them tolerably well. So distinguished a family of "first citizens" were certain to be known, even by many who were strangers to them. Mr. Olney gave me the history of Mr. Puffit, and the account so impressed me, I find that I wrote it down in my diary as I received it from his lips:

"Newt and I," (Mr. Puffit's christian name was Isaac Newton,)—"Newt and I," said he, "were school-fellows, and neighbors' sons, and I ought to know something about him. His father was a salt-boiler in Salina, New York, and there he got acquainted with the Blebs. I always honored the old man for his calling—at least I did not regard him with any dishonor on that account,—why should I? In other respects, he was not so reputable, for he loved rum and cider a great deal too well, for which, of course, Newt was not to blame. But I used to like Uncle

Ned Puffit, he had such an honest old heart, and he told such capital stories, and I have drawn many a mug of cider for him in my father's cellar. The old woman had a great deal of the swagger about her, and she was not careful to conceal the shame she felt that they were poor, and her husband boiled salt for a living. They had a dozen children, nearly of a piece, and all but two girls taking after Aunt Jerusha. Newt was the eldest, and he and I used to play together at school. He was the dullest lout we had among us. He could not spell baker with the book before him, and yet he was always using bigger words than could be found in the dictionary. I remember how he read the story of the 'Young Sauce-box,' in Webster's spelling-book; and also his reading of this sentence—'hens cackle and cluck, horses neigh, whales spout, birds fly in the air,' or something like it; which he drawled out in this manner—'hens cackle and cluck horses, nay, whales spout birds,' and so on. About the only book he has read since he became a man, is the Life of Bonaparte. He makes an idol of old Bonie, and has his statue of plaster at his door, and his picture in his finest parlor.

"Well, Newt was always trying to cut a figure, and telling what he would do, and how he would make the world stare when he went for himself, and accomplished his designs. He was a great fellow for the girls, and I never could divine how he managed to get such a wife as he has, for the girls made the gayest sport of him, and gave him the sack at spelling schools and apple bees a hundred times. I cannot fancy how he managed to get

such a wife. She was a fine, modest, intelligent girl—as she is a fine woman now; and was of a family altogether above him. However, he got her.

"As I was going to say, Hickory Hall has been in him ever since he crept, and having a good deal of shrewdness and business talent, he always succeeded in making a good bargain. He commenced for himself selling the Life of Jack Miller, on the ground, when that fellow was hanged.

From that he went to peddling essences. Then he bought out a puppet showman, and went around as Mr. I. Newton Puffit, exhibiting the Babes in the Woods, and Punchinello. Then he ran up a striped pole, and did shaving and shampooing. Then he managed a travelling theatre, I believe; and changed from that into the proprietorship of a line of stages between Merrimack and Meadowvale; and went on from one thing to another till he set up a little shop of ready-made clothing in Milk-street, and from that he has grown to 'the great I. Newton Puffit,' as they call him;—the *rich* manufacturer, (though every thing he has is mortgaged, and he spends the most of his income for puffs and advertisements,) whose store occupies a hundred feet square, and whose name is known throughout New England. He has a fine wife, I will say that,—she *is* a fine-hearted and intelligent woman, not at all vain of her splendid house or her swaggering husband's fame. They have a son, they tell me, who is likely to make a man. But 'Arrahbellah,' as Newt calls his daughter, is a real Jerusha Puffit, and

it will not be her own fault if she is not as high and famous as her father."

Others told me about the same story of this great family, and I passed Mr. Puffit's place every day, and had a chance to observe both himself and his business. He had a splendid establishment. It was an immense building, three or four stories high, with two large wings, and I think a long back extension. I remember the long counters, that used to look as though they ran to a point in the rear distance, and what endless avenues of lamps flamed and glittered above them. I remember the army of clerks that ran at his beck, and the crowds of women that came in to take and deliver work; and their haggard faces distressed me, while I was more thankful at the same time that I was receiving better wages. I can see him now, as he marched among his dependents, taking the airs of his favorite hero, clasping his hands behind him, or thrusting one into his bosom, as he paced his store, and fancying himself, as some already called him, the Napoleon of manufacturers. His large windows were hung with advertisements, which were punctuated with exclamation points, and written with words no smaller than "extra," "superb," "magnificent," and "excelsior." I was reminded of what Mr. Olney once remarked, that liquor dealers, quacks, and upstarts in our country monopolized the largest words, wore the grandest apparel, and lived in the most gorgeous houses; while the truly good and great, were simple amid luxury, and more elegant than gorgeous in the style of their costliest things.

This distinguished gentleman sent a wagon up and

down the streets, with pictures of his establishment and proclamations of his goods. He resided in one of the most fashionable houses in the city. He had the finest horses and carriages, and smoked the best cigars. He attended every fair and festival that was likely to go off with a grand success. He was the most conspicuous citizen at a concert, lecture or play. He walked at the most fashionable hour, in the most fashionable place. He waved his hand and tipped his hat to every fast man and woman, who recognized him, and he was fond of calling the highest by their christian names. He always attended church in the morning with his family, and attracted all eyes by his stately step and swelling form, as he walked down the aisle. If he stopped in a new place to introduce his business, he quoted the most popular clergyman in town, and said, " my friend, Doctor So-and-so—he's a fine fellow,—how is he ?" He displayed the proudest banner and most pompous motto on all grand procession days. He sported the most gorgeous costume at the Newport fancy balls He received the most compliments from the either-side press of any man in New England, and his advertisements were read in the journals of every party and sect. He always praised a sermon that hit off the *old* Pharisees, and told what infamous persons Pharaoh, Herod, Judas, and Ananias were. He was very officious when a new minister was settled, and often told his brethren what prudent and exemplary people a minister and his wife should be. He always nodded at the lyceum lectures, which he found it for his interest to

patronize, and then sought an introduction to the speaker and assured him how well he had been entertained.

One night, Dr. Lardner lectured on astronomy, and at the close, Mr. Puffit got his usual introduction, and after complimenting the speaker very highly, he said, "Wal, *you* know something about Newton too, I perceive, and I s'pose I was named after that great man myself."

Arabella Puffit resembled her father more and more; and yet I must do her the justice to say, she was much better looking, and everybody called her handsome. She was a subject for a romance writer. She had the "large dark eyes" they so often tell of. Her fine head of hair would have been styled "auburn," or "amber," according to their fancy; they would certainly have said it was "abundant," or "profuse," or "tied in massy clusters," or "flowing in shiny ripples over her fair shoulders." They would also have said her teeth were "pearls," and told us her eyes "emitted a starry light;" though her eyes, in sober truth, by-the-way, were very dull and homely, and her teeth were no fairer than Bridget McFarland's or Betty O'Brien's.

I had an opportunity of seeing Arabella at our church, which she attended in the most showy apparel of any lady there. I also saw her at lectures. At lectures, in particular, we were often amused by the display she would make with her note-book and pencil. It was never any common subject that she would pretend to report, but always that which was out of the reach of common people. I remember, at a later period, when the great naturalist* was going to lecture, she announced him in a sewing

* Agassiz.

circle as the "Professor of Gasses," and she went and pretended to report a lecture on fishes, which was Greek to many, more learned than she. I remember, also, her reporting one of Emerson's most mystical lectures. But on every occasion she was discovered to be staring around the hall with her eye-glass during the delivery of the finest periods, and while at the close she was busy with her pencil, she was glancing slyly at her collar, or bracelets, or stopping every minute to adjust a ribbon or a cuff.

I shall never forget the time I saw her at her own home. I went there with Anna Logan. Mrs. Logan made vests for Hickory Hall. She made them for the lowest price that a man could think of giving, and having a family of children to feed, she was forced to work very often till midnight, and to lessen the allowance of her children; and, sometimes to run in debt for groceries and rent. Anna made heroic exertions to help her mother, but very often her prices would be cut down a shilling or two on a garment, or ladies of wealth would get her work away, and do it for half price. It was a time of great distress among the seamstresses when we called at Mr. Puffit's house. A very expensive fashion was in vogue, and many ladies of means and leisure were tempted to take sewing, (professedly for a poor relative, or for a charity circle, but actually) to surpass each other in the splendor of the new fashion. Mrs. Logan and a score of other seamstresses had been idle for want of work a long time, or working at prices next to nothing, and actual starvation was crying in their little dismal chambers. We called to see if Mr. Puffit might not be caught in a tender mood at

home amongst his family, and if we could not induce him, as he was living at a fast and sumptuous rate, to let others live also.

I told Anna, as we passed amid his trees and flowers, on our way to his house, that he must have one trait of intelligence, besides that of business, a taste and talent for beauty.

"Ho!" cried Anna, "he's not a whit more intelligent for all we see. He knows these things are all the go with the great folks; he keeps a handy gardener, and hires the best mechanics to make all these beautiful things, I'm certain he does, I am. He dosen't know the style of his house, unless somebody has told him, and if his gardener had not been here, he would not have known a larch from a cypress, nor a maple from a gum-tree. And may-be I should' nt either, if my father hadn't been a gardener, and taught me these things with my A. B. C."

I remarked that I should suppose the influence of so much beauty would give Mr. Puffit finer feelings and a tenderer heart.

"So it would most people," answered Anna; "but it's all fashion and no feeling with his lordship. He has a pictorial bible all glittering with gold, I daresay, and he keeps it on a rosewood or marble table, because it's the fashion now. He would live in a log-cabin and plant nettles and May-weed about his door, if it were the fashion, and he could go ahead of others in that thing. He would go to Mormon meetings—he would worship the gods the missionaries tell of, if they were only popular, and he could be more favorably noticed."

We were ushered into the living-room, where we found the gentleman's wife and daughter at work. His wife was footing up a stocking, and his daughter was working the button-holes of a white satin vest. The young lady was dressed superbly at her work, and she received us coldly, eyed us with an impudent curiosity, and gave her proud head a toss that seemed to say, "Keep your distance, if you please." But I was more than ever impressed with the goodness and simplicity of her mother, and felt a fresh regret that she had taken such a husband and name. She received us so kindly, we were made to feel very much at home. Her husband was absent, and was not expected to return that night, and so we laid our subject before her.

She was greatly affected by our story. She must have been aware that there was suffering and destitution among our seamstresses, but she had no idea that one of her own husband's operatives had been reduced to such a strait as Mrs. Logan. Tears came into her eyes, and she would say and do no more till she had given me a five dollar bank note to take to the poor woman. We assured her it was not charity we begged for any one, (as we saw Arabella interpreted our errand) but it was more work for the seamstresses, and prices at which they and their little ones could live. We told her Mrs. Logan had sickness in her family, as she had. The good lady said she believed us, and we were right, but she must relieve her feelings in that way. "I am sorry to hear your story," she continued. "I supposed all *our* seamstresses were doing well and getting plenty of work. I know not as I can do

anything with *him*—(in a lower tone)—but I'll speak to him and others, and see what can be done. So many of the wealthy take sewing from the shops at low prices—that is the cause of most of his trouble.—Bell, do lay down that vest, dear; it is wrong—it is a sin for you to take that from the hands of the needy, and cause them to suffer as they do."

"Why, ma, how you surprise me!" replied Arabella, rising to a more stately attitude, glancing into the mirror, and adjusting her curls with a hand that sparkled with jeweled rings. "You've always told me to be industrious, you know."

"I do not care how industrious you are, but you ought not to take a stitch of work from your father's shop, when so many poor women need it. I know *we* are poor enough ——"

"What *are* you saying, ma?" interrupted Arabella, blushing with mortification at the idea of being represented as poor. "Do you say we are poor? Well, that's the way a good many talk that has their thousands. But we are not very near the poor-house yet, I hope."

"*Have* their thousands, you should say, my dear: '*has*' is not correct."

"Well, *have*, if you like that better. You know I never cared much about grammar even when I was at Mrs. Larkin's boarding-school. It was always dark as Egypt, and dry as chips to me. But you talk like other misers, mother."

"Well, Arabella, we *are* poor! It requires much of your father's income, you know, to pay his interest money

and keep his business moving on to suit him. I wish the business were done at less expense, and he could afford more work to these women at a better price. But you are not obliged to take work from the shop, when you could help me and save the expense of a girl. If you do take it, you ought to have double the price you are doing that vest for, and give the money to those that need it."

"I'm sure I shan't work for nothing, mother; and I shan't work for a living either,—(glancing at us, and seeming to say, 'as these factory girls do')—but I *will* have some more of that—what-do-you-call it, lace—and Mary Wallace is cutting a cupid cameo for me, you know."

"I didn't know it, my child."

"I might as well help her as anybody else—she's poor's Job's turkey, you know. And—what was I going to say? Oh—the jeweler on Main-street, below Lawrence there, that has such a queer name—that makes me think of a speckled fowl ——"

"Mr. Dominick?"

"Yes, Dominick. Well, he's been keeping a bracelet for me these three weeks, and I want the lace, cameo, and bracelet, before next Sunday, you know, ma."

"I did not know anything about it, Arabella."

"And take the shine off from Clara Keezle. She'll come out then in a new rig, and cut a great shine. If I don't make this vest and that boy's jacket this week, and get the *lace*, at least, and make it up, I shan't go to meeting next Sunday! Pa 'll pay me good wages for all I do. There's where I have an advantage over Clara and the other girls that's taking work out of our shop. They

work for a'most nothing, as they are able to, and it's fashionable, and pa 'll pay me good wages. And if I can't get 'em done, you know Betty 'll come out of the kitchen, when her work is done, and help me. She's a hoosher to help out an undertaking, and she makes a needle fly."

"Betty receives only a dollar a week, and you get her to earn a dollar a week for you in the time she needs to do her own sewing. It is all wrong, Bell,—all very wrong; and if I had my way, it should not be so. Do let Miss Logan take that vest and jacket to her mother, and you go without the lace and jewelry a little while longer."

"I don't see what you mean, ma: you say pa can't afford to buy the things I want, and keep his business advertised, (he could if he was a mind to) and how am I to do? I want to be like other girls, you know; other girls of all the first families does so ——"

"Not *the first* families, I think, my child,—not the daughters of the best bred and most sensible families; but only ——"

"What do you call first, pray, if Sheriff Keezle's, Mr. Pinchbeck's, Dr. Mushroom's, and their circle, arn't of the number?"

"I certainly think they are not, Bell,—at least I never ranked them as high as the Downses, Olneys, and hundreds of the real aristocracy whom I could name."

"Well, *I* never saw any first class if those I have mentioned are not. You *know*, ma, they are the most fashionable ——"

"Ah! that may be ——"

"And they go to Newport every summer, you know, and give all the dinners and suppers here in Merrimack that anybody cares to attend. All their daughters has these things, and they make it fashionable to take in sewing and buy them in that way, and I don't want to be left behind, when they've taken so much pains to enjoy my society. If you talk so about these things, I don't know what you will say when you see the gold watches we have all agreed to get with money earned by sewing for Hickory Hall."

"I wish I might say something to break up this evil fashion, and bring relief to many poor women you are all helping to oppress and starve. I suppose I cannot do much; but you go, girls, to Mrs. Logan, and tell her to be patient as she can, and may-be something can be done to relieve her. I will give her her rent for a quarter at least. That is *mine:* my father gave me that, and I *will* do as I choose with the rent, if my husband does less advertising and lessens the number of his clerks. Tell her that her rent is paid for a quarter, and I'll run over and see her to-morrow."

"How can you go to-morrow, ma, and leave me to look after all my company? And you certainly can't go next day, for it is Sunday."

"Tell her I'll come to-night, and again to-morrow, and Sunday, if I can do her any good. How, is the little girl considered dangerous? and do you need any watchers or help? We can any of us watch ——"

"Ma, it gives me such a headache when I go into a tight sick-room and watch—even two hours, you know."

"You can go into a close ball-room and dance all night, and not have a headache; but *I* can go any night and get plenty of watchers at any time. Do let me know when your mother wants assistance, and tell her I'll certainly come over to-night."

We thanked the good woman for her kindness, took a little courage from her sympathetic words, and left the Puffit mansion without seeing its lord. The next day, however, we saw him, and put in our humble plea for the seamstresses. At first we thought he would grant our request, for he smiled gallantly, and said, "I am very happy to see you, ladies;" but he had a great many more calls of that kind, he was sorry to add, than he could possibly answer; and his business was so expensive, he was under so many obligations to his friends, (meaning the high families that took sewing from his shop) and the times were so dull, he could not indulge his operatives with any more work, or with any better pay.

XVIII.

WE found an opening, at last, for poor Bessie Plympton, and she came to Merrimack. This event was not the smallest of my joy, for her fair and lowly spirit was still bound to my own with many grateful and tender ties. But what a time she had getting here! She rigged herself out in all her new and "span-clean clothes," that she might win an indulgent smile from the stage driver, and secure a seat; and I thought myself, when she arrived, that I never saw her in better trim. Her extra flesh only made her look more wholesome, and her hair was as straight as she could comb it, and all nicely tied away under a neat and comely cap. Her bonnet, to be sure, was three years old, and was much longer in front than the fashion now, but it was very neat, and clean, and so was her collar, and so were her black silk dress and purple silk apron. But after all that, she was treated with indignities, and had her poor heart deeply wounded.

"The driver was cross as a dog when I axed him for a seat in the stage," said she; "and he told me in a huff, 'his seats was for white folks.' I couldn't help cryin, I couldn't, *then*, and he seed it, and sot silent. Then I

said—'What *shell* I do? I *must* go to Marrymick this very day, I must go thar, and I can't go a foot. Do let a poor woman ride. I'll take as little room as I ken.' 'Wal,' said he, 'git in if you *must* go, mebby they won't find any fault.' So he took my trunk, and I got in, and crowded down on a seat. There was a man and woman in the stage, that was reel 'specful to me, and now I remember they told the driver to let me git in, while somebudy else whispered so he could hear, 'no, no.' Wal, as I was gwine to say, I took a seat and he driv away.

"Then I looks around and sees more of the pass'gers. There was one reel dirty-lookin man, wid a long baird and red nose and eyes, and fust he begins to swar, then he hickups, then he drools, then his under chin drops down his neck, and he reels off into a snorin sleep. O, how his breff smelt, and what a sight we hed afore us! Then there was a womern as hed a dog in her lap, and he looked zef he had'nt been near a wash-tub for a year, and he kep makin sich orful faces! Wal, as I was gwine to say, all these was in, and still nobudy found fault of them, cause they warnt colored folks. But when I gits in, I sees the womern as hes the dog, turn up her nose as if she was gwine to meck a gibit of it and hang me up straight. There was two young big-bugs in with her, and they hed smellers on thar upper lips, jist for all the world like the dog's, and thar chins tew was like his'n, and they smelt o' tobacker, and kep spittin agin the wind and lettin it blow back in my face.

"Wal, [illegible]dn't mind the dirty droolin drunkard, nor

the dirty dog at all, but as I sets down they winks and turns up their noses, and says, '-tew hot in here for niggers,' and the womern slicks down her dog's back, and giggles; then pokes one o' the big-bugs with her finger, and giggles agin like a whickerin hoss. And so they made fun o' me all de way here; and at every waterin place the womern tried to git the driver to make me leave the stage or ride outside. But she sot right aside the bairdled old drunkard in his dirt, and seed his chin hangin down, and didn't find one single speck o' fault. But there's one man and womern that looked blacker'n I did at her, an' at the big-bugs with her, and whispered to me not to feel bad, for they showed they was'nt haff as 'spectable as I that behaved wal, and was clean. Howsever, I'm here in Marrymack now, ye say, and it's all over. But I can't help feelin kinder bad, 'cause I can't help my fat or color."

Bessie rented a small chamber on Chestnut Hill, and took in washing from the boarding-houses. (She would have been *so* happy in the change, if she could only have had a little patch of ground for sunflowers!). She soon secured a number of kind friends, and received attention and respect. She united with the Methodist Church in Merrimack, and enjoyed her religion as highly as when she first sang the hymn of "The Young Convert," or received the ministry of Father Wilbur.

She was often at Mrs. Dorlon's, and I felt that I had lost a blessing when I did not take her to my chamber, and converse on old times in Salem. She always left me in tears, for she had a way of saying things that touched

the deepest feelings of my heart; and she would give me such tender accounts of my father and mother, and my brother Walter, that my sense of bereavement and sorrow was renewed, and I mourned more than ever that my parents could not have lived and kept us together in a happy home.

"But the Lor was good in dewin it,—in takin 'em away," Bessie would reply to my words of regret; "and if ye'll git religin, Mairey, ye'll see it all as plain as day. Our preacher calls our bodies prisons and fetters, and sich like,—and I've thought jist so myself more'n once, I hev; and who knows, (if that's so,) that when yer father'n mother died, they wa'r'nt let out o' prison, and all this while ye are cryin so much for their loss, they're hevin the greatest and sweetest lib'ty, and are all the more father'n mother tew ye, and come flyin around ye to bless ye every single day?"

"I don't feel their presence often enough," I would answer; "and I seldom taste the blessing, if they give it."

"O, don't say that agin, Mairey," she rejoined. "What *ye* call blessins may not be blessins arter all. Sinful things o' the world, ye call blessins. But there's a great many blessins we can't see and know with our eyes. When they was down here, I dessay, Mairey, they didn't give ye ebbry thing ye axed, jist *as* ye axed it They knowed wal enough 'twa'n't always best for ye. But I'll warrant they give ye suthin better'n ye axed in some other ways."

"Jist so, Mairey, the Lor answers prayers. Jist so I

reely bleeve he lets yer father'n mother, bless ye. We can't see 'em. Little Blind Alger can't see his parrents, though they come around cluss up tew him, and smile on him twenty times a day. He can't see 'em, but they come and smile, and bless him, jist as often. So does yer parrents come and smile on yew, though yer tew blind to see 'em. They're dewin all the more fur ye now they're out o' prison. The Lor hes a gret many arants fur 'em to dew,—good arants tew, and not one single bad one, Mairey.

"If twa'nt for their winder screens to hide 'em from us, we should see the people up there in heaven. When I went to Square Sisson's to clean house, I went by the parlor winders in the streets, and looked up, and tried to see the folks through 'em, and 'twas all dark as a dungeon behind. But when I went into the parlor to take 'em out and wash 'em, I looked down through 'em to the street, and seen ebber'n ebber so many people pass. The folks up there in heaven looks down through their winder screens, and sees us as plain as day, while we can't see a glimpse of them. Yer father and mother sees ye, Mairey, and does for ye a gret sight more'n they ever could dew here in this troublesome worl.

"Mebby the Lor sent 'em down to git ye in with Massa Buxton's folks, 'thout anybuddy's knowin why they wanted ye, and why ye went there. Mebby they sharpened yer taste for larnin, and sich like, and sent Julie Wordin to be yer friend. Mebby they've watched ye and kep yer young feet from ugly ways. Mebby they've stoughtened yer heart and hands a leetle, to bear yer

burdens better. Git religin, Maircy, and I say ye will see how certen they may live in heaven now, and dew all these things fur ye."

I could not dispute such consolation as this, for it was grateful as the sunshine to me, and it was rather confirmed by what we seemed to feel when we visited mother's grave. I was thankful to my old friend for it, and I thought if she had been a learned minister, she could not have comforted me more.

XIX.

About this time, George Milbank came to live in Merrimack. He had made a few upward turns in life since he went with Farmer Dodge in Topsfield, and now he began to feel himself a man. His mother and friends had desired him to remain on a farm, but that pursuit was too dull for him. He had behaved himself very well while there, however, and left Topsfield with many good wishes enlisted in his behalf.

George wandered about Merrimack several days before he could find a situation, and then was compelled to engage himself as a porter in a law office, for a hundred and fifty dollars a year. He saw me pass the office every day, and recognized me, and came to Mrs. Dorlon's and sought my acquaintance. He seemed well enough pleased to renew his acquaintance with me, though not without reminding me of the vengeance I wished to call down on his head in Salem, and the ruin which might have crushed him, had my voice been heard. I could not even then relinquish the little foolish pique I had against him, and I did not give him a very cordial welcome. Still I was somewhat ashamed of my conduct, and allowed him to understand that I felt that I had done

wrong. I thought he had not improved at all in his looks. His hair was still long, and he did not appear careful about keeping it dressed in a very becoming style. He was brown as a beaver, his attitudes were awkward, his gait was careless and heavy, he stooped a great deal when he walked, and, seen at a distance, people often thought he was intoxicated. His flat-and-treble voice was made up of fragments of broken sounds. He was inattentive to everybody around him, and in fruit-time he was commonly munching an apple and jerking the core across the street, or eating a melon and spitting the seeds and rind in everybody's way. I contrasted him with my elegant friend Derby, and wondered how two young men could be formed with such different looks and actions. But I must do George simple justice. At that time I was surprised by his intelligence, and did not dislike the glance of his deep black eye. I observed his manly resolution, and said to myself, "George Milbank need not always remain where he is." I took some interest in him, and was willing to see him rise.

About this time I became acquainted with Rev. Selwyn Downs, and I must give a brief account of him. Selwyn Downs was one of the gentlemen who visited our mill the day after the Puffits and Blebs were there, and who expressed so much interest in factory life. He was the son of a wealthy physician, who possessed one of the finest situations in Merrimack. Selwyn was an only son, while one daughter blessed him with the best affection which a devoted sister could bestow. He had graduated at Harvard with many honors, and performed the tour of

Europe, visiting several scenes a-foot, returned about two years before, and resumed the profession of a pastor, from a desire which had haunted him, he said, since he was fifteen. He saw a providence of God in his father's wealth, and that providence bade him consecrate his life to a mission of christian faith, hope, and charity. So he did not accept one of the flattering calls he received to settle over great and wealthy congregations, and become the favorite of a devoted people; but when a city mission was founded in Merrimack, and several wealthy persons endowed it with funds, and offered a salary of fifteen hundred dollars for a minister, Selwyn Downs accepted the call, received the salary, and distributed it among the needy of his flock.

I was not so well impressed with his appearance on an introduction as I was before and afterwards. His hair was black and glossy as the locks of a Wampanoag. His eyes were dark, mild, and intelligent, and his manly face was moulded as finely as a woman's. His elegant form and soft brunette complexion impressed me in time with more spiritual loveliness than I could discover even at the second or third sight. His manner was affable, and yet there was a prophet's sacred earnestness about it, while his electric voice and words seemed scarcely to touch his tongue or lips as they rolled from the depths of his ardent soul.

Selwyn Downs was regarded by many as quite an eccentric character; and I heard this manner ascribed to him so often, that I asked myself what it could mean. I chose my own definition, and concluded that, to be eccen-

tric, in the true meaning of the word, was to eschew conformity and imitation, and obey the laws of one's own nature and of his God, just as if there were nobody else in the world to remark upon his actions. Or, if he recognizes the presence of others, he is simple and truthful with them as with himself; and, if he likes or dislikes them, or thinks them wise or foolish, he frankly tells them what he thinks and feels. If he hides anything, it is his own virtues and his neighbor's faults. If he does anything in secret to avoid exposure and remark, it is the business of a charitable christian life.

Selwyn Downs had this eccentricity, and his character appeared the more peculiar as there were too many around him who avoided eccentricity by formal concessions, and the open parade of charity, as by fashions and manners most scrupulously squared by the popular mode. But I thought of others who bore him excellent company. I thought of Nathan's eccentricity before David. I thought of Elijah's eccentric visit to the widow of Sarepta, when society would naturally say his charities were best bestowed among the poor of his own nation. I thought of Franklin, eccentrically eating his roll in the city streets, and running the risk of being taken for a clown, because his time happened to be precious, and he had an appetite for food. I thought of Oberlin, eccentrically choosing his mission in the mountains, and associating with the poor and lowly, when he could have settled in a city and received his two or three thousand a year.

Selwyn Downs was pastor of a free chapel, in which he preached on the Sabbath. He established and took

care of a Sabbath-school of vagrant children. He superintended a Thursday evening school, which was principally filled with poor young people, who had been induced to come in from haunts of idleness and dissipation. He gathered children into the Sabbath-schools of the city, and into the common schools when he could. He found places for idle and mischievous boys. Beside this, he visited the homes of the suffering and needy, administered to their comfort, and found illustrations for his sermons.

XX.

I RETAINED my situation in the Lafayette Mill, and liked my looms as ever. I sometimes' thought my work tasked my physical powers too heavily, though I could make it as light and easy as I pleased. But we were ambitious to tend all the looms, and earn all the wages we could; and this ambition became such a habit with us, we obeyed it as we did the rules and regulations of the mill. I was often greatly fatigued when I retired at night, and as often resolved to make my day's-work lighter. But my resolutions were seldom carried out. When nothing else came up to quicken my steps, the recollection of my brothers, and my desire to assist them in any time of need, or procure a home to which I could invite them, renewed my strength, and urged me on to greater tasks and exertions.

How many, and how pleasant were the little rural homes my fancy built for my brothers, and how often did the fair enchantress assure me that I was not building castles in the air! It was always a Swiss cottage, but now it stood on the banks of the Merrimack, near the cascade I have mentioned, where we would have our garden and trees, and keep our dairy and poultry, and bring our

berries from the hills, and nuts from the woods, and enjoy our book or a visit from friends on the social autumn evenings, and during the summer and winter storms. Again, it was in South Salem, Lynn, or Wenham, but always in view of pleasant woods and waters, and always supplied with rural luxuries, and enjoyed with books and friends.

The atmosphere of the mill remained unpleasant; and that, more than my work, often took the color from my cheeks, and the vigor from my hand. How different from that which I breathed in a former sphere! What a prison did I seem to enter as I returned from a trip to the dear old city of peace!

Still I liked my employment far better than I anticipated, and saw that much which Mr. Olney predicted was true. There was a moral atmosphere in the mill which was breezy and inspiring as the morning air. I found that our work had a good influence on our minds. The girls, with very few exceptions, were fast improving in its discipline. Indeed, I found them rising to a strength of will and breadth of character which I did not expect. Their sympathies were warmer and wider, and never was an appeal made to their charity which did not receive a generous response. They were more independent, and had higher ideas of woman—of her capabilities, her mission, and her sphere. I cannot say that this was the effect of our work alone, though I am sure that it gave us moral energy; but our associations, and the books we read, and the object for which we labored, did, perhaps, more than our work, for our character and life. I could see that even Miss Mumby was more of a woman than

when I met her first, and was not so fond of dress, though she still indulged her folly too much.

Amelia Dorlon was evidently injured by coming to Merrimack, and I began to regard her with anxiety and grief. It could not have been factory life that stole away the sweet simplicity of her childhood, and yet she was greatly changed. She had a passion for dress, which a portion of her mother's earnings were taken to gratify. She was vain of her beauty, and loved to be petted and praised. She had scarce any mind or will of her own, and began to be governed by the minds of a giddy circle and by the tastes and fashions of the world. She neglected her education, and read such books only as gave our sex a weak and degraded character, and narrow soul and sphere.

But Agnes and Anna continued to engage my love and admiration. And what a satisfaction they took in the objects of their toil, and what discipline and beauty! Only one more payment had Agnes to make, and her father would have an unencumbered farm again, and she could return, when she desired to, and enjoy more sweetly her pleasant Quinnebaug home.

Poor Anna suffered many home afflictions, but she had such a hopeful and sunny nature she enjoyed some happy days, while laying up means for her own and her mother's needs, and while rising to a beautiful life.

We continued to like Mr. Olney, our superintendent, very much. He knew our nature, and the honor of our vocation, and could look at our position from our own point of view. He knew what to demand of us, and

what was due to us from our employers; and his interest extended beyond the consideration of so much service done, and so much wages rendered. He regarded us as moral and intelligent beings, and he did all in his power to help our education and promote our independence.

My acquaintance with Neal Derby continued, and my attachments for him increased as he showed more tastes in sympathy with mine, and displayed, with few exceptions, the signs of a manliness which won my admiration.

A fine source of pleasure was at this time proposed, and a large circle of young men and women was soon drawn around it. It was proposed by Miss Warden. She discovered that there was mind and taste among the spindles. She saw what faculties of thought were flourishing without aid, and amid disadvantages, as she had seen thrifty pines and maples flourish on a rock. She saw what threads of sentiment might be gathered up and woven into golden fabrics; what images and ideas could be looped into festoons of beautiful poetry, or wrought into webs of eloquent prose, and she invited about twenty of us to her parlor one evening, and proposed to form a Book Society. She would enjoy it herself. She knew she would profit equally with us, and she hoped we would favor her plan, or offer better ones, and engage in earnest with her.

She proposed a method of raising funds for a library, by which she engaged to get large assistance from her wealthy friends, and she suggested the regulations of the society; which she thought should meet once a week, and take exercises in reading and composition. Her suggestions were approved and adopted with delight. A

society was organized, and the houses of three or four friends were selected as places for the meetings. There was not a girl at Mrs. Dorlon's, excepting Milly, who did not rejoice to be a member, and she too went along with the rest. Full twenty girls attended the first night, and at the second meeting, a fortnight after, a dozen young men were admitted to membership. Mr. Olney heard of our movement, and he handed in a check for fifty dollars, (the contribution of himself and a few friends,) told us to lay it all out for books, and informed us that his daughter would be glad to join us. Selwyn Downs was greatly interested, and he gave us aid and counsel. We had a fine sum of money to commence with, and a handsome library was purchased.

But in signing the by-laws which, after six months, required a weekly composition, some of the girls pledged themselves to an undertaking of which they had little idea. Most of us had a good common-school education, all of us wrote a fair hand, and some had produced essays and stories of great merit, while a few had never attempted an effort of the kind. Poor Anna Logan could write after copies, but she could not originate a written sentence. Miss Mumby was but little ahead of Anna, although her opportunities had left her without excuse. Milly Dorlon wrote a passable letter with a little help from the "Model Letter Writer," while Agnes Newman could describe a landscape, incident or character, in a style which delighted Julia Warden.

Such was the power of Julia's inspirations, however, we all took courage, and thought we could produce any-

thing which she proposed ; and we promised, that after six months we would read our compositions in the Circle. And Julia was much gratified to get pledges from Miss Murnby and Anna Logan, believing the compositions would come before many fines were paid. Anna was assured that she had a store of fine pieces, in prose and poetry, in her mind, and a way should be found to unroll them to the light. Olive was told that she could write her thoughts as well as she could speak them. Milly was advised to burn her Letter Book, originate more interesting letters from her own mind, and let the Circle know how she felt and thought. And George Milbank, (who was also of our number,) gave us to expect early efforts from him.

Some of us blushed, when we thought what we had engaged to submit to that learned lady ; and others manifested confidence and pleasure. We induced Julia, against her will, to preside over the Circle. She then opened an evening school, to which we were all invited. It was conducted in an apartment of her father's house, and Anna Logan's blue eyes sparkled with tears, and she uttered a thousand thanks from a heart all warm with Irish love, as she was taken under special care.

XXI.

We now experienced one of those great revulsions which sometimes afflict our country, and are felt so severely by the operative classes. Public confidence declined, money almost ceased to circulate, and cotton fabrics fell to the lowest prices. The consequence, of course, was, that our wages were reduced, and we were obliged, either to quit the mills, or to spin and weave at prices which hardly defrayed our weekly expenses. The corporations suffered, I believe, comparatively little. Their directors had more foresight than we poor girls, and they were strongly fortified against the crisis. They could not suffer much, and they might have prevented our suffering as we did, had they drawn a little from the funds which a long course of prosperity had enabled them to treasure.

Mr. Olney was by this time an owner and director in our mill, and he made every effort in his power, at first to prevent, and then to ease the blow which fell upon us. For the honor of the corporation, he insisted we should not be permitted to sacrifice a dollar. He had certainly one-third, and I believe almost a majority of the stockholders and directors on his side, and for a time we were encouraged with the hope that we should not have our

work diminished, nor our wages cut down. It did our hearts good, and it exalted our faith in man, to see how Mr. Olney and many others pleaded for the operatives, and what satisfaction they took in this business. But all their pleadings were overruled, and our wages went down with the briefest notice.

I myself felt the reverse severely, but the fruits of a stern economy remained to support me now, and I was enabled to live, and do something for the relief of others more needy. Miss Mumby was overtaken by adversity, like an unsuspecting traveller by a storm, and she had to lament her extravagance with mortification and with tears. Mrs. Dorlon suffered considerably, and she laid off her Martha Washington airs, and forgot her growing pride of dress for a season, amidst the extra exertions she was compelled to make, to support her family and keep up her house. Amelia wept and grew pale amidst her privations. Anna Logan suffered, for her needy mother had taken many of her earnings, and she had but little left in the bank. Most of the operatives suffered. Out of our large number, it is probable that a few were forced to temptation by their necessities, and many who had country homes returned to their parents.

There was a great deal more suffering in Merrimack than any one knew, for many were too proud or too delicate to make their sufferings known. The crisis lasted for a long time, and many who could not continue in the mills, went out to service in families, or took up some other pursuit. From most other vocations, however, they were repelled by the same stern necessity which drove them

from the loom. Shoe-binding was as poor as mill work. They were not invited to any clerkships in the stores, for that occupation was already overrun with young men. They could not set types, nor get many chances to learn book-binding. There was great and grievous suffering. A large majority, however, had practiced such economy, that they met the crisis with very good success, and took some discipline from it.

It had often been said of us, that we were a class of slaves, bound to an oppressive system, and dependents on the will of our masters. We had replied, that the only slavery we had seen was that of idleness, ignorance and vice,—which prevailed, alas! too widely in our own free and virtuous New England;—while we enjoyed great independence. And though our corporations ought to have done more for us, and not suffered us to work for low wages whilst they abounded in resources which we had helped to gain; we were, after all, a great deal indebted to them for our independence, and we were none the worse perhaps in the long run for what we suffered; certainly not for the discipline our sufferings gave us.

Many of our number had stock in the mills, and handsome deposites in the banks, and I never knew three out of a dozen refuse to give generous assistance to others who were needy. We had our mutual aid and relief societies, and great exertions were made to distribute our comforts and equalize our blessings. And we had much sympathy and assistance from the best and most able families in town. Between the poor and the truly wealthy, there was warm fellowship and love, and if the poor

were thankful for assistance, the wealthy were also thankful for the blessing they received in assisting the poor, and a crisis which brought suffering and destitution, also abounded in moral comfort and improvement.

Julia Warden was unusually active, at this time, procuring money from the rich and distributing it among the poor. Mr. Olney was active, and many a sad heart was relieved of its burden by his generous hand. Selwyn Downs seemed to take neither sleep nor rest from his incessant labors. This, indeed, was a time to display his eccentricity. He had many contributors in counsel. He held in his hands a hundred threads of charity, and he wove them into golden webs of blessing and of joy. And if the proverb is true (as the least experience assures us,) that it is more blessed to give than receive, he was one of the most blessed of men,—he was beatified on earth. He had all his salary to give, and he gave it freely. He had an ample allowance from his father, and that was not withheld. And some would have thought, when they had given their money, it was all they could or were required to do. But money was the poorest of Selwyn's charities. It was good, it procured comfort for many, but it was the least of his charities. He gave his influence to every benevolent enterprise. He gave a good and earnest word in favor of every humane object, and to comfort every sad heart he met. He gave unceasing labors. He gave his own earnest and loving heart with every thing else contributed, and that was what sanctified his charities, and made them of real worth. There were not many sick-chambers among the poor of Merrimack

which were not lighted by his smiles, cheered by his words, or replenished by his charities.

There was one chamber within the circle of his mission to which I was invited, in company with Agnes Newman and Anna Logan. It was that of a dear friend, whose name was Rachel Wilbur. She sent word to us by Selwyn that she desired to see us, or we might not have been informed in time to meet her again on earth. She carried a pale and anxious countenance the last time we saw her, and long before this crisis occurred. But whenever she had been questioned as to her health, or the condition of her funds or family, she smiled and gave us cheerful answers. She always hoped her dear father was going to do better now he was resolved to sign the pledge, and her mother was convalescent, and their friends were kind, and she expected a good situation in a shop the next day, and all that; and she was sure that none of them needed any assistance.

And thus, with our attention drawn a hundred other ways, we lost the impression that Rachel was a sensitive creature with a womanly spirit of independence; we forgot that she continued to find little or no employment abroad, and that there was want and suffering in her home; we neglected for several months to visit her, and when we went again, we beheld a sight which haunts me with grief at this hour.

Rachel's proud spirit had led her to conceal her sufferings. She had not found the employment she desired: she had not obtained one situation which had been promised her, and she remained at home and gave way to anxiety

and gloom. And many were the causes of this great sorrow. Her father had at last signed the pledge and become a sober and kind man; but he, too, could find little work, and a portion of the pittances he earned had to go to pay liquor bills long since due, instead of buying bread for his hungry family. At last he was laid up with sickness, and had to be fed and tended, instead of being able any longer to bring a loaf or a candle to his poor needy home. Then Mrs. Wilbur was brought down with a fever, and Rachel struggled long between want and death to comfort her, and raise her from her bed. But she died at an hour when a prayer was going up for relief from those grim enemies, and was buried without the knowledge of many who thought they had any sympathy or assistance to spare. A few weeks after the funeral, Rachel took a severe cold while looking for work —a quick consumption followed, and we found her near her grave.

Our first words to her were choked with sobs, and were uttered in a prayer for her forgiveness of our neglect. Our first sights, as we turned our eyes from the pale sufferer, were those of poverty and grief. There were only a few brands on the hearth. Her little brothers and sisters gathered around her bed with looks of hunger staring from their sad faces, and showing by their hair and garments how they had been neglected since Rachel was brought to her dying bed. One had a crust of bread; another had a slice of cold pudding which somebody had handed in; and another was eating a seed-cake. The chairs were, most of them, out at the bottom and covered

with dust. The kitchen furniture was scattered about the hearth and on the table, showing too plainly that a man had been trying to do the housework, in the loss of womanly aid. The curtain of one window (of faded green paper) was pinned up at one side, and left to dangle in the most slatternly way; while the other was partly torn off, and partly tied. The bedclothes were soiled, and the thin rag-carpet was littered from end to end.

The wretched condition of that once tidy and orderly chamber we knew troubled Rachel even more than her sickness. She could not open her eyes without seeing them, and she was so wasted she could not lift her hands to her head. A smile passed over her face as we entered, and she was glad to have us take her hand and kiss the tears from her cheeks which she could not wipe away. We sat some time in silence after our first words, and looked the sympathy and love which we could not speak; we then asked Selwyn for her father, and inquired how she had been for the last night.

Selwyn supposed her father would soon return, and Rachel whispered that she had been comfortable since relief was brought. But she had suffered from hunger and cold as well as sickness. She had suffered from bereavement and loneliness, and all that can tear a tender heart with grief. She was attached to life, and had not, without many pangs, resigned herself to part with it, and with her father, and the world, and obey God's will. But still she had comfort with her sufferings; she possessed a firm and intelligent faith; she believed the dead would rise again, and rise immediately, and as they were

prepared for the office, that they would take up some heavenly occupation, and do all the more for their friends and the world for being free and immortal. She believed that the spiritual spheres of heaven and earth touch each other, and in Christ's reign it is all one future and one sphere. She believed this, and her soul was anchored within the veil. We could see how one might be very strong in weakness, and rich in poverty, and peaceful in grief and sorrow. It seemed to us that that dismal chamber had become the gate of heaven, and was passed by angels that morning. We were melted to tears, and yet lifted with spiritual power as if angels were ministering to us.

Rachel could not speak above a low whisper, but she assured us it grew brighter and brighter before her, and there was less and less to trouble her in this world. Her father came in with a melancholy look and sat down with his children around her, and then Selwyn Downs, in a low and tender voice, conversed with her as we imagined the Savior himself would have done. He confessed that death itself, in any light, is terrible, and that this poor girl had had her part of suffering, and weighed her cross with Christ's. He had nothing to say about the certainty of death, nor that all of us would soon have to follow; nor that others suffered more than she; nor that it might have been better or worse in any other circumstances. But he expressed a *sympathy* of heart and faith and hope. He cited words of comfort from the bible. He talked of the resurrection, and the pleasures and employments of heaven. He spoke of the happy death-

scenes he had witnessed, and the words of triumph which dying saints had uttered.

"If Christ," said he, "were to pass this way, as he went through Jericho and Jerusalem, and step into this chamber, lay his hand on this pale sufferer who is about to become his bride, and restore her to this world's health and life, we would fall at his feet and worship him with hearts too full at first for words of praise. We would rise and cry hosanna. We would glow and gladden in his marvellous light. And the word would go abroad to other hearts and homes, until thousands were surprised and rejoiced by the news of the great miracle. It *would* be great; we *would* have reason for all this joy and gratitude. It is blessed to live in this world, and to have our friends live here as long as Christ can spare them.

"But, after all, we are sure of a greater blessing, and a grander miracle than this would be. Suppose he came and healed her, would it not be with a health still subject to sickness and pain? Would it not be for a life still subject to want, temptation, sorrow and death? But we have the sure promise of the gospel, that Christ will come and lay his hand on the spirit of this daughter, and raise it to a life of heavenly health, and heavenly joy and peace; and this latter miracle is to be chosen before the former, and in belief of this, we can triumph over death."

As he uttered these words, a smile of triumph again kindled Rachel's face, and something inspired her voice to give an audible response, and tell us she was now im-

patient for that heavenly life. She then sang a verse of Mr. Bryant's hymn:

> "O! there are days of sunny rest,
> For every dark and troubled night!"

These were her last words. Her voice fell like a sinking breeze, and as we glanced at her again, we found she had passed away.

The scene which followed I need not detain the reader to describe. The father had been forgiven the errors of his evil life, and the trouble he had inflicted on that devoted heart, and he needed not to have asked those mute lips to forgive him again. The children were in the care of friends, who would not see them suffer any more, but it was no wonder they thought the last friend was dead when Rachel expired, and feared everything that a remembrance of hunger, cold, nakedness, and bereavement could bring. We had none of us reason to wish that freed spirit to return, nor to weep over its liberation, and yet we grieved deeply for our loss, and our tears were warm and many. Our dear Rachel Wilbur was buried by the side of her mother, and was followed to her grave by many loving friends.

XXII.

I KNOW not that there was a single class of artisans who did not suffer from this unexpected crisis, for even the seamstresses and shoe and bookbinders experienced good or evil days, as the factories prospered or declined. And sorry am I to say, that a few families did a great deal to reduce the wages of seamstresses, binders, braiders, and others, by taking work home and doing it at any price which manufacturers would give. I have already mentioned those who took it from Hickory Hall in this way. I have mentioned Miss Puffit, and the lace and jewelry she was going to purchase with money received for work. This fashion, I believe, became more prevalent with a certain set, as work grew scarce, and wages declined. There was a great rage for watches at this time; nothing as cheap as fifty dollars would answer for a watch, and the fashion said it must be earned by sowing, or braiding, and not purchased by any rich papa's money. This fashion was introduced and maintained, as it appeared to us, without any care for the sufferings and oppressions it would cause. It was supported by many who desired to be regarded as the aristocracy of Merrimack Miss Puffit followed the example, notwithstanding all her mother's

protests and entreaties, and her father indulged her on the ground that other girls did so, and Bell must not act singular, or be outdone.

About this time, Mr. I. Newton Puffit allowed his daughter to give a great party to what they called the *elite* of the town. Mrs. Puffit protested against it, when there was so much suffering around them, and she needed more means to relieve the poor she visited. Furthermore, she said, they were not able to give such parties as Bell's associates were making, and would expect, and she should be very unhappy, if they went against her wishes this time. But Mr. Puffit saw many reasons for crossing her dear wishes. He regarded the affair from a worldly point of view, and judged that nothing could contribute more to his reputation, or secure a better influence for Hickory Hall. There should be an author and artist or two invited; and if Gen. Buzbee, Prof. Bounce, the dancing master, Dr. Mushroom, inventor and proprietor of the celebrated Passamaquoddy Mixture and Killorcureall Pills; G. Washington Pinchbeck, Esq., the Rev. A. Sweet Prettyman, and a few other prominent gentlemen, with their ladies, could be induced to attend, the affair would be so much the more respectable, and so much more would be done to convince the world that the word Puffit expressed nothing of his character or fame.

A few members of the press should also be invited, and their reports would be filled with eulogy and exclamation. "Our gentlemanly host, his lady-like wife, and splendid daughter," would be mentioned, and every dress, every display, all the courses of the supper, and the dis-

tinguished guests, would be complimented, and this would render the position of the family more certain and conspicuous, and hundreds would for the first time learn who I. Newton Puffit was.

Mrs. Puffit still protested against the party, and against many of the guests her husband spoke of inviting, and repeated, that she should feel grieved and injured if it were given. But all her arguments and protests went for nothing, when another family promised Mr. Puffit that they would give the next party, and invite some of their Newport acquaintances, if he would take the lead.

This family were no particular favorites of that good woman, but Arabella and her father liked them, and sought every means to secure their alliance, and she was at last compelled to yield her consent and hold her peace.

And as this family ranked themselves with the highest, and took a leading part in many great affairs, I may be pardoned if I introduce them to my readers. Their name was Keezle: they were a numerous family, and their history, if brief, is not without its interest and lesson. Mr. Keezle commenced life as clerk of a porter-house in a dark quarter of the town, and his wife sold cigars in a corner of the market. By-and-by he rented a grocery, and sold liquor and oysters on his own account. They were married, and he opened a liquor saloon and oyster stalls, and she did the cooking for the establishment. Their business was very prosperous, and finally they opened a splendid house called the "Mount Vernon Shades," and had full-length portraits of Washington and Lafayette on the right and left of the street-door, with an

affable smile and courteous bow, pointing customers into "The Shades." This place they conducted about a dozen years, and retired (with a hundred thousand dollars, and with the office of Sheriff, which Mr. Keezle's party gave him,) to a magnificent villa just over the county line, (where the sheriff's sheriffalty lay) within a convenient distance of the city.

The Keezles had a son at college, and their eldest daughter had returned from boarding-school, (as "Betsey Baker" did) "with a finished education."

Mr. Keezle was one of your jolly-faced worldlings, and at first he made me think of Santa Claus, as Clement Moore describes him, and afterwards he reminded me still more of a little alabaster image with a squatted lump of a body, a flattened head, and shining face, which the sea captains brought from India and set up in the Salem museum. He commonly wore a cloak, wrapped it around him with an air of prodigious consequence, and took a lordly, rolling step, when he entered church. He smoked prime cigars, and drove fast horses on the turnpikes, tossing his change or ticket haughtily to the toll-women as he hurried like a whirlwind past, and always told them to pick it up.

He was sometimes heard to say he "hated the whole caboodle of the clargy," and yet he supported meetings, and insisted on having a loud voice in all church business, and I fancied that more than one clergyman rather courted his favor, were quickly apprised of all his afflictions, visited him, and were glad enough to take the tempting sums he contributed to their churches. He was not often ad-

mitted to the circles of those who held virtue and intelligence with their wealth; but all of the Puffit class of citizens courted his society, and showed him very respectful favor. It was fancied that he sometimes got a better seat in the cars than a poor, honest laborer, or colored man, but never when Conductor Olney (our superintendent's brother) had command. It was known that he found better quarters in the hotels, met more gentlemanly clerks in the stores, got an earlier steak at market, though a dozen were in turn before him; was more frequently honored at public dinners and meetings, and was jostled less rudely on the sidewalks, than many of his poor but honest and intelligent neighbors who wore coarser cloth and made less noise in the world.

Mrs. Keezle was a tall, thin woman, with brownish hair, and a blue and bony face. Her nose was high and hooked, almost as a parrot's bill. Her eyes were gray, and were hungry-looking and deep-set. Her mouth was wide and square, and her lips would almost pinch a pin in two. Her hands were long, and blue and bony as her face, and her voice was as shrill as a guinea fowl's. It was said that Mrs. Keezle was far less ugly when she sold cigars in the market, and that she had acquired the worst of her present looks while performing the honors of "Mount Vernon Shades."

The Keezles supported everything in their establishment that any of the fashionables did, and were determined to make the most of a worldly life. They were greatly annoyed by appeals to their charity, and did not like to hear of the cries or claims of the poor.

They contributed freely to the support of the church, but nothing seemed to offend them sooner than a begging sermon or a contribution box. Selwyn Downs never succeeded in winning a charity from them. They reminded him that there was a poor-house, and he need not come again till that was full. They gave next to nothing to relieve the distressed in that sad year. They even increased the oppressions of the poor. They were still bent on gain, and a few wealthy families kept them in countenance while reaching their selfish ends. They did not increase *our* embarrassments, it is true, but they did much to distress the braiders, knitters, and seamstresses. I. Newton Puffit, Esq., of Hickory Hall, bid up for cheap work, and Mrs. Keezle, two of her daughters, and their set, were braiding hats for four pence, knitting stockings for a shilling, making overalls for ten cents, and shirts for twenty-five, while poor, dependent women were living in dark chambers and starving, without work, or with work at prices which would not buy them food and raiment.

I confess, I found it hard to be reconciled to this state of things in a christian city. I thought in my mind what a quiet, but no less certain and drenching Quaker storm, the Buxtons would call down if the fashion were introduced in Salem. I knew, indeed, that Christianity was Heaven's first-born truth, and there were hundreds of christians in Merrimack who would have adorned a membership in the old Apostles' church, yet when I saw the Puffits, (Mrs. P. excepted) the Keezles, and others of their set, courted and petted by some of the ministers and churches of our city, I fancied that they would have

received Dives himself with a warm right-hand of fellowship, appealed to his judgment or sense of propriety on many grave questions, submitted to his dictation, with exemplary patience, and sent him to heaven at last in a golden chariot all grandly arrayed with his purple and fine linen.

Encouraged and sustained by Sheriff Keezle and his family, Mr. Puffit suppressed his wife's remonstrance, and permitted his daughter to give a splendid party. The season at Newport had just closed, and several families and friends who had spent the summer there were invited, with the Puffit *elite* of Merrimack. I need not detain the reader to describe the preparations which were made for that party, nor the sumptuous tables that glittered in the lamplight, nor the costly wines and liquors that were drank, nor the dances, or other amusements.

Mr. Puffit was said to have been disappointed in seeing only two daily journals represented, but he should have been satisfied with the reports which they gave. One of them was headed,—"The Puffit Party!" and the other,—"Newton Puffit, Esq., or the Sunny side of Hickory Hall!" "Our host" was praised for his "unbounded hospitalities," and his "gentlemanly spirit and bearing;" and a glance or two at his "mammoth business" was not omitted. His daughter was complimented—even her dress, her jewels, her splendid hair, "looking like ripples of light," the romance of her "large, lustrous eye," and "the incomparable beauty of her form and features," were described; and it was averred, "without being invidious,

that Arabel Puffit and Clara Keezle were the Belles of the Merrimack Ball."

One of the journals gave a few items of the liberal outlay which was made for that grand occasion. After asserting that Mr. Puffit was "the Napoleon of manufacturers," it stated the amount of the refreshment and Japonica bills in round numbers, and concluded by saying that these generous disbursements all went to restore the equilibrium of property; and this falling and rising of the rich and poor on the scale of wealth, was an eternal see-saw that kept the world in balance.

Another journal took a different view of the subject, and said—"We are dubious about this see-saw keeping all the world *in balance.* The fast manufacturer, who knew no better use for his money than to spend five hundred dollars and more on a single party, is in one of the scales; the editor of the Eagle, with a two thousand dollar office, in ditto. We also have nothing personally to complain of, but when we look into the other scale, and see there a thousand poor women, driven, some to despair, others to suicide, and others to infamy, because they cannot acquire, by any sort of honest industry, the two dollars per week which is the lowest sum with which they can keep soul and body together;—when we read the police reports, showing how many poor children are driven forth from the cellars and garrets of this Christian city, to gain, by means of vice, their own and their parents' subsistence; when we know and reflect, that not less than two thousand inhabitants of Merrimack are to-day destitute and out of work, living from hand to mouth on public or private charity, and

falling daily from want into crime, we find it impossible to balance the world's good and ill fortune, as our neighbor so readily thinks he does. The old Book says, (Prov. xi : 1.) 'A *false balance* is an abomination to the Lord,' and our neighbor should be careful and not be caught using that sort."

XXIII.

In the meantime our evening-school flourished, and Julia Warden was taking her pleasure from it, as from society and books. Some of the girls commenced with much embarrassment. When she reflected, Miss Mumby's florid cheeks turned pale, at the very thought of attempting to read before her accomplished tutor. She had the confidence to be quite familiar with Julia when she glittered in her rings and flaunted in her ribbons and flounces, but to read before her! "O, murder!" cried Miss Mumby, (using this favorite exclamation for the last time,) "I shall show myself a dunce!" But Julia repeated her invitation, and Olive prepared herself for the trial. She went and returned encouraged, and went again, and returned with still more courage, and with such an open pronunciation, and such a full, clear, and pleasant voice, in lieu of her old affectations, you would scarce have recognized her speech.

Anna Logan needed not to have blushed at all to begin with Julia Good reading and thinking, good prose and poetry, she had in her, and all there was to do was to teach it the art of expression. Julia Warden had a key to unlock her treasure-holding nature, and she gave her

encouraging lessons. Anna swallowed them all, as I have seen a caged canary swallow seeds and water after a day's neglect. Anna astonished her tutor by her progress, and when six months expired, she was the first on hand at the Book Society, and having no notion of paying a fine, she slipped a composition into Julia's hand.

The project of a manuscript periodical was discussed, and it received great favor. We decided that it should be a quarterly. Julia Warden was requested to occupy the editorial chair, but she declining, Agnes Newman was persuaded to take it, with the understanding that Julia should assist her. It was to contain the value of four letter-sheets, and be read by the president. We called it the "Garden." We hoped that on quarter-nights we might find it dressed and blooming with not unsightly flowers.

Our hopes were very well fulfilled. The evening of the first number came, and Julia's parlor was filled with members and guests. The "Garden" was the subject of entertainment for the night. Agnes thought her part must be done as daintily as possible, and she had four elegant letter-sheets tied with a blue ribbon, on which were written her brief editorials, and wafered the contributions. She asked her assistant to read it. For lovers of beauty, it was delightful to gaze on the brilliant Julia, as she received the "Garden," and took her chair to read. She appeared quite majestic when seated, the bloom on her cheek was kindled up to its warmest glow, the white jessamine, as usual, adorned her hair, and the beautiful thoughts shone in those clear and

liquid eyes, more brightly than "bottom-agates." Lovers of music were thrilled by her voice, and the whole party sat hushed as in a trance, while she read the "Garden." The editor's greeting came first; then I had an apology for a story on the "Restored Convict." Then came a careless and clumsy sketch from Milly Dorlon. Then Julia's essay appeared. Then Agnes' piece was read. Then Anna Logan heard her article, and she blushed and grew pale by turns, with hopes and fears, as she was thrilled with the music of the reading, and observed the expressions of the company. Then came Mr. Derby's "Apology for Labor," which gave me a shock of anger that I could not conceal. It appeared with strictures by the editor, on the title and the spirit of the theme, which all of us enjoyed. Then came a poem from Fanny Olney. Then came editorials: then Celia Downs had an article, and others followed. Even Miss Mumby was not left hopeless; the editor was encouraged by her effort, and had desired to accept her piece; but it was blemished with too many faults, and with a little friendly advice, she and a few others were told to try again, and hope for acceptance next time.

We never forgot that evening. Every impulse of womanhood seemed to be aroused and inflamed in our bosoms. One year ago, many of us were ignorant of a capability of the kind, and wondered how others could weave their ideas into articles of such merit as these possessed. Now all hearts danced with hope, and some of us thought it would be easy to become authors. Miss Mumby took hope with us, and that very night she would

have given Anna Logan her choice of all her "tinkling ornaments" in exchange for the ornaments she saw out shine these in Anna's beautiful piece on "Friendship," which Julia read in the "Garden."

We were quite astonished with our own efforts. Were those the articles we ourselves had written? The words were ours, with a few slight corrections;—we were too familiar with them to mistake them, but how differently they sounded when set to the music of Julia's voice! And her emphasis and modulations brought beauty out of sentences which we had feared would sound flat, and gave meaning to passages in which we ourselves had discovered no meaning. Really, who could help having hope? and who would not try to outdo herself next time? Who would not abandon toys and tinsels, and retrench the expenses of the wardrobe, to buy a little more paper, and have three or four new books to read? Who would not gaze less at this one's bonnet and that one's attire, and care less about plays and shows, and examine more closely the crown and apparel of spring and summer, consider the beautiful stars, and admire the shows of God? The party broke up, and Mr. and Mrs. Warden and Mr. and Mrs. Olney declared they never had been more agreeably entertained.

XXIV.

At our next meeting, we had reading and omitted compositions. We had taken turns in selecting books to be read; it was now my turn, and I laid my book on the table. It was a work which Mrs. Dr. Mushroom gave me. I was at the doctor's one evening to ask for a little help for our Operatives' Aid Society, and observed this book in the hands of the baby, who was tossing it gaily about the room and threshing it on the floor, as if it had been a rattle or ball. I took it up, and the first page gave me an interest which the lady discovered in my eyes.

"What, pray, have you found in that book, Miss Winthrop, which makes your eyes flash in that way?" cried Mrs. Mushroom, starting up with surprise.

"Why, beautiful thoughts;—the whole page is very beautiful," I answered with enthusiasm. "And so is this page, and I should like to read it through."

"Do take it along home with you and read it. I would give it to you, if you would accept such a present."

"Accept it? If the whole book is as fine as this I have read, I should treasure it as a precious thing."

"How people differ in their tastes! Phebe Frances

brought it home—the word 'Nature' on the title page took her eyes, and she thought she might be pleased with it. But, la, I don't wonder that the author was ashamed to put his name to it, it is such a wishy-washy thing. We tried to read it, but it was so dry and flat, after reading Mrs. Rowson, I gave it to the baby. She is tickled to death with it; she has had a wild frolick with its rattling leaves, and has been cutting her teeth on the cover. It's a first rate tooth-cutter, don't you see it is? It has saved me the expense of an India-rubber ring. Take it home, if you want it, and keep it, in welcome."

I took it home and read it twice through. It contained some opinions that did not square with my own, nor add at all to its interest or beauty. But, with few exceptions, I read it with a rare delight. It seemed the expression of a thousand thoughts in my own mind which I had not found words to utter; and it described scenes and impressions which I could not have attempted, yet, which I fancied I remembered to have witnessed and felt. I took it to the Circle, and it was now opened as the book of the evening.

Neal Derby read the Introduction, and it was generally understood. The first page, in particular, was spoken of as very fine. Julia was so pleased, she took the volume and repeated this sentence as true and beautiful: "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?"

Then Julia read the first chapter, on "Nature." Several criticisms were offered. Miss Mumby liked the

reading, "but for her life she could not get interested in the story," and Neal Derby thought it a little dry. Milly Dorlon hoped it would interest her more as we proceeded. But a few of us were animated as by inspiration. Anna Logan was "all ear," like the Spirit in "Comus," to take in its beauty, and she cried—"a body of my little learning must be a dunce of a judge indeed; but I say for it, Miss O'Warden, as I understand it, that's a web of real glossy silk, and none of your rusty linsey-woolsey. Read that again about the stars, if you please, Miss O'Warden. That's a bit of beauty, I'm sure it is."

Julia read—"If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown. But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

Fanny Olney admired the passage on the woods. "I thought you were reading prose till you came to that," said she, "but that is poetry, I'm sure it is."

"No, it is prose," replied Julia.

"Let me take the book and see for myself. It *is* prose in form, certainly, but poetry in thought and measure. Did none of you mind its lyrical measure?"

"I did," answered Celia Downs, her face kindling with the light of thought.

"And sure *I* did. It ran round and round like a thread on a reel!" cried Anna Logan.

"I can read it without altering a word, and make good blank verse of anapestic measure," said Fanny

"In the woods, too, a man casts off his years,
 As the snake his slough,
And at what period soever of life,
 Is always a child.
In the woods, is perpetual youth.
Within these plantations of God,
A decorum and sanctity reign,
A perennial festival's dressed,
And the guest sees not how he should tire
Of them in a thousand years."

The girls were sustained, and I called their attention to the passage on the landscape. Miss Mumby thought it silly enough, in a printed book, to say,—"Standing on the bare ground—my head bathed by the blithe air and uplifted into infinite space—I become a transparent eyeball." Celia Downs declared there was a fine suggestion in the language. Neal Derby remarked that he might understand it better if he stood on his head. George Milbank admired the close of the chapter.

Fanny Olney read the chapter on "Commodity," and Neal Derby read the one on "Beauty." He read it eloquently, and began, from that instant, to take an interest. So did Amelia, while others of the Circle enjoyed the finest pleasure. Fanny read for the second time this passage—"How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will

make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams."

I remarked that I should remember that thought in all my rambles, and feel how wealthy I was with the assurance of the author, that "every rational creature has all nature for a dowry and estate."

But there was not time for all we wanted to say, and the book was passed to Arabella Puffit, who had come with an acquaintance without any invitation. She was somewhat vain of her reading, and was anxious all the evening to get the book into her hands and display her accomplishment. She read, but while by her very emphases we knew she did not understand the author, she made such fashionable work with her vowels, and lisped and minced so genteelly, her very s's hissed her, and her audience failed to understand a word.

Celia Downs took the volume and was requested to read that fine passage again. Several admired particular sentences, while Milbank was struck with this: "The world is emblematic. Parts of speech are metaphors, because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind."

I saw a world of meaning in the words, while Miss Mumby rubbed her eyes and called them downright nonsense. And Arabella Puffit thought as much "a month ago," and declared she would have staid away had she known that shallow book was to be read. But the volume

required double the number of its own words to point out its meanings and beauties, and it was passed to Agnes Newman, who read the chapter on "Discipline." As she concluded, Anna Logan cried, "I declare again, there is more of his musical measure as you call it. For the round world it sounds just as I've heard the wood-thrushes sing,

'Nature is thoroughly mediate—
* * * *
Man is never weary working it up.
He forges the subtile and delicate air
Into wise and melodious words,
And gives them wings as angels
Of persuasion and command.'"

Other comments were made on the book, and Miss Mumby read the chapter on "Idealism," and cried, "I *will* not try to understand it—so there! It is unfit even for a baby to cut her teeth on." But others admired. Anna Logan felt more beauty than she could express, and said, "Miss Mumby understands with her elbows, I think." Here Miss Puffit arose and went to the mantel-piece, and interrupted our reading by criticising a pair of marble busts. "I have a better pair of busts for my mantel—a pair of splendid fancy pieces," said she, addressing Miss Warden; "and they make yours look tame enough, Jule."

"Mine suit me very well," replied Miss Warden.

"This one is tolerable—but why didn't you get two alike while you were about it?" continued Arabella, tossing about as if on elliptic springs, and glancing often into the mirror.

"One Shakespeare is enough for one shelf, is it not, Miss Puffit?" replied Miss Warden.

"Oho! it's a Shakespeare, then, is it?" cried Arabella; "I thought it was a fancy piece. If I was going to select a real character, I would have a Napoleon by all means, as pa wanted me to when I got mine. But what old woman is this to match your Shakespeare? How she puckers down her mouth! How silly her hair is cut! Pray who do you call her, Jule?"

"I bought it for a Milton, after I had read 'Comus' and 'Paradise Lost.' It suits my ideas of dear old Milton," replied Miss Warden, with anger in her eyes.

"Milton who?" asked Arabella, with a ludicrous air of vulgar curiosity, and turned again to contemplate her beauty in the glass.

"I beg your pardon—the poet, John Milton, Miss Arabella Puffit!"

"Well, if that hasn't done me brown! I thought it was some old woman, and wondered, too, why you stood her up there. If they both had pipes, and a mug of beer between 'em, I surely should have took 'em for Darby and Joan. But I don't pretend to have much taste for these plaster things any way. What be they good for?" And Arabella tossed and wriggled to her seat, unconscious of the kind of amusement her criticisms gave.

Nell Derby read the next chapter on "Spirit." The interest of the book was sustained, and Anna Logan read the last on "Prospects."

We were all astonished at the progress Anna had made

in reading. It was apparent to our minds now that she had taken private lessons. Her voice was as liquid and musical as that of the thrushes she mentioned. Her emphasis and pauses were just, and a dainty dash of the cunningest Irish brogue was the charm of her pronunciation. Anna paused and repeated this passage as she read: "Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise." Then she turned her blue eyes in tears aloft, and after a moment's silence, which affected us all, she exclaimed, "As I have a soul, I'm sure he's told a gracious truth here!"

"O, mercy, what a taste!' exclaimed Miss Arabel Puffit.

"I must confess, Anna," said I, "that I cannot agree with you here. I hardly know what the author means, but the word 'Messiah' is so sacred, I think it ought never to be applied to any being but our Savior himself."

"But hear what I was going to say," replied Anna. "True as I live, when little children with their innocent smiles have ta'en sad feelings from my poor heart, and coaxed me to lie down on the couch of their sweet warm joy, I may have been wicked, but I thought Christ was in 'em all, and had made me a bed in heaven."

"There is nothing irreverent in that, and I begin to think Anna understands our author better than we," interrupted Julia Warden.

"Just only think, Miss O'Warden," continued Anna, "Christ was once a little white baby of a fellow, and I'll warrant he had a laugh as tender and gay as a robin's, and a happy heart, too, and gentle; eyes brimfull of tears

for every sad and forsaken thing; cherry cheeks and a rosy mouth to make a lovely picture as your dainty eyes would wish to see. I shall have a bright dream of those little Messiahs this blessed night—if it's not wicked to talk so—for the words in this book will open my sight on a dream."

"I am rather pleased with the thought," returned Julia; "and, considering that the soul will progress in perfection while God exists to attract it with his love, can it be irreverent to inquire if every little child may not possibly rise in heaven to the fullness of that stature which Christ in his humanity exhibited on earth?"

"O, the thought is too gracious for a body like me to soil with thinking. I would sooner look at it in an innocent dream," answered the beautiful Irish girl.

"The sleepy book has set me dreaming already," cried Arabella Puffit.

"And Mercy Winthrop must have been put to her trumps to bring such a flat story here," added Miss Mumby.

"So I think," cried Bell. "I wouldn't give Charlotte Temple for a bushel-basket full of such books. It's dry as chips."

"I can understand Addison and Irving better," said Milbank, "yet this is not a dry author, let me tell you. He has said some things that I held my very breath to hear."

"I have learned a great deal by this conversation," said Julia Warden.

"And so have I,"—"and I," added a number, while Neal Derby gave the hour of the evening, and the circle broke up.

XXV.

At this age, I was quite surprised, as I reviewed my life, to see how I had borne its trials and labors, and what attainments I had been able, by constant and difficult efforts, to make. Others could hardly have shared my sentiments, for they knew not the loneliness I felt, nor saw the clouds of despair which darkened the morning of my helpless orphanage. Few persons knew my trials, or saw the obstacles that I had to overcome before I could hope to conquer my discouragements and acquire the little education and independence which I thought would suffice my eager heart.

To others, no doubt, my attainments at this time appeared indifferent; with myself, they were the subject of no vain pride. Still, I was surprised by what I had attained in my vocation, in the resources of womanly independence, in the simple faculty of writing, in the knowledge of books, in friendships and enjoyments; for I remembered my sad childhood—I remembered the sloughs of despondency I had passed, and the flinty summits on the mountain-way of life that my tender feet had climbed.

I was mistress of my work. I had a good physical constitution, and had long received wages from which

I made handsome deposits in the bank. I had friends enough,—after the neglect of some, and the desertion of others who could not endure my blunt ways, and with whom I would not mix my individuality,—I had friends enough, and most of them were of the kind that I could admit to the closest intimacy, and give the full confidence of my love. I had thoughts that were my companions, giving me happy days and a sense of self-reliance. I had a sight which admitted me into the very sanctuary of Nature, while many others, more fortunate in worldly possessions than I, appeared blind, and searched in vain for the door through which I entered. I loved books, and had that faculty which enables every true reader to go behind the words and commune with the very souls of authors, and appropriate a part of their own radiance to the light of his being.

I had one friend whom I loved even more, that he was a nature by himself, and did not absorb my identity while he attracted and won my heart. For Neal Derby —to tell the whole truth—my love at this age began to assume the character either of a very fine passion, or a full and fervent principle. I believed it was the latter. For, although I loved him with a feeling which I could not think of giving to another, and an eye which saw no scene of perfect beauty which his presence did not grace, yet, so well I thought I commanded my self-respect all the time, I would not harbor a suspicion that he was my superior. He was better looking of course, and knew more than I, but I did not feel that a union with him could exalt me in anything but happiness and a mutual

progress which he might share. I did not worship him, and would not have done so for anything he could render. I did not overlook his faults or errors; I thought I could analyze my sentiments, and know that if my love had passion for its rapture, it was on principle that it reposed.

Derby seemed to return my love with the warmest affection. Over and over again he declared that my image was the subject of his dearest thoughts and the bliss of all his pleasures. And I must believe that his love was earnest and sincere. Such attestations as he gave could not have been feigned. But all the while it seemed a passion, and not a principle. Still we cherished our affiance as the most sacred tie on earth, and talked more and more freely of our happy marriage-day. We enjoyed the same visits with Nature; and the same authors, and read aloud to each other in the fields and in the house. We enjoyed the Book Society and the "Garden," and were glad to see the progress which each other made. We attended the Lyceum Lectures and sat side by side.

And this last privilege was most happy. To enjoy this we were willing to retrench the expenses of the wardrobe. We went with pencil and paper to carry away what we could retain of every lecture. The lectures toned up our mental appetites. They helped us to understand the times. More than any other institution, more even than the Pulpit or Drama, the Lyceum spoke out, reflected, illustrated the spirit of the times. I never knew one enjoy that privilege better than Derby did. He often expressed the wish that he might stand before such audiences and hold them suspended in such a

trance of delight as the eloquent lecturers did. For me it was a sweet share of my happiest fortune.

We attended the same church. That also was a privilege. Derby had a firm and rational Christian faith, as it seemed to me, and he was well esteemed in the Church of the Mediator. I attended there occasionally, at first, because I liked the minister, and though I was not satisfied with some of his doctrines, and my Quaker tendencies recoiled from so many ceremonies as were observed in the service, and I combated some of Neal's opinions, yet I found that they agreed with mine in the main, and finally from choice I went there all the time, while several of my friends attended with me.

I began to enjoy Mr. Snowden's ministry as much as I admired the man. I liked his appearance, and yet there was nothing about him of that smooth, fancy finish, which has given so many success. Some persons, nay, all I may say, who judged him at first sight, or when he was not animated, or without entertaining his thoughts and sympathies, called him plain and homely. He was tall in stature; he had a pale face and spare features, with a jutting forehead and bushy eye-brows. His hair was gray, and he looked like a soldier who has performed long marches and survived deadly battles. But he looked well enough to an actual acquaintance, who was in sympathy with his life and ideas, and especially so, when emotion lighted up his benignant face. He was a noble, natural, warm-hearted man, accepting his sacred office, to become useful to mankind, and not to gain a character which he did not possess, and a position which he could not other-

wise hold. He had a strong, yet sweet and sympathetic voice. His face and eyes began to kindle with his first words, and when in his happiest mood, a bright crimson spot of the size of a half eagle came out on each side of his forehead, and blushed like a cherry, till he retired from church. He preached extempore, and conversed with his hearers rather than declaimed, folding his arms on the bible at certain places, and talking like a father to his children; then rising, and with a few simple gestures, seeming to give them the bread of life out of his open and liberal hands. He made no attempt to produce tears;—all conscious effort he rejected, but he scarcely preached a sermon when he did not occasionally choke with some sudden emotion, while his warm eyes flowed with tears; and so great was the sympathy between him and most of his hearers, that their eyes freely responded. He had some side appeal to children in almost every sermon, and if he was vain of anything in his office, it was that children understood him, loved to hear him preach, and clapped and shouted, and came out to meet him when he made his pastoral calls.

I am not aware that Mr. Snowden often went back to Jerusalem to denounce the Jews for selling the gall and vinegar which increased the anguish of the Cross, though I know he abhorred that sin in his heart. But he often denounced men in Merrimack for selling strong drink, and declared that those who put the bottle to a neighbor's lips offered gall to Jesus, and repeated the insults of his crucifixion. He did not preach against the tyrants of Rome and Babylon for enslaving the Jews, but he de-

nounced the sin of slavery in his own country. He did not preach a great deal against the *old* Pharisees; but while he held them in abhorrence, he reproved and rebuked their descendants, who were in that city and in that church. He prophesied some, for he held that the minister was to prophesy as well as reprove, and to keep the people in hope, while urging them on to the crusade against evil. He insisted on having as much salary as his people could easily raise, that he might indulge the luxury of alms-giving; but he held that the jingle of silver should be a part of the after music that celebrates the success of a godly ministry, and not the reveille to tempt a sluggard into action.

I repeat, I liked Mr. Snowden better, the more I saw him and heard him preach. But there were many in his church who were bold to say he was not the man for Merrimack, and just as I began to feel most at home there—to enjoy his influence in my own life, and fulfil Bessie Plympton's prayers, he sent in his resignation and took himself away.

There were grave charges brought against him, and those who believed them true could not well uphold him as a minister, or refrain from treating him as a fallen man. He was charged with Falsehood, Sabbath-breaking, Fanaticism, Heresy, Laxity of ceremony, and Blasphemy. I confess I was much astonished to hear such charges brought against a man who appeared so meek and pure as Mr. Snowden, and I had some fear, at first, that his accusers might procure his expulsion from the ministry.

But when I heard the specifications, my fears were allayed, and I still upheld my minister.

Specification First:—Mr. Snowden had gone home with a country family of his church, one Sabbath afternoon, and while the lady was getting tea, her little boy became very troublesome, and to entertain the child and relieve the mother, he whittled out a top and set it spinning around the floor, and causing the boy to clap and crow; and thus he broke the Sabbath.

Specification Second:—Mr. Snowden had said the Savior's denunciation, "Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation:" was every whit as true of modern as it was of ancient sinners. Thus he was guilty of falsehood.

Specification Third:—Mr. Snowden had mixed up temperance, peace, abolitionism, and kindred follies of the day with religion, and preached them several times a year from his pulpit. Thus he was a fanatic.

Specification Fourth:—Mr. Snowden was an orthodox minister, and yet a rumor went forth that he entertained some peculiar opinions concerning the devil. He knew there was a devil, that is certain. He believed he was a very competent devil, a very dangerous and deceitful devil, but he was in doubt either about his omnipotence, or eternity, or he may have dropped the suggestion that the common portrait of his infernal majesty, which fixed him out with a cloven foot and pair of horns, was not originally his, but appropriated from the Greek god Bacchus,

in the same way that some of the Catholic images of the Virgin and saints were taken from the heathen goddesses and graces. Mrs. Keezle heard this rumor, I believe, in Andover, while taking tea one afternoon, and she drew from the table with grief and astonishment, and could not finish her fourth cup. "That caps the climax!" cried she, clasping her blue hands and looking up to heaven. "If that is true, it is enough for me; I'll not sit under his preaching another day. I was tired enough before—that is beyond endurance. I wonder if he thinks he will convince the church that there aint any devil, and carry them away with his lies."

"I did not say he doubted the existence of a devil," answered her informant; "he believes that as firmly as we do; and would be an infidel indeed if he did not, in these times; when the proofs of his existence are plentier than flies."

"All the same, and just as bad; and he might as well not believe in any God. I shall ask Mr. Snowden next Sunday morning for myself, and if it's true, I shall shut my pew-door and go home. I'll not sit under a lie if it does come from a minister."

Mrs. Keezle went home with a heart throbbing with excitement, and published abroad the astounding news. The next Sabbath morning she watched her opportunity, and as the minister entered the church, she accosted him. "Mr. Snowden, I want to ask you one question."

"I will hear it, Mrs. Keezle," said he, with a calm and gentle smile. "I will hear it, and answer it if I can."

"Do you believe in the devil, Mr. Snowden?"

"What, what! Mrs. Keezle—what is that you ask?" starting back with a look of astonishment.

"Do you—a—do you, Mr. Snowden,—hem!—a—do you believe in—the devil?"

"No, no, no, Mrs. Keezle, I do not, upon my word—I do not!"

"Why—who—what do you believe in, Mr. Snowden?"

"My dear woman, I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

The charge was sustained, and Mrs. Keezle slammed her pew-door in the minister's face and went home, and Mr. Snowden was accused of heresy for saying he did not believe in the devil, and adding, at a subsequent time, when sorely tried and provoked by his accusers, that he regarded the devil as an infernal old reprobate, and he had no respect for him at all.

Specification Fifth:—When Mr. Snowden married Mary Ellen Pinchbeck, he did not command her to obey her husband; and thus he was lax in his ceremonies.

Lastly, he was charged with blasphemy, because he went to Deacon Krummit (who was a liquor dealer) and asked him—after a customer went out of his shop with a jug of rum in his hand—if he would kneel down in his closet that night and pray God to sanctify that jug of rum to the drunkard and his family.

There were a large number of Mr. Snowden's parishioners—a large majority even, who were so friendly to him that they upheld him in all these errors, and insisted on his continuing as their minister. I confess I was myself of that number. But the minority had it in their power to render his situation extremely unpleasant, and he de-

manded a dismission. His friends remonstrated, and he persisted in his demand. He thought there should be union to insure good success, and he could be more useful elsewhere. They offered to leave the minority in possession of their church, and go off and build a better one for him. He feared that strifes and rivalries would continue and interrupt their progress, and destroy that good christian spirit which is the life of a church. He counselled his friends to be patient, unite with the contrary party on another man, and let him go away. So at last Mr. Snowden preached his farewell (which seemed to us a funeral) sermon, and settled over a church in Dexter.

Then came the trial of candidates, and the Rev. Mr. Prettyman was heard, with the hope (although he was particular to state in his letter to the committee that it was by no means likely that he could be induced to settle in Merrimack,) of becoming the pastor of our large parish, and preaching in our beautiful house. If he did not entertain this hope, I am sure he felt like Sally Smith in the tender tale of "Ruth," in respect to having a sweetheart, whom at last she rejected,—he felt, I say, that "one likes to be axed," and so he made his very best effort, in hopes that a call would be voted the next morning, and in the next "Christian Envoy" it would be published that the first Congregational Church in Merrimack had called the young and gifted A. Sweet Prettyman to become its pastor; but it was not yet known whether he would be induced to accept that very flattering invitation, or settle in Boston, Worcester, Plymouth, or New Haven, where churches were anxious to secure his labors.

Mr. Prettyman's christian name was Alpheus Sweet, after that of his maternal grandfather, as I was informed, but he always wrote it A. Sweet Prettyman, and as it was the manner of many to say this and that was a sweet, pretty thing; as more than one young lady had probably called him a sweet, pretty man, while recalling his dear image or glowing with love which his eloquence had kindled, it was thought by some that he took a hint from this double adjective, and from his singularly appropriate surname, and wrote his name with the first, initial, and the middle and last in full.

This gifted young clergyman was not indeed very manly in his person, but he was pretty. He had black hair that curled in ringlets all over his head, and fell down on his elegant shoulders. His eyes were not black, but they were pretty, and their lashes were black and as long and beautiful as ever were a girl's. His face was pretty, especially with such whiskers as he wore. His mouth was round, and his lips ruddy; his chin, of course, wore a cunning little dimple to match a pair of dimples on his cheeks. He wore a wide and snowy dickey without a neckcloth or cravat. He had gold spectacles, which all perceived he prized; and he seemed to judge that he could not have been ministerial without the large white handkerchief which he waved. His dress was in perfect style; his elocution was elegant, his gestures were so tasty and well-timed, that shrewd Anna Logan suggested they were all made to match before he left his closet; and he had come from college, and what had he to fear?

He appeared to know his audience at first sight, and

he trusted much to his choice and treatment of subjects for success. For his first sermon I must say he had an excellent text. It was this: "If the first-fruits be holy, the lump is also holy; and if the root be holy, so are the branches." His explanation of the figure, first-fruits, was so original and striking, I remember it, and remember also how the intelligent portion of the audience smiled as they heard it, and what a stream of warm compliments he drew from their smiles. "This, my friends, is a very simple and a very beautiful figure when it is understood," said he, with the prettiest gesture of his left hand, and a flourish of his handkerchief with his right,—"very beautiful; and it is necessary that I should explain it to you. It is taken from the first fruits of the orchard. The first fruits are the first apples that fall from the trees before their time, in August or September: *you* call them *wind-falls*."

His second sermon was still more wonderful to many. He made frequent references to the interests of Merrimack, and frequent appeals to the people, rich and poor. He revelled and rested on the musical sounds of his voice, as I have heard a fine canary. He put his hand on his heart; he rolled his eyes to heaven, and their dark, long lashes lay far up on his brows; he paced and courtesied in the most elegant attitudes; he talked of white-vested angels and their starry lyres; of Paradise and its jeweled walks and amaranthine bowers. He declared that the blest would eat manna and drink ambrosia in heaven. The flowers and trees, the stars and mountains, were woven into webs of soft and smooth and radiant speech.

And all this eloquence he called to his aid, with all the pretty gestures "made to match," to show forth his views of the "Mission of Labor." But, after all, there were many who were not won by his sermons. His eloquence was too exuberant, his gestures far too nice and neat. His ideas were not true to life. He did indeed tell us that the pyramids of Egypt, the halls of Montezuma, and the granite shaft on Bunker Hill, were all monuments of labor: that Franklin learned a trade, and Sarah Martin was a milliner; and he doubted not that our great Martha Washington had turned cheeses and spun flax and wool. He knew many wealthy ladies who were not ashamed to take in sewing and knitting from the shops. But somehow he failed, as Mr. Snowden would not have done, to deduce from these names and facts anything to inspire us with pride and honor for our calling. We felt, as we trusted his representations, that labor with them was but a dreaded necessity—a stepping-stone to honorable engagements, and nothing of which they were by any means proud. We thought it was no honor to the wealthy ladies whom he mentioned, for, according to his preaching, they did not labor with an honorable aim. He rather patronized labor, and apologized for it, than vindicated its ministry and honor. It was more on the submission and contentment of the worker than an appeal to our manhood and womanhood, or to our self-respect. It would have separated, and not united the employer and employed.

Some, however, admired Mr. Prettyman greatly,—"he was *so* eloquent!"—"so beautiful!"—"so full of stars

and gems!"—while, for many of the girls, he was the subject of a good hour's mirth.

"And tell me, tell me—did ever ye hear such a preacher?" cried Anna Logan, as she sat down with us in Mrs. Dorlon's parlor, after church. "And were ye ever treated to such a sweet dish of pinks and posies afore?"

"I thought he was truly eloqu'nt," replied Miss Mumby; "and how sweetly his glasses become him!"

"Mercy!" cried I, "do you call that eloquence—that florid stuff? What was it after all but perfumes more sickening than wilted lilacs?—flowers without beauty—foam without a spoonful of wine? What sensible thing did he utter?—what idea that was true or practical? Mr. Snowden has enough in his head to set up a dozen such dandies."

"That indeed he has!" added Anna Logan.

"But how you talk, Mercy Winthrop!" replied Miss Mumby. "I am sure Mr. Snowden has no gestures but such as a gawky would make—shaking his hand above his head, or smiting the pulpit sometimes with his fist. And, beside this, they are too angular, as Newton Puffit says. And you know his voice ain't half so beautiful as Mr. Prettyman's; and Mr. Prettyman has such a sweet mouth, and holds his handkerchief so gracefully! I'd rather sit under him than a hundred Snowdens. I really hope they'll settle Mr. Prettyman. I shall freeze to ice if Mr. Snowden concludes to stay."

"I will sign twenty-five dollars to get Dr. Prettyman," said a gentleman, who entered the room at that moment, full of the eloquence of the day. "Dr. Prettyman is *the*

man for Merrimack. I b'lieve he's a D.D.—ain't he, Mrs. Dorlon? He's the man for Merrimack. We want a minister that'll wake us all up and fill our church. Dr. Prettyman could do that thing! He's ben to college, and they're all carried away with him in Boston. He expects invitations from Salem, Springfield, and Newburyport. He says there's a bare possibility that he may be induced to settle in Merrimack, for he likes the climate, and does not dislike the folks. We must have a *pasture* that's in demand, and has a *repitition* abroad."

"And did ye say 'pasture?'" asked Anna Logan, as her shrewd ear caught the mistake. "Did ye say, '*pasture?*' Then pray, sir, don't be giving us pastures of pinks and posies. I'd sooner feed among thistles, and I *would* surely."

"Sheriff Keezle says, 'if we'll get Dr. Prettyman here,' says he, 'to *preach* the reel gosspil,' says he, 'and have no more niggerism, or striped-pig preaching, or women's rights, nor any more o' that sort o' slosh in our pulpit, he'll sign a hundred dollars himself, and furnish the minister a horse and carriage whenever he wants to ride.' And *I—tell—you*, Mrs. Dorlon, there arnt no use o' getting one of your scrub-oak preachers into our mahogany pulpit, there arnt."

"We've not heard a clergyman for a year," said one young lady, "whose voice pleased me half so well as Mr. Prettyman's. And he's rightly named, he is *a sweet pretty man.* And I've heard before that the Keezles are very fond of him. That is a great deal, after all, to have their sanction and support. He puts up at Sheriff Keezle's, and report says he and Clara correspond. A sweeter

voice I think I never heard. How gracefully he clasped his hands in prayer."

"And did you ever hear such a prayer as he makes?" asked the gentleman of Miss Mumby.

"Never indeed!" replied Anna, snatching the answer from Miss Mumby's mouth.

"I don't praise prayers very often," continued the gentleman; "they are too solemn a thing to praise. But I will say, that first prayer this afternoon was the greatest prayer that was ever made to a Merrimack audience!"

"I can say as much, for it was made to the audience, and not to the Lord," replied Anna Logan.

"Well, there's no 'counting for tastes; and we ought'nt to criticise prayers; but if Dr. Prettyman can't pray Parson Snowden into an ampasand, I'm no judge of good praying, that's all."

"Well, a sweeter voice I never heard," replied Miss Mumby.

"Too sweet, altogether, for a plain taste like mine," said I.

"And too sweet for mine," added Anna Logan. "I don't like a man all honey and flowers. I want some brown bread and butter, and slaw, and baked beans, and that sort of every-day fare, and not have new-year's knick-knacks for ever."

"But he took such an interest in operatives," answered Miss Mumby.

"Yes, and he put all that on for the occasion, hoping we would have him for our minister," interrupted Anna. "That was all blarney, as you say of us Irish. His man-

ner showed what it was. An interest? What do we want of such interest? He would apologize for us, just as if we were ashamed of working in a mill, and must have excuses for being caught with our hands at a trade. We don't want a minister that takes us all for fools."

"You are right, Anna," said I. "If a minister comes to Merrimack and would speak of our industries, let him take his silk gloves off, and lay away his glasses, and eschew nonsense; and talk like a man. Let him charge us to fulfil our great duties, and honor our vocation. Let him not speak of labor as if, like vice, it pleaded extenuation. Let him not instance Franklin at his press, Washington at his plough, and queens and ladies at their needles, as apologies for labor, and honoring it. Let him say, rather, that labor honored them. Let him show, if we are true to ourselves and it, how it will honor us, and get respect for us."

"Wal, something must be done pretty quick," said the gentleman, "or we shall lose pew rent, and have to put our hands in our pockets again, or make up deficiencies by assessments. I'm tired of Snowden's hobbies, specially his temperance hobby; he's wore that out and out. And 'ta'int gosspil. As Sheriff Keezle says, Saint Paul advised Christians to take a little liquor for the stomach's sake; and Paul took a drop himself now and then, Keezle says, and had to take it, to keep up his spirits, and keep off the ager in the marshes of Greece and Rome; and going to Rome, Paul patronized three taverns in a single morning, Keezle says, and he'll prove it from the book of Acts. We can't afford to lose such families as

the Keezles, Puffits, and Pinchbecks. Sheriff Keezle says he won't stand such things any longer, he says; nor he won't give his money, he says, for such kind of preaching. Nor he won't go there to meeting, he says, if they get back Snowden. He'll tear out his quishions fust, and nail up his pew and fat his hogs in it. Puffit, too, is out with Snowden, 'cause he preached on the Widow's Cry, and give that imprudent Hickory Hall sermon. Something's got to be done quickly, or we shall run all down. And I say, and Sheriff Keezle says, and so says Newton Puffit, and Milton Pinchbeck, that A. Sweet Prettyman, (I wish his name wasn't quite so sweet though) is the man for us."

But the impressions of Anna Logan were so general among the operatives, and the best families of the congregation, that the Rev. Mr. Prettyman was not invited to preach there again that season. Then there was a sigh that Mr. Snowden was permitted to resign so suddenly, and a clamor for his return. But the separation was endless. He found a more faithful people than many of his old charge, and the only comfort we could obtain was by settling the minister who reminded us most of our plain old pastor. With him, both Derby and myself were pleased, and I continued to attend that church.

XXVI.

I WILL now detain the reader with a brief account of my brothers, and of friends whom I have not recently mentioned. I visited my brothers twice a year, and they visited me in Merrimack, passed through the mills, and made free acquaintance with factory life. Jesse continued to find an indulgent uncle and easy times. He took an aversion to a trade while young, and he was not compelled to learn one. This was a great misfortune. He had mechanical talent; he would have made a machinist, had his ambition been prompted a little, and his manhood aroused and encouraged. A trade would have given him more force of character, and made him more independent.

But his will was left like a garden-pea, unhoed, and with no bush to climb. It appeared vigorous at first, but before the first blossom broke, it ceased to grow upward, and, drooping, ran in a narrow circle on the ground. In the same way his thoughts and tastes were neglected, and now he was almost as childish as at ten, and without manly aims or resolutions. He had sometimes tended my uncle's shop, eating as much candy as he sold. He had held a flag at the railway crossing. He had curried

horses and run on errands for stable-keepers. He worked a little on a farm, hammered a little in a blacksmith shop, rowed boat for pleasure parties on the lake, went on mackerel voyages, drove horse for ice-cutters, and just when he had a notion, attended school.

He was still most amiable—a finer or tenderer heart never beat in human bosom; but it was an amiability which made every little bargain out of pocket, ran itself out of breath to get the name of being a good fellow, did everybody's errands for nothing, sacrificed his own mind and interest to give everybody a lift, to agree with everybody and make him easier, happier, and more independent than himself.

And at the climax of this disposition, he had, of course, to be married, before he was nineteen. Mary Jane Felt was poor and unfriended, like himself, and she had such an unkind mistress, and so hard a lot, she excited my brother's sympathy, and he fancied it would seat her on a flowery bank in paradise, to marry her; and the sooner the union was consummated, after she was sixteen, and the sooner she took her translation, the sweeter and more enduring would be that little cosy heaven which they would both enjoy. Mary Jane was in raptures to be assured of such a dear world of bliss, and they were married, and now they had so much love and leisure they were content to live in the smallest shanty of a house, without an extra bed, or three suits of apparel, or a taste for sensible books, or one great spiritual view or intellectual pleasure; and were jocund as a nest of wrens or robins.

I still loved Jesse, and his shanty would have been pleasant as a palace to me had it been his own and the best that manly endeavors could procure. I loved my sister Mary. How could I help loving a creature so affectionate and happy? I loved them both tenderly, but was grieved to see how their minds and hearts had been neglected, what low views of life they entertained, how much of their being was in the senses, while streams of spiritual life were flowing from their souls undirected and ungathered; and in what meshes of slavery, need, vexation, and grief, they found themselves entangled.

I visited Walter, and found that my aunt persisted in following out the course she had commenced with the poor boy. And reared amid such influences, who can wonder that Walter gave so few indications of manly life? Like a leaf on a stream as he was, who can wonder that he followed the whirl of every eddy? Allowed to associate with vicious boys of superior individual power, who can wonder that these held him in their influence, and stamped their image on his character?

I continued to love Walter even more than I did Jesse. He was the baby whose sweet neck my father kissed the last morning on which we tasted the blessing of a father's love. He was the little milk-white dove my mother would have carried in her bosom to heaven, and whom I had so often pressed to a heart that yearned to absorb him. His still increasing beauty touched me, and how I grieved when I found that I could not snatch him from the whirlpool which I feared already held him in its unsuspected tide!

I enjoyed several of my visits to Walter quite well; but the last time I was in Danvers I spent in tears, while I carried home a burden of sorrow. Walter had too much judgment not to possess a keen sense of right and wrong. He was naturally intelligent, but, as I have said, his will was weak, and he followed every current and eddy near which he happened to float; and while I was seating myself, on my last visit there, a neighbor came in and informed my aunt that my brother and three other boys had been stealing money from merchant Sudbury's drawer. The words went like daggers to my heart. Those innocent hands did not look as if they could steal, and, though I may have been very wrong, I could not persuade myself to believe that others had not enticed him. What to do, I did not know. Forgiveness of the crime did not soothe my anguish, whilst I could not feel assured that this was his last transgression. I would willingly have seen him shackled and taken to prison for a year, if I could have believed that punishment would reform him.

Walter ran in pale and trembling with guilt and terror, threw himself into my arms, and declared that it was the first crime he ever committed. He knew it was no excuse for him that he had been strongly enticed, and he even concealed that fact from us, whilst he frankly confessed all he did, and pleaded that we might not grieve so for him. He did not care what they did with him, if we would be more cheerful, and take his promise of doing better in the future. Intended truth was ever a prominent trait in Walter, and I believed that he would

strive to keep his promise; but I knew that his spirit was too weak.

It was a day of sorrow and mourning. But Mr. Sudbury heard the truth of the case, and came in with an excuse for Walter, and said he was welcome to the few shillings if he would never steal again. Before I left, I took my brother alone and pleaded with him to try harder than ever to be a man. I promised to assist him in every good endeavor, and in every trouble. I left him a little money, wiped away his tears, and parted from him, cheered by a trembling hope. I kept looking back for another and another sight of his dear face, and Walter's eyes followed me until I passed behind the hills.

During that visit I saw the Crazy Juror again, and he fancied that he had just invented a perpetual motion, the profits of which would enable him to fill the world with schoolhouses and asylums, and give every poor orphan money enough to raise him above want, and keep him from temptation. How I did wish that his wild fancy could be true!

On my return to Merrimack, I thought of George Milbank's error, and how I felt towards him for the offence at Friend Buxtons', and merchant Sudbury's example gave me a keen rebuke.

Before I returned, I should not forget to say I also visited Friend Buxton's family, and was present at Hannah's wedding. I went over three or four days before that happy event was consummated, and heard from Hannah's own lips the story of her courtship.

"Then you have concluded to marry young, they tell

me, Hannah, and not to wait as long as you used to say you would," said I, as I sat down with her in her chamber after tea. "I conclude, of course, that your heart has found its chosen mate; and who may he be? A Friend, I dare say."

"Yes, a Friend indeed, I trust," replied Hannah. "His name is Seth Parvin. Thee's seen his father and mother at yearly meeting, Mercy; they are Dexter people. For a while they were for travelling with Robert Barclay, may-be thee remembers to have heard, and rejecting Elias Hicks' testimonies because he travelled too fast. Thee never saw Seth, I think, for he was never here till thee went to Merrimack.

"I saw him, for the first time, at yearly meeting in Lynn, and I feared I never should be able to commune with him in a very friendly way. He seemed to be a gazer, and I thought that the Spirit burned low in his heart. We had a solemn time. The heaviness of death seemed to rest on the assembly, and a Friend proposed that after the business was over, the men and women should sit together, and strive by mutual prayer to relieve ourselves of the load. Then we had a season that was satisfactory to every one, I think, but me.

"Seth Parvin sat near me, and while by a glance I perceived he was comely and gracious about his face and mouth, I did not like the worldly gazing that he indulged in He gazed at me, and I was disturbed, and my communion was destroyed. I thought as I left meeting I would never like to see him again. But does thee believe me, Mercy? that very night both he and his parents

came over to our house to tarry. We spoke to each other, and he was very forward for a new acquaintance.

"I went into the garden to train a young rose, and directly he came out and professed to think the garden looked pleasant to him. Then he brought flowers to me, and asked their names, and stood gazing into my face awhile, each time, after I had given him my answers. Then he asked to walk by my side; I thought I must be friendly, and took his arm and walked with him a few minutes. He pointed out different scenes in the landscape, and said they pleased him, and he should like to dwell in such a home as ours. Then he told me about Dexter, and the woods around it and waters in sight, and of his pleasant home and comely acres. Then he asked me whose testimonies I preferred, Elias Hicks' or Robert Barclay's. I answered, Elias Hicks'. He said he agreed with me now, but once he travelled with Robert Barclay.

"Then he asked me if I thought poetry was [illegible] lous to read. I answered, George Byron's is too [illegible] and so is Thomas Moore's, and Nathaniel W[illegible] Nathaniel's scripture poems are frivolous, for [illegible] that man to make even good paraphrases of scripture scenes and characters, which are so much bettor as we find them in the bible. These I consider frivolous, but did thee ever read Bernard Barton's, Mary Howitt's and John Whittier's verses? I asked. He answered that he had read them often. So have I, said I, and they are good and suitable reading. Then I find, answered he, that our views are harmonious, and I would like to ask, if thee would not think it suitable and proper for us to

set our affections on one another. I was amazed by the question, and told him plainly, that I feared we could'nt walk together as the kindly affectioned should. I left him in much confusion, and ran into my chamber and wept. We met again at tea and breakfast, and exchanged farewells when they departed; but I had no will to see him any more.

"After a while, I met him again at yearly meeting in Newburyport. It was a solid satisfactory season, and I found my affections much drawn out. Several saw their way clear to bear testimony with great power. Seth Parvin sat in silence till all had spoken, and I did not see him indulge in one worldly gaze. Then he rose and spoke. He spoke against standing still in Zion, and apart from the interests of the sinful and suffering world. He spoke for the prisoner and slave. He spoke for peace and good will among nations and men. He looked [illegible]lier to me than ever before. My prejudices van[illegible]heart was drawn towards him. I said to [illegible] the Lord and thee are willing, I can call thee [illegible] own.'

[illegible] shook hands after meeting, and I suppose he saw that my views were changed. He asked me, that afternoon, to walk with him. I consented. He said he felt that it would be proper for us to exchange the single for the married state, and asked if I could not travel with him now. I answered that such a thing might be. And be his wife? I gave him a rose I held in my hand, and he took my silence for assent. Our promises were exchanged, and our union has been perfected. Thee must

stay, Mercy, and see our marriage accomplished at a solemn meeting of Friends next First day."

I staid and saw her marriage accomplished, with Seth Parvin, of Dexter, and *I* thought him very comely, and in every way suited to be Hannah Buxton's husband.

XXVII.

I RETURNED to Merrimack, and as I entered Mrs. Dorlon's parlor, I was surprised with unexpected news. Several friends were there to welcome me, and every face announced the news with smiles of joy before a word was spoken. It concerned Neal Derby. He had been suddenly called to Boston, and what could I imagine it was for? I could not imagine, and they told me an uncle of his had died and left him fifty thousand dollars. "What do I hear?" cried I. The words were repeated.

"It is true—true as the bible," added Miss Mumby; "and now you'll be a great lady, as Neal's last words were, 'Mercy shall be a lady, for I will make her one.'"

"No more of a lady than she is now, I'm sure," replied Anna Logan, with a flash of innocent anger. "What indeed can a few dollars do,—what can fifty thousand do, pray tell me, Miss Mumby, to make more of a lady of Mercy, or gentleman of Neal?"

"I hope it will not make a fool of her," said George Milbank, who happened to be in.

And though I liked his words well enough, and he appeared better to me that afternoon than ever before, I secretly inquired, "What business have you with our affairs?"

"There's a great deal in wealth to make a true and happy lady, after all," replied Miss Mumby, "and I wish I had it and was above tending looms in a cotton-mill."

They said I turned pale, and I believe it, for I quivered like a poplar leaf, and sat down, unable to answer a single word, while another of our acquaintance came in, and, dropping a low courtesy, "wished me a world of joy." Whereupon Anna Logan cried, "If Alice were rich, I do believe she would want no mortal body to go to heaven who was too poor to wear silks and jewels, and go up there in the first-class cars. That kurchey, Mercy, was for your riches, and not for yourself, I know. None 's gladder'n I that Neal's to get such a pile of gold, and I wish you the sweetest joy; but tell me this—wouldn't I be insulting a friend to suppose she could feel herself more of a lady,—in the proudest home that gold can buy,—than she has been? It's the clever heart, Miss Olive,—it's the knowing mind, and the knack of thinking handsome thoughts, and acting the good, and noble woman, that makes your finest lady of all."

My color returned in blushes for Anna's extravagant praise, but it all went again when Mrs. Dorlon came in with her Martha Washington airs, and repeated the news with congratulations. For a moment I felt like a ninny; then one single pulse of pride shot through me; then I feared and gasped and trembled, and then all thoughts seemed to desert my poor throbbing brain. I sat and rocked and rubbed my forehead and gazed on the floor, then I rose and thanked them for their joy and good wishes, hoping, if such should ever be my fortune, I might

make good use of it. I gave Anna a wet cheek and a warm kiss, and went away sobbing to my chamber. Some of the company were surprised by my conduct, while Anna's blue eyes kindled, and her impulsive and too partial heart prompted her to say, "I told ye Miss Winthrop was a born lady."

I threw myself on my bed, and, burying my face in my pillow, relieved my feelings with a flood of tears. Why I felt precisely as I did, I could not tell. The affliction at Danvers had left me in the melting mood, yet why should I not now weep for joy?

There was joy in my tears (I speak it not in self-praise; heaven knows how imperfect I was in christian love, having the impulse often instead of the principle;) but if I know my own heart, I was glad of the prospect of having more power to relieve affliction and enlarge my resources of knowledge; and I rejoiced at the idea of adding to the testimony of others whom I knew, my own witness that the truly affluent are lowly and loving as the poor, and feel humbled, rather than exalted, by the responsibility of worldly wealth.

After that, for an hour, I believe, I set my dull fancy to work, and built a pretty air-castle or two, and figured myself at its door distributing alms to the poor, or receiving them to its refuge, or something of the kind; and this prompts me now to consider how much easier it is for fancy to plan fine charities, and deceive us with the dream that we are doing this and that benevolent thing for the needy, than for the will and hand to accomplish what we plan or dream.—And I rejoiced for other reasons, yet grief

mingled with my joy, stirred up the springs of feeling, and filled my eyes again with tears. With small discernment I knew Derby better than he knew himself. I knew what a fine mechanic he was, and how happy he had been at his trade. I thought of the fifty thousand cares and responsibilities his fortune would give him. I thought of the fifty thousand temptations it would offer, the fifty thousand drops of fiery intoxication it would pour upon his soul, and the firmness he needed and the strength of mind and heart it would require to sustain himself now; and from the sadness of these thoughts, I know it would have been a joyful relief to hear that it was all a misunderstanding or a dream.

I was soon called to tea, but remained on my pillow. Anna Logan was sent up with tea and biscuit: I drank the tea, and asked her to pray for Derby and myself. A soft, sweet prayer from Anna's pure heart ascended to heaven and soothed me, and I felt better. I then desired to see Derby. I felt that I could not wait till he returned, to unburden my heart of its pressing emotions. I dreamed that night that he was directed to open a chest for his fortune, and whilst doing it a butterfly flew out and alighted on the lid; then it grew to a beautiful woman with wings, clasped him, bore him up to the clouds, and dropped him, to be dashed to the dust.

XXVIII.

Derby was expected home on the next morning, but he did not return until after the fourth day, and the time seemed an age to me, so great was my desire to exchange with him the burden of our hearts. But during his absence I felt the assistance of Anna's prayer, and enjoyed a serenity which I had feared I might not maintain. I worked on as usual, singing my old songs at my looms, and enjoying the various fancies which that sudden turn of romance had set flocking through my mind.

Derby returned and called for me at Mrs. Dorlon's, expecting to meet me in a transport of joy, and was much surprised to hear I had taken the event so coolly, and woven my tasks of cotton the same as before. He had imagined that my joy would keep me away from my looms. It was an hour before I was rung to supper, and he could hardly restrain the impulse which prompted him to run to me. Yet, if I was so cool as to work in the mill on such a day, he would be cool enough not to meet me there. He said he would return in the evening, and went to his boarding-house.

In the evening we met, and our meeting was quite happy. Derby rejoiced, even with tears, to inform me

that the fifty thousand was certainly his own, and I had far more joy than grief that night. I rejoiced to exchange with him fresh assurances of love. I rejoiced to see him so happy. Yet, I managed to maintain the serenity which he saw in me three weeks ago, and, although he should have known me too well to suppose I could change my nature on such an occasion, and so suddenly, he was amazed at the indifference with which I regarded the event. He invited me to walk, and disclosed to me his purposes. I discovered that he was greatly excited. His uncle's large bequest had given him feelings and ideas of happiness and greatness, which I feared were the romance of passion, and not the reality of principle or good sense. I replied to him frankly, reproving his extravagance, cautioning his judgment, and tempering down the heated ardors of his mind. He charged me with too cold a heart, and too much of a calculating nature. But our reproofs were all given in love, and we returned from our walk with renewed attachments, which we solemnly vowed that death alone should sever.

I returned, however, with the determination to continue at my looms until our marriage. I conceived it the part of a true woman to resist the spirit which I feared might exalt my friend above the true balance of his being. I was but one of many in Merrimack who loved employment,—who admired examples of labor. I needed still more of its discipline. I needed its wages, if not for myself, for my destitute brothers; if not for them, for a hundred sufferers around me. Suppose I became mistress of all that wealth, what more could I be than an humble

stewardess of God? And since for much given to me much would be required, when could I ever be free from needs? and when might plenty turn my hand from that labor which could earn food and raiment for some poor child of God? I confess, at this hour, I can see that my sentimentality (as I suspect some may call it) appears a little extravagant, but so I felt and fancied then, and it was no merit of my own that I did, for my mother instilled these things into my young heart, and the Buxtons fixed them there. I said to myself, "I will not waste a day; I will return to my work to-morrow; I will add to my earnings, and prepare for every future day, which, how affluent and happy soever, must be a day of need."

But Derby would have kept me from the mill. He confessed that he had a right to be proud of his wealth, and his pride was wounded by my course. *He* would take a recreation, and when he returned to employment, it should be that of a manufacturer; or, he would build a villa, and spend his time overseeing the decoration of its grounds. It would pain and mortify him, he said, to think of my working in the mill whilst he was enjoying his delightful leisure. He would rather be married immediately, and place me in a splendid mansion, or take me on a tour of the lakes, or of Europe, if I would consent to the honorable change. He commanded me to quit the mill forever.

Perhaps I was foolish—perhaps I did wrong in not submitting to one or two of his wishes, and obeying this last command. But I was not ready for marriage. The day had been set a full year ahead—it was fixed and con-

secrated in my heart, and I could not consent to change it—whilst I felt that I must be more of a woman before I could be a true and happy wife. I was firm, and very likely obstinate, and we parted. We parted in kindness, exchanging once more the fondest assurances of love; yet we were both grieved by the necessity of such a difference. Derby quitted his trade without ceremony, parted with his old companions, and commenced boarding at the Merrimack House, whilst I gave an eager heart to my old occupation.

A few friends were surprised by my course, and suggested that it might be hazardous, as I might fret away the delicate cord which bound Derby to me. I was offended by the suggestion. If that cord were so easily fretted as they feared, it was best, was it not, to sunder it now, although it might tear my heart? If there were the possibility of change, how much better for me to discover it now whilst he and I were free! I made no answer to such words.

Derby's fortune gave him character with many who looked down upon him before, and admitted him to circles in which he had never expected, if he desired, to appear. There was real romance in the event which changed his life (cold and prosaic as he said I was, even I could discern it;) that romance lay around his existence now as the shimmering iris of beauty lies on a summer landscape, when kindled to the softest and warmest glow by the mild midday sun: it gathered admirers around him; and how could he resist the charms of fashion and pleasure which they offered?

We were invited to splendid parties; we attended three or four in company. I was pleased with some of my new acquaintances, though I liked my old friends best. Derby improved in personal appearance every day. A month's leisure with more generous living ennobled his manly air and countenance, and he was a star and a centre of attraction wherever he appeared. He was intoxicated with splendor and delight. I saw it the first evening we were out together to a party; and the flatteries which fanned him, and the attentions which he engrossed, broke up the balance of his mind.

XXIX.

The second party we attended, after Derby received his fortune, was at Sheriff Keezle's! the very last place I would have gone to a year ago. I went to Clara's party, and as we all have excuses for our little inconsistencies I must be permitted to offer one for going there. It was not on my own, but Neal's account. By yielding to his wishes on this occasion, I hoped to lead him by my own on another; and temper the spirit of his romance a little, and restore the balance of his better life. If I failed of my object, the more was my fortune or misfortune. If I lost my bird by going with him so far from the cage and indulging his gay flittings, my error was undesigned as it was unselfish.

I have barely alluded to Sheriff Keezle's residence. It was a villa of a mixed Grecian and Gothic style, rising from an enclosure of twenty acres, and overlooking the city with a splendid view. There was something rather imposing in the aspect of the house as we approached it, notwithstanding the vulgar mixture of styles which we observed, and the look of counterfeit richness and specious beauty which everywhere appeared. We perceived at a glance that it was new, although buried in green bowery

and pretending to vast antiquity; and that it was built of pine and hemlock chiefly, although it displayed as real free-stone as paint and sand could make. Still its pointed gables, its dusky porch, its dormer windows, and wings outspread among dark trees, engaged my fancy, and a thought ran through my head that if I married Neal, and we built a house, we would have something quite as fine. The grounds, the trees, the evening, charmed me, and I entered the house prepared to make as much of the party as I could.

Our hosts were in their happiest mood. As I looked up on the proud Sheriff, although he was dressed superbly, I at first thought of the alabaster image in Salem Museum, with its bald, flattened head, and its great shiny lump of a face. Then the "Mount Vernon Shades" passed before me; then I let by-gones be by-gones, and received his gallant attentions. As I met Clara arrayed in her brocade and jewelry I remembered where most of the money was made which purchased them, and of the sewing she had done for Hickory Hall, to enrich their splendor. Perhaps these were envious thoughts, but I could not help them any more than I could those which beset me as Newton Puffit and his daughter entered. But I endeavored to suppress them, and enjoy what I could of the company and the night.

Soon after I met these magnates, I was happily surprised to see Mr. Olney and his lady enter, and I fancied they were surprised, if not slightly offended with themselves for being there; and then who should come in, but Lawyer Aiken and his wife, with George Milbank, who had formed a slight acquaintance with the Sheriff at Mr.

Aiken's office, and could not refuse an invitation, which he had not expected to receive. A large company was in attendance. I had the honor for the first time of meeting Prof. Bounce the dancing-master, and he looked as though he had just stepped out of a band-box,—so finely was he dressed—and squared every attitude, and swept every gesture by some rule of grace or line of beauty. Gen. Buzbee was there, in the bravest bearing, and most gallant smiles. Dr. Mushroom, inventor and proprietor of the Passamaquoddy Mixture and Killorcurcall Pills, with his wife and two daughters, came floating and glittering in as from some enchanted hall. They were followed by Mr. Washington Pinchbeck, and one or two mill-owners with their ladies, besides many others, whom I need not particularly name.

I heard it frequently asserted, that the Keezle villa was never before set out in more brilliant order. It was past the season of roses, and yet the scent of these favorite flowers regaled us on every hand. There was a profusion of light in splendid lamps, and in all the colors of the rainbow, glittering and flaming upon us. Yellow and crimson in brass and satin adorned the windows. The carpets were more florid than a garden of hollyhocks and marigolds. Busts of Washington and Lafayette, Franklin and Webster, adorned the mantelpieces, and pictures of French beauties in lithograph smiled charmingly from the walls. The sofas, chairs, and ottomans blushed in crimson velvet, and I dare say the mantels would have been yellow or crimson too if marbles of these colors could have been found. The tables were loaded with costly

luxuries which surprised my most romantic expectations, and there were wines and cordials in one room for the temperate, and the choicest foreign liquors in another for those who indulged a social glass.

As soon as he entered the parlor, the Rev. Mr. Prettyman discharged his protest against the sinful fashion of dancing, and, when urged to taste a glass of wine, or something stronger, he replied that it would be unministerial in him so much as to taste what others might most properly enjoy; but he would respect the hospitality of the house enough to step into the other room and enjoy a glass of cherry cordial, or raspberry syrup. He took a second glass of each during the evening, as there was only sufficient alcohol in them to preserve their flavor, and they were so choice and fine.

This gentleman had a social word for many of the guests. He was greatly taken up with little Carl Keezle, and bantered him, took him on his lap, and told him stories. "This little lad must be a minister when he becomes a man," said Mr. Prettyman.

"No I won't, sir; pa says I may be a lawyer, or keep a big hotel," answered little Carl, twining his leg around Mr. Prettyman's, and tossing the clergyman's hand up and down on his knee.

"What, my handsome fellow, would'nt you like to be a minister?"

"No, sir, I guess I should'nt like to be a minister; ministers gets talked about, and has too many fusses."

"Not good and prudent ministers, my dear."

"Mr. Snowden gets talked about, and some call him good."

"But ministers have such a pleasant, happy life, my boy, I know you would like to be one."

"No, sir-*ee*, I jest would'nt, neither," answered little Carl.

"Not if you could have all the best people for your friends?"

"No, *sir*."

"Not if you could always be given the best room where you went, and sleep on the softest feather-bed, and take the liberty of all the fine house?"

"*No, sir*!"

"Not to have chickens for every meal, and live on cake and pie?"

"No, not for chickens, and cakes and pies. I get 'em every day now, and we're going to have ducks and smelts to-morrow, and venison next day."

"Not to get two thousand dollars a year, and have presents of cloaks, gowns, slippers, lounges, easy chairs and the like, and know how many love you?"

"Not I. I'd ruther be a lawyer, and talk sauce to witnesses, and make great speeches and get rich; or keep a big hotel, and have my sweet juleps and cigars, as papa did in the 'Shades," said little Carl, patting Mr. Prettyman playfully on the cheek, and dancing away into another room, while the gentle divine turned and contemplated Miss Clarissa's charms with attentions which reminded me of the famous Ichabod Crane, Esq., once prin-

cipal of Sleepy Hollow School, whom Mr. Irving describes as ogling Miss Van Tassel

Mr. Olney seemed to be out of his sphere that night, and what the rest of the company lacked in sense, he made up in tart humor and impatient wit. Mrs Keezle remarked, that "he must have dined on razors, he was so dreadful keen." He gave Neal Derby a shot or two which brought the red blood to his forehead, and seemed to pierce him through, whilst they wounded me deeply I thought he might have spared Neal a little longer, and seen how he passed his trial. He was kind and smiling to me, (for which I did not thank him,) but the most he said to me was in a whisper, that he was glad I had not been disposed to show myself a fool.

They had grand music, and scarcely any thing but waltzes were danced the whole night. There were groups engaged in conversation, and groups enjoying lighter and louder pleasure. Mr. Puffit at last became weary of dancing, and took a seat by Neal Derby, and proposed a play. Several persons were sitting near, and one proposed one thing, and another, another. Neal said, "Let us have Charades." Lawyer Aiken proposed "the good old-fashioned Trencher, which they used to roll at country quiltings in New Hampshire, after they had danced out their stocking feet on the sanded floor." George Milbank proposed Proverbs. Mr. Puffit inquired the character of that play, and George explained: "Form a circle of all the room but one. Send one out for a moment; take some familiar proverb, give a word of it to each individual in the circle, then lead in the absent person, present him to

the individual having the first word, and let him go around the circle in the way the sentence runs. He asks each one a question; the person replies, and in that reply returns his word. He guesses the word, and studies out the proverb from the answers they give. If he gets it, he triumphs and sits down; if he fails, he goes out again. If any one reveals the proverb by the answer, he has to go out," &c.

They soon understood the play, Neal was sent out and several proverbs were proposed. Mr. Pinchbeck offered one: "*Out of fashion, out of the world.*" Gen. Buzbee offered another: "*Faint heart never won fair lady.*" Newton Puffit offered another: "*Money buys what talents fail to win.*" These were rejected, and George Milbank proposed one: "*He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.*" This was accepted, and distributed; Neal was led in and guessed it on George's own answer, from the emphasis he accidentally laid on the word "thrive." George went out, and a number of proverbs were proposed, which were not accepted, and Lawyer Aiken proposed a Latin one that he fancied they could give in pretty good English answers. It was "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" He suggested that the one having the word "*gloria,*" should end it with an *ah*, in the manner of street preachers. A gay laugh rang out; the proverb was given, and George returned and began his questions. "Well, Miss Puffit, whom do you prefer as an author, Mrs. Rowson or Frederika Bremer?"

"Mrs. Rowson, of course. What do I know about

Frederick Bremer, when I never read *his* works? You must be *sick* to ask me such a question," replied Arabella, with a triumphant toss of her splendid head, while some laughed at the success of her answer, and others at her mistake.

George reviewed the answer, and passed to Lawyer Aiken. "What do you find in that book to interest you?"

"O, I was looking over some of these astronomical tables, and seeing when we should have another change of the moon, or *transit* of the planets," replied that gentleman.

George reviewed the answer, and passed to the next. "Miss Winthrop, did you notice the fields as you cam here to-night? were they not fine?"

"Very," said I, "but not so fine as the sky; it was so clear, and soft, and full of gloria."

"Gloria,—Glori-*ah*?" said George: "what can that mean? 'You must be *sick*,'—'Changes of the moon,'—'Glori-ah.' 'Sick'—'changes'—'glori-ah.' O, ho! I shall not have to wait till Monday to guess that proverb; I have it, 'Sic transit gloria mundi;' but I did not expect a Latin proverb."

After a while, proverbs lost interest, and conversation ensued. Mr. Puffit related a conversation he had with a man who quoted to him, "In Adam's fall we sinned all," as scripture, and after enjoying the laugh he excited, he said, "*I* told him he would find *that* scripture in Alexander Pope's works."

"Then you had forgotten your old primer," said Milbank, with a roguish smile, at the gentleman's mistake.

"It is in the primer, isn't it? I swow, I thought it was Pope's. But let's have another dance. 'Come and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe,' as Grimalkin says in Macbeth."

"Why, Mr. Puffit, Jim Allerkin did'nt write that poetry, Jason Mushroom wrote it last winter for a motto on our ball tickets," interrupted Clara Keezle, with surprise.

"You're mistaken there, Cad," said Arabella Puffit; "Jason didn't write it, he borrowed it from a piece in my album, which Arthur Pinchbeck wrote, and I call it first rate for Arthur."

Hereupon, a smile was exchanged by a few of the group, and something was said about "L'Allegro," and what Milton might be thinking, if he saw and heard our conversation that night.

I endeavored to enjoy the evening, especially after I saw three or four of my friends there, but I was most of the time too absent-minded to enjoy any thing but my thoughts. I conversed with George Milbank several times, and observed the improvements he had made, both in mind and manners, since he came to Merrimack. I studied Neal Derby, and saw that he was greatly intoxicated with the splendor of the scene, and the gayety and beauty of many of the guests. I studied Neal, and observed the expressions which he gave of the conflict that was raging in his heart. I studied one young lady more particularly than others, not with envy, but with a mingled pleasure and pain, admiration and dislike. It

was Bell Puflit, who made herself familiar with both myself and Neal.

Two months ago, I had heard Neal Derby laugh at Miss Arabel's expense, while I was certain that she would have spurned him, and called him what she did other swains that she rejected—"a gawky," or "a clown," if he had presumed to offer his addresses to her. But a wonderful change had come. He was now worth his thousands, and was admitted to a circle which decided the positions of many ambitious young men.

Bell continued the same wild and gay hearted creature that she was when I first met her, and she was improved in those personal lights and graces which I find the men admire. Her eyes were more lively now, and their dark long lashes were quite romantic. Her hair was adorned with Cupid's-darts and roses, and bound in a beautiful fashion. Her brilliant orange brocade would have stood alone on the floor; her white neck and arms and fingers sparkled with jewelry at every motion she made in the light. Her finely chiseled cheeks were cream and crimson, as mellowly blended as were ever those colors on a rareripe peach. Her lips were proud and luxuriant; she had a round and majestic form; and I can afford to do her the justice to add, that whilst her very life was in the senses, and show and gayety were the passion of her heart, she had gained some intelligence by observation, and even by books of late, and was not now a stranger to the tenderness and sweetness of her sex.

Bell appeared occasionally to set a romantic eye on the Rev. Sweet Prettyman, at Clara's party, and she en-

couraged his ogling with several fascinating glances; but she also hovered around Neal Derby, and gave him marked attention. I saw that she was beginning to admire him, and would have rejoiced if he had only known how to waltz, and taken a bout or two with her on the spacious parlor floor. I was not jealous, I beg the reader to believe, but I confess that my heart swelled with strange emotions, and I retired to a pillow that night on which I found no sleep.

XXX.

DAYS elapsed, and I saw more and more to confirm my belief that Neal and Bell were lovers. They frequently met, and she cast around him such intoxicating charms that his head at last became giddy, his affiance wavered, and he was heard to express the wish that he might marry her and me together. Then he imagined that he had never heard of me, and Arabel was his first and only love. Then he fancied me dead, and himself planting roses over my yet moist grave, and going home with a sad countenance to kiss and wear, for a lonely hour in his chamber, the slippers I had wrought in roses with my dying hands; and, by-and-by, getting so reconciled to his bereavement that he could wear those dear slippers out on the veranda of his hotel, and sit down in company, with his coat thrown back on his shoulders and his thumbs in his vest, and enjoy a mild cigar, and find consolation in his thoughts of Arabel. Then old loves returned, and he was all the more for Mercy Winthrop, and calling on Heaven to forgive his truant heart. Then his brain whirled round and round, and his heart panted for a more romantic bliss. New intoxications fired and raised him; a relapse succeeded;

he pitied and he loved me; again he was seized with new distractions; and he changed his manner toward me and demanded a dismission.

I discovered the change when it lurked only in his eye, or appeared in a stiffened smile, yet I concealed my suspicions—I was going to say even from my own heart. I hoped they were false, and desired the day to come when I might be his honored wife. But my suspicions were confirmed, by his neglect to visit me on setting out alone for his tour of the lakes. I knew of his intentions, for he had informed me, and asked me to go along. But, for a fortnight previous to his departure, I had not seen him, nor received a word. The hour of that event I had only learned by accident two days after, and I was quite prepared for such a letter (if any) as he addressed me from Oswego. The letter was written, he informed me, to redeem a promise made some time ago. It was a long one, and seemed to have been designed to solace me and cool off my affection, while he "took the liberty to set before me another object for my heart's embrace." He touched upon the theme of first love, and argued its "folly" and "illusion" as eloquently as ever he had protested that first love was heavenly, and true, and without change. He did not close without informing me that "our engagement was made before either of us considered the actual nature of the vows, or on what the loftiest yearnings of our souls were placed." That "I had risked everything in giving such unreserved love to him." That "a separation was better before than after the unfortunate nuptials were consecrated." That "far better

men than himself admired me, and would rejoice to make me happier than he feared he could render one of my peculiar nature;" and, in short,—as others had written a hundred times before—"whatever might be the result of that letter, he could never forget the pleasure he had taken in my society—that my love for him would remain a bright spot on his memory forever, and he should never cease to esteem me highly as a *friend*, nor cease to wish me well."

I happened to be one of those beings whose hearts may be more easily broken than bent,—I must foolishly confess, since he has passed to his account, and cannot be flattered by my weakness,—and, while I expected such a letter, if any, its coldness froze me so suddenly, I verily thought I could not survive. Tell me, ye who laugh at my folly, for I am bravely over it now, and no word of yours shall wound me,—tell me, how could I at that time have borne my disappointment differently, and made up for all that vanished love? How could I have gone to work, with the hand of a heartless changeling, coolly untied the knots of that sacred attachment, and fastened my heart again to any man on earth? The possibility of the thing was a mystery which I did not try to solve. Delirium or death at that time was easier for a nature and for ties like mine. I spent the day in my chamber, and in what a state of mind (under pretence of sick-headache) I leave the reader to imagine. But it was only one day of solitude and sackcloth; for my pride soon rebelled, and I was ashamed of myself that I had mourned for the desertion of one whom I ought to have been glad to

abandon before it was too late. Then there arose a pity for the *mis*fortune of his fortune, and, O, what tender, girlish love reached forth and snatched back his image to my bosom! Then my heart throbbed with anger, and my cheeks burned with indignation, and I was chafed and insulted by the baseness of a soul that would attempt such consolations for me, while he declared his love for another; (I smile now as I recall the perfect tempest of indignation and scorn that my maiden heart was then able, with so little conscious effort to raise, and what smilings and what poutings rose in succession, as love blew hot or cold,) and I crumpled the insolent letter in my hand, tore it to pieces, and paced the room, I dare say, as romantically and with as queenly pride as the heroine of any novel. Then, of course, I melted down and sobbed and sighed. I searched my library for a book which might apply to my case, and express my mingled emotions. I read Lady Byron's reply to her lord's "Fare thee well," and found not my anodyne there. I opened the "Sorrows of Werter," and shut it before I finished the first chapter. I went to Amelia's table and took "Alonzo and Melissa," but that was intolerable, and I dashed it on the floor. I took down Irving, and read with fresh interest his "Pride of the Village," but found I was neither so unhappy nor so resigned as that heroine, and received little comfort from her case. Then a poetical inspiration seized me, as I believe it does most persons in that situation, and I perpetrated three or four delightfully bitter stanzas, "On Man's Inconstancy," and I remember each stanza had eight lines of common metre, and began with

"Oh!" and ended with "Man's Inconstancy." And so I ran on, pretty much, I suspect, as a hundred of my readers (if I have so many) have done at the romantic turn of life; very soon relenting and pitying poor Derby for his weakness, and for the sad and desolate life I was certain he must live; and at last I tossed his detested image from me, and, with pride and resentment, returned him a merited reply. I had the satisfaction of hearing that it arrested his romantic progress, and made him ineffably wretched for more than a week. But Arabel returned to his thoughts, and his own pride compelled him to send me a cold and final answer.

He commenced his letter with a description of scenery, which he ventured to suggest I would heartily enjoy. He knew I would not be disappointed in Niagara Falls, if I was with the Erie Canal, or Montezuma marshes. If I could pass under the cataract, I was braver than he; but he had no doubt my emotions would be sublime, if I maintained my balance, and did not tumble over and down to the dark and roaring abyss below. (Perhaps along here, as I read, I fancied for once that it *would* be a sweet relief to go there and "tumble over into that dark and roaring abyss," but I solemnly protest, I have not the faintest remembrance of it, though I did suspect that cruel Neal wrote the line to suggest such a tragic impulse). From that he went on to calculate "the time it would take for the rocks to crumble away to Lake Erie, and what a deluge would overwhelm New York and Canada, when Lake Erie, Huron, Michigan, Superior, and even the Lake of the Woods came pouring down through

that rifted gate of waters." He sketched his impressions of a book he had been reading, and of a play he attended in Buffalo. Then came the long reserved subject of our separation; and, after arguing coldly its advantages, and dwelling chiefly on the incompatability of our tastes and tempers, he told me to go to him, if ever I wanted a *friend*, (the word friend was in italics) and concluded the letter with a prayer that my life might be one of happiness, and death to me might be—

> "The kind and gentle servant, who unlocks,
> With noiseless hand, life's flower-encircled door,
> To show me those I love."

The last letter might have wounded me more than the first, but all the woman was so roused in my soul, I bore it with a smile. For the former Derby I could mourn as for one buried in the grave, but for the present Derby, of course I felt by this time a very cool contempt, and rejoiced even at times of elevated feeling, that I had not been wedded to one so selfish and inconstant.

XXXI.

I WENT on my walks as usual, and thanked the blessed stars as I paced the old mill among my jocund looms, that I had not been lured away from them. Instead of attempting to hector me as one or two did, most of the girls expressed a silent sympathy which comforted me more than words. They hinted again and again the gladness they felt that I had never been vain of the prospect of a fortune which had relieved me of so false a friend. Julia Warden was more than ever my dearest friend now, and Celia and Agnes assured me in a dozen tender ways that recent events had raised me in their esteem, and redoubled the interest they had taken in my welfare.

Soon after I spun my poem on "Man's Inconstancy," I had a visit from Bessie Plympton. She heard of all my troubles, and came to comfort me. "Ah, Maircy, Maircy, yer face is lookin a heap too pale an' sober," cried she, after a dozen apologies for intruding on my grief. "Ye musn't take on in this way, girl, 'twont dew, and it aint the way to git red o' trouble. I 'spose ye feel orful bad, and think yer heart 'll break, and all that, but la, there's trouble a sight harder'n this to git over. Ye'll be chip-per as a wren in a year, see'f ye don't; and wonder, then,

what made ye take on so bad about a feller that thought he loved ye and didn't love ye none o' the time. Cheer up, Mairey, sich troubles is only a sort o' mumps or measles that most everybuddy hes to hev. Cheer up, there's better fish in the sea than hes ever been ketched.

"I know jist how ye feel. It seem's zef ye was lookin at the world through a smoked glass, now don't it? and everything was kivered with a kind o' yeller gloom. I know jist how ye feel; ye want to look at the moon and make vairses all the hull time. Ye think ye love him to death, and think ye don't love him; ye dream *he's* dreffül lovin and then dreffül false and hateful. I know jist how ye feel; ye want to read love stories all the hull time, and don't want to read 'em, they make ye feel so bad. Ye have a queer kind o' hard-and-tender, sick-and-wal, glad-and-sober, smart-and-foolish feelin all over; now don't ye, Mairey, and want to hear mournful tunes, and be by yerself?

"I know jist how ye feel. I felt so myself when Solon Nuby (the slick tongue!) found out he didn't love me's he thought he did, and traipsed right straight away's he could go and hed Susan Dike. O I felt zef my heart was runnin out o' my eyes, then I did, Mairey. I could never git over it in this world, I said, and I'd run right away and live in the woods, or eat pounded glass, and die. Then how queer I felt all over, and how the vairses run through my poor head! Curis, how easy 'tis to make vairses when a body's been a little disappinted! But la, Mairey, 'twant a year afore I was glad the feller left me, fur he left Susan feelin wuss'n I, and I b'lieve it's a sight better to hev 'em

cool and quit afore than arter a body gits tied to 'em for ever. Cheer up, Mairey, and ye'll find that this little storm 'll only fetch a brighter sky and sweeten the air around yer heart. Ease yer heart a makin vairses; then, sure, it'll never break."

Whilst I was absent visiting my brothers, Dr. Downs and his wife planned a journey to Philadelphia, and now they beset me to quit the mill for ten days at least and go and stay with Celia till they returned. I made strong objections at first, but when, to my surprise, I was informed that consent from the superintendent had been gained, and there was deposited to my credit in the bank more than the amount of my wages for that time, I was wounded a little in my pride at first, then a sense of their great goodness touched me, and I yielded to their wishes.

They departed on their journey, and I went with Celia and remained a fortnight instead of ten days. I never can forget the time I spent with that dear girl. Selwyn was still engaged in the city mission, and boarded at home. Julia Warden was often over, a day and night, and they were all genial and happy as a flock of summer birds. I felt that none of them had acquainted me with half their goodness before. They treated me as if nothing at all had happened, and no Neal Derby had been born. And yet there was a tendernes in their most lively manner which touched me, and, had I been mourning for my mother, I should have tasted full and frequent cups of comfort with my sorrow.

A finer season than that I never saw. The fields were still verdant as in May, for the after-grass in the hay-

fields was in full bloom, and the banks of our bright river, and the pastures on the hills "stood dressed in living green." Bessie's group of sunflowers waved like stately palms in her little garden, and she sat and sang beneath them, and no doubt thought, if not of the palm-groves of her fathers in Africa, of the shade she expected to find in heaven on the banks of the river of life. The cardinal flower displayed its scarlet coronal, and the yellow fox-glove gemmed the road-side and starred the fields. The pond-lily had just begun to whiten the bosoms of the lakes and nod above the waters, as if giving glances or gestures of encouragement or love to her less beautiful sister, the yellow water-lily that rose and waved in sight. The dahlias were all out, and the cones of the pine and cedar gave a "good smell" as ever Solomon tasted in the gardens of Mount Zion. The air was pure and clear, and the mountains seemed to have come down near to us and cast their sympathies around us, while the sky would stoop and retire at different hours of the day, and display every tint and shade, from deep orange to a white and glowing silver, as the different hours went by. The fairest fruit and the finest books, and even lectures, that year, were in season.

Selwyn had labored with unremitting exertions during the summer in the city mission and evening school, and he now took a fortnight and joined us in our recreations. I had not dreamed that a person so gracious in his looks, could be so genial in society as I then found him. He was even humorous and witty; and such a deference and tenderness for woman as he showed unconsciously, (while

he disputed with us often, and candidly mentioned our faults,) did more than I then suspected to restore my faith in man. I found my affections springing up like a rent vine, and climbing around him. He was more than usually attentive to poor Mercy Winthrop. He and Julia joined us in our walks and pastimes. Two whole days we spent on the hills and by the river side, taking refreshments along, and reading aloud to each other, when we did not walk. We took long rambles in the woods, and "came to ourselves," (as the little book on Nature, which we read in the Circle, had promised,) and "cast off our years," and found that "perennial festival dressed," of which "the guest sees not how he should tire in a thousand years."

I desired, after a long absence, to visit the cascade I had so learned to love, from the picture of beauty it displayed in view of my chamber window, and walking down near there, one afternoon, we found that a little cottage had gone up, and a site of three or four acres of ground had been fenced in and planted with trees, flowers and vegetables, and made already a pleasant country home. I was surprised by its appearance, for I had not observed it before, and was still more so, as we called at the door for a pitcher of water, to find George Milbank there. He blushed with surprise, and insisted on our going in. Then we were introduced to his mother, a fine and spirited old lady with a musical voice, whom I began to remember as having seen years ago in Salem. And this was her home, and she and George together had earned, purchased, planted and built it, and they were to keep it and

live together until death! "A capital thing for you both, George," I could not help saying, "and I am glad you have succeeded so finely, only I may envy you for the scenery you enjoy." We exchanged a few banters, and nothing would do but we must all go in and take a cup of tea. The house as yet was nearly all kitchen, and the floor was without a carpet, but it was laid of smooth white ash, and was so clean it was really inviting. Then I cannot say but we were tempted by the character of the supper, for, said George, "Come in—now, come along in, and take supper. What if you were not invited before, we are just as glad to see you. Come, mother was just saying the supper would taste better with a table full of friends to share it, and, you don't know what we have got. ('Why, George, you are rude,' interrupted Mrs. Milbank). I've been out on the hills, and picked a two quart pail full of late blackberries,—the freshest, and largest, and sweetest I've seen this year, and mother has made a shortcake as large as your apron, Mercy—('George, George, how you go on!')—full as long and wide as your apron, and she's going to split it and butter it, and sweeten the berries with maple-sugar—('Why, George, *do hold* your tongue! they'll think we never had anything to eat before!')—maple-sugar's the thing for that, and we'll have such a berry pie as you never tasted before in your lives."

"Well, now, my dear, are you really done?" inquired Mrs. Milbank; "are you done? If you are, I will invite them in to tea. We can't promise you much, but we shall be very glad of your company; and a cup of tea and

some bread and butter may refresh you. Take some chairs. My tea-kettle will soon boil, and we will not hinder you a great while."

We could not resist the invitation, and took tea with George and Mrs. Milbank. It was a pleasant time. The windows were all up, the air was delightful, and we formed an acquaintance with that little rural home, and with Mrs. Milbank, which we long held dear.

After tea, George and his mother took us through their garden, and showed us their trees. "You know this tree, I suppose, that I have selected for the avenue," said George. "They are not very large yet, but are fast growers, and will be magnificent when about ten years old."

"They look like button-wood," said one, and "bass-wood," said another.

"No," said he, "they are the tulip-tree. See what an elegant leaf they have, what a brilliant glossy green, and how beautifully scolloped. See here, how the leaves and sprays unfold from each other. They are very stately when grown, their sprays are elegant and bend like a scroll, and a tulip-tree fifty feet high is the finest object in a forest. It always reminds me of an elegant, stately, perfect woman; and far better than the weeping birch, it answers the words of Coleridge—"Most beautiful of forest trees—the Lady of the Woods." We next saw a pair of black-walnuts planted near the house for shade, and silver birches, a maple or two, a liquidamber, and a few fine evergreens. George and his mother joined us in a walk to the cascade, and we returned, and they went with us to a lecture in the city.

One of the best courses of lectures was given, earlier than usual that year, and at the expense, chiefly, of the factory girls. There were two on Natural History, which interested us much. There were three on Astronomy, given in a popular style, from which the dullest of our number retired animated and improved. We had one on he Dignity of Labor, by a clergyman from Medford, who began with an apology, not for the subject of his lecture, but for society, that it should require a word to be said in vindication of a thing so noble and divine. We had one on Howard and Prison Reform, and one on Oliver Goldsmith. I think I never was more inspired or ennobled by any course of lectures than by that, or received ideas that I so long remembered.

In company with Selwyn, (with whom I now felt that I had for the first time got acquainted,) we visited the institutions of Merrimack, and heard their objects and history explained. The rest of the time was spent in the cheerful parlor or on the beautiful grounds of my dear doctor, and the time seemed very short, though I stayed a fortnight before they returned. They told me they had not regretted my staying with Celia and Selwyn, for I appeared as if I had been quite happy, and my health were a good deal improved. My heart did have its happy hours and days, and the happiness was of the kind I expect to taste in heaven.

XXXII.

Derby returned and resumed his old quarters at the Merrimack House. I was told that he appeared far better for his recreation, and affected the gayest spirits. I too was better for a time ; and I know not that the reader would thank me for what I might relate of a few months that followed. Of course there were times of excitement ; there were accidental meetings to bring the hot blood to my forehead and ruffle my peace, and I must have been more than mortal to have escaped an illness which I suffered for several weeks, from an epidemic that prevailed in Merrimack. But I had faith and hope to sit by my bedside, and before I recovered even, I was convinced that my illness came not without a blessing.

My friends were kind to me before, and I thought I had been thankful for their love, but I have found there is nothing like suffering to kindle the ardors of love, to put bliss into smiles and joy into sympathies, and open our hearts to thanksgiving. To me, every friend seemed, at that time, to have been transfigured to a being of superhuman beauty and perfection. The whole circle—Agnes, Julia, Anna, Jesse, Mary, Walter—as they visited me then,—each ready to bear my pains,—each striving to

outdo the others in kindness,—seemed to me like a flock of cherubs just lighting down from heaven, to save me from death and solace all my griefs.

As I recovered in the sunshine of this love, it appeared to me that a new world was opening around, and new sensations and enjoyments of a strange, exalted and spiritual nature were rising before me. Walter was twice to see me, and to assure me how good he had been since I was in Danvers. Julia and Celia came in and read to me, as soon as I could sit up; and after that, Selwyn gave Julia and me a drive on the banks of the Merrimack, and I remember with what keen satisfaction I enjoyed it all. As soon as I was able to undertake a short excursion, Lydia Buxton came with her carriage and took me off to Salem for a visit of three weeks. While I was under her care, the carriage was constantly going, and I was taken to Wenham, and Danvers, and after that to Dexter, to see Hannah in her new home.

I was delighted with my visit. I found my gentle friend in a little rural nook, about half a mile from the village, on the corner of a handsome farm which her husband received from his father. They enjoyed a pleasant old farm-cottage, with innumerable out buildings, all of the same Quaker style and color. There was a large creek about a quarter of a mile away,—an inlet of the sea, that turned a grist mill of which Seth Parvin was also the owner, and on the other hand, an orchard which scented the air with the fragrance of its fruit. We talked volumes, of old times. We had our pleasant rambles. We went through the mill: we visited

a room which Hannah frequently enjoyed, and swung half an hour in her hammock, with books in hand: and when we chose, looked out on the landscape that lay in view. I heard all about the progress and labors of the Friends, and the testimonies they were bearing, the hopes and discouragements they experienced, the "disturbed times," and "solid satisfactory opportunities," which alternated with them. I attended a fair of the Prisoners' Friends. I went to yearly meeting. I was in an excellent state, I thought, to receive and appropriate every thing good and peaceful which I heard and saw, to my now plastic and renovated nature, and I returned to Merrimack feeling at times on the way that I could not be Mercy Winthrop; but that some other being more exalted and serene, with a heart of chaster joy and more tender sympathy had taken the place of my spiritual self.

I resumed my labors at the mill. Every thing was real about me, and no tangible cloud of melancholy rested on my heart. But every thing looked a little strange, notwithstanding; and there was something in my feelings which made it seem almost like dreaming that I was passing from earth to heaven, with a heart full of peace, and with eyes full of tears. I wrote again for the "Garden." My articles were somehow recognized as Mercy Winthrop's, but Julia assured me with exaggerated words, that while the hue of my former fancies was more like the bright sky of summer, my thoughts now had the tinge and the pure and tender serenity of autumn.

I was again invited to parties, and now and then made my appearance with the merry. I sometimes met

Mr. Derby, but while his presence disturbed me little, I had less enjoyment in pleasures that once were grateful to me. I mingled with my friends of the Book Society. I visited scenes of nature, and there found great delight.

And Mr. Derby seemed quite happy. He continued his addresses to Arabel, and she was such a fascinating beauty, I know not that I ought to have wondered at the ardor of his love. I can well afford to say that she was worthy of his hand and heart, for I began now to feel that she was more voluptuous in appearance than reality. Passion, gayety, pleasures of the eye, tongue, ear, and heart, were so early developed in her, they seemed now to be possessed in innocence, and she gave her gay life to them as a saint gives his heart to heaven. She was a lively companion: she had passed through the high schools (notwithstanding she often ignored her grammar and quoted history and geography poorly;) she enjoyed large expectations; she had much of the woman in her nature and dispositions; he gave her his whole heart, and she became his bride.

I need not detain the reader with any long account of the wedding, though it was the great event of the year in Merrimack. The Rev. A. Sweet Prettyman married them. It was rumored among her father's customers,—it was even printed in the papers and published abroad,—that Newton Puffit, Esq., of Hickory Hall, gave his daughter a bridal wardrobe costing a thousand dollars, and a party costing five hundred more; that he built her a splendid Tudor cottage, and gave her a carriage and horses worth many additional hundreds, while Mr.

Derby (as it was privately reported) presented his clergyman with twenty quarter-eagles in a silk purse knit by his own bride's hands. The happy pair received throngs of company, and gave and attended parties. Time rode on as if drawn by coursers of the sun, in a chariot wreathed with roses, through airs of perfume, and over gardens blooming white with flowers of gladness, beauty, and love.

XXXIII.

LET us now return to other characters. The reader has probably felt some interest in George Milbank, and may obtain some relief from my tediousness if I give more account of him. I found it difficult at times now to convince myself that this young man was ever the "*little* George Milbank" whom I first saw under arrest at Nathan Buxton's. He must have been very small, and I rather large of my age at that time, for it appeared to me that I was much the oldest. I was not, however, a single year his senior, and he had fairly overtaken and gone beyond me now in everything. He was a large and stately man as you would not find five in fifty. He was nobly formed, and I must say that, except Selwyn Downs I think he had as manly and expressive a countenance as I ever saw. His face was too brown to be called beautiful, but I considered him fortunate, and even manlier looking for having that dusky hue. His eyes were full and black—exceedingly black and spirited;—his forehead was round and high; his nose, lips, and chin, resembled the picture of Edmund Burke's; and his voice had become clear and rich in every note of the octave, and completely at his command. This I must say for

Milbank; and I may add that his mental and moral portrait was equally engaging, except, perhaps, in a trait or two, which simply rendered him disagreeable to persons of a different turn. He was too fond of controversy to suit many people; and he seemed to have too little mercy on those he happened to confute. He was far too inquisitive as many fancied. He was so absent-minded frequently that his conversation came in rapid showers, alternating with long and dreary pauses that were tedious to endure. But he had one trait that I admired. He was very respectful to women, when his mind was at home, and he seemed to practice the sentiment of Richter, regarding all women sacred for his mother's sake.

His career, like that of hundreds of our self-made men, would have given another bright page to our history. He remained at this time in the same law-office where he entered in quality of a poor, bashful porter, several years ago. But he no longer performed the same menial duties. He remained a porter not above a year; but during that time he was *the porter* in great earnest, and would not have been induced to act as anything else. He was early and late at the office; he performed with alacrity every command he received, and stood on tip-toe, his master said, while it was given. The office was kept in the finest order all that year. His errands were done with unfailing correctness and despatch. He even took duties on himself that were not required of him, such as blacking his master's boots, milking his master's cow, and doing service at the house.

At the same time his eyes and ears were always open to catch ideas, and study character wherever he was, and he never sat down without a book or pen in hand. By faithfulness his services became indispensable, and his intelligence and progress created such an interest in his master, that at the end of the first year, the gentleman admitted him to a clerkship in his office, gave him a salary of two hundred dollars, and took him into his own family to board.

During that year, I believe George found a great deal of leisure time to study and attend lectures and the debating club. Mr. Aiken gave him lessons to study, problems in mathematics to solve, and books to read, while he called in one or two of George's companions, gave them questions for debate, and disputed with them, as often as once a week. He discovered a talent in his clerk which he little suspected when he first entered the office, glad enough to get sweeping and errands to do. He found in the young man quick and keen perceptions, active reason, a free and accurate utterance, with a judgment which few of the better educated and more experienced possessed. In short, Mr. Aiken discovered that George Milbank had every natural qualification for a successful lawyer, and he sent him to Mr. Murdock in Boston for a thorough course in elocution, advanced him means to enjoy a term or two at school, and took him as a student, resolved to see what he could make of him.

George had the faculty of getting the ideas of a lesson and the substance of a book before others could have read

them; and it was scarce two years after he commenced law studies for the profession, before he was admitted to the bar, with the most cordial greetings, and gained two or three suits in the courts, which made him quite a reputation.

XXXIV.

I WOULD like to give as cheerful a chapter to every other friend as I have given to George Milbank; but I must continue to weave many sable threads with the brightest texture of my work. Amelia Dorlon re-appears in a character from which I would have given the world to save her. The temptations of false life in Merrimack were too powerful for her, and she yielded more and more to their delusive influence. The passion for dress, in which she had always been indulged; her love of flattery and favor, and her fondness for gay and extravagant life, increased with her years.

She was not without intelligence or a taste for worthy books and lectures at this time; but a passion for vainer pleasures predominated, and it was with grief and anxiety that her friends for the last few years had watched her steps. She was still kind-hearted as a child. She was handsome in appearance. She still maintained her chastity, although her conduct excited scandal and reproach. But she gave little heed to that injunction of the scripture which warns us to "abstain from all *appearance* of evil." And beside, she contracted little vices which nothing but true history would prompt me to record. She took no

step to secure that noble independence (so characteristic of New England) which so many of the factory girls maintained. She made no particular effort to rise by self-culture to a superior sphere. She made no deposits in the bank, and saved nothing to assist her mother. On the contrary, she spent all her wages as fast as they were due, on the vain endeavor of keeping up with the style of those who had their thousands to disburse. She accepted the addresses of many gay young men who were pleased with her beauty, and yet had no thought of "stooping" to anything more serious than coquetry with her. She preferred a dance to a lecture at any time; and while we would have liked to see her at parties and balls on proper occasions, and during virtuous hours, she desired to go every week, and remain all night. She neglected more and more the circle of her old friends, and seemed better pleased with the smiles of some gay stranger than even her mother's love.

After receiving and dismissing a score of beaux, a person made her acquaintance, who declared his admiration, took her to amusements, and made her believe he was seriously in love. But he was a young man of wealth and fashion, and it required more than Amelia could earn at her looms, with all that her mother could assist her, to support her in a style becoming her new rank. She resorted to other means. She began to borrow a dollar here and there among the girls. Her lover continued his addresses, praised the rich taste of her toilet, and confirmed her in the belief, that within a month or two, he would lead her to the altar.

But she must have a white satin dress for that occasion, and how was it to be obtained? She had soon found that borrowing would not supply her resources; she was already tending more looms than her strength well bore; she had no rich papa or uncle to solicit for a present, and how in the world could the dress be obtained? She was natively conscientious; she would not have stolen a book to keep herself from ignorance, nor a loaf of bread, before she would starve; but she *must* have the brilliant satin to adorn her anticipated bridal, and nothing, she resolved, should balk her desires. So she visited several stores in Merrimack with the determination of getting trusted. But her character had suffered so much of late, no one would give her credit for a satin dress, while no less than three gentlemen offered to trust her for a print or delaine. Neither of these would answer, and she went to another store with the intention of stealing a dress, and returning the pay as a case of conscience after she was married and had a rich husband's purse at her command. But stealing was entirely a new employment, and she returned to her mother's without having a conscience to attempt the fulfilment of her design.

The next evening she renewed her resolutions, but she found no opportunity to renew the attempt, and returned again disappointed. At length she went to Boston, and alled down some fine satins on the counter, and while he clerk's attention was turned another way, she slipped rich pattern under her shawl, and, pretending not to be uited, walked out of the store. But in the blindness of er passion, she could not see that sharp eyes even on

earth were watching her; and she had not been five minutes in her hotel, preparing to go home, before an officer entered and arrested her, and she was lodged in prison.

Conscience was now wakened, and she was overwhelmed with remorse and shame. She was questioned as to her name and residence, but, from pride and fear of having her crime known in Merrimack, she refused to tell. The questions were kindly repeated, but she covered her face, turned to the wall of her prison, and gave them sobs and moans for answers. The keeper's wife came in with a heart full of sympathy, and attempted to soothe her and give her refreshments, but no attention could she win.

The clerks at the store and officers of the police gave various conjectures concerning her character. Her face was so florid, and she was so fancifully dressed, it was thought by some she was a girl of the town; while others supposed her an accomplice of a band of thieves; and one or two were of the opinion that she had just come from the country, and this was her first step on the road to crime.

Her mother and friends at home, you may well conceive, were alarmed by her long absence, and various fears were expressed concerning her fate. Mrs. Dorlon begged that her absence might be kept from the papers until a thorough search had been made, while George Milbank volunteered to go to Boston in search of her.

Amelia continued moaning in the agony of shame, suspense and terror, and on the next morning, and at the following noon, she refused to take any nourishment, and

to inform her inquirers of her name and home. The officers were repeating their questions impatiently the next afternoon, when Friend Buxton and Dr. Teft happened to enter the prison. They were informed of this new culprit, and passed to the cell where she lay. It was so long since Friend Buxton had seen Amelia that he addressed her at first without suspecting who she was. She turned her face to the wall, and uttered a cry of anguish, which would have melted a Herod's heart. He paused at the door and held back his friend by a sudden check, and whispered that he felt as if it were cruel to intrude upon the presence of such grief. They both stood silent for a moment, when Dr. Teft suggested that they might win her confidence and soothe her, and do something for her.

Friend Buxton assented, approached her gently, and in the kindliest tone began, "We are very sad for thee, my child. Does thee want a friend to walk with thee in thy troubles? Be not comfortless. Thy error might have been worse, and thee might have been more friendless. Be calm, my child, and hear us. There is much hope for thee, and we are thy friends. Trust us now;—hush this grief, and trust us, and see what we can do." The poor girl swallowed her sighs, uncovered her face and rose, and with her eyes still on the floor, and clasping her hands, sobbed out, "*Have* I a friend, O heavenly God? Is there *one* to advise me or help me?"

"Belive us, we are friends, and we will advise and help you," answered Dr. Teft, his voice broken with grief and the tears trickling down his face.

"May we know what thy name, and where thy home is?" inquired Friend Buxton, with difficulty.

"O, my mother! it will kill my poor mother if she knows it; and I cannot tell, she shall not know what I have done; I will die in prison first."

"But we are true friends; tell thy whole story, and we will arrange it so that thy mother can bear the news. Tell us thy story in all confidence, we will keep it, and help thee out of this great trouble. Thee has a *mother* then?"

"And how can she live when she has heard of this?"

"This must be thy first offence, and how did it happen? Some uncommon temptation must have moved thee to it."

"O, I have done wickedly,—I see now that I have!"

"Thee speaks truly, but the wicked may repent and find relief and friends. Thy sin may not be so dark as Mary's, and she repented and was forgiven."

"Here I am in prison, sir, and what hope can there be for me?"

"The Lord looketh down from heaven, to hear the groaning of the prisoner,—he heareth thy groans, and will forgive thee, and set thee on thy feet."

"I have done evil, evil, evil,—but—I have no excuse; I thought I had an excuse, but I have not."

"What is the excuse thee was going to give?"

"It was not an excuse,—O, can any one help Milly Dorlon?"

"Milly Dorlon? Is that thy name? Then I hope I

am an old friend of thine. Thee's from Merrimack, I suppose, and thy mother's called Chloe?"

"I am known, and this is Mr. Buxton! But do not scorn me; O, do not tell my mother!—You never helped one as low as I am."

"Trust us, Milly; we are thy true friends, and we would lift up the lowest, as we hope to rise ourselves. But how did thee come to this?"

Amelia became more calm, and told her story in the simplest truth. Friend Buxton replied to her, that she had done wickedly, but he was glad that it was the first offence, and that in the most important respects her virtue was still pure. He gave her a father's counsel, encouraged her, and promised that he would help her to the end.

Before these friends left the prison, George Milbank entered, and added his assurance to what had been said. George had resisted the temptations before which too many of his profession fall, and preserved a manly and sympathetic heart; and he was resolved to make what reputation he might enjoy, by maintaining the right, assisting the weak and unfortunate, and delivering the oppressed. I was informed that he took great satisfaction in the assistance he rendered poor Amelia. And, to conclude the story in a few words, Friend Buxton visited the merchant, and persuaded him to be gentle as he could in the prosecution. He also visited the officers of justice, and gave Amelia's history and prepared them for a mild adjudication of the case.

George defended Amelia on her trial. She was fined in a moderate sum, which he and Friend Buxton paid,

and, leaving the parties in Boston pledged to secrecy, they returned with her to Merrimack. On their way hither, Friend Buxton reproved and warned her. She gave him the most solemn promise of reformation, and he delivered her to her mother. As he left Amelia that night, he pressed her hand tenderly, and said, "Remember, Milly, it is written in the scripture that 'some of them shall fall, to try them, and to purge, and make them white.'"

A few friends were made acquainted with Amelia's necessities and new resolutions, and she wanted for no assurance or aid which she did not promptly receive.

As Friend Buxton left George Milbank, he assured him that it pleased him vastly to meet him on such business as had brought them together the day before, and he was persuaded that at such a rate the manly young debtor would soon come out even with the world. And he had been again and again rejoiced to hear what George was doing for the friendless, how well he had kept his first promise, and he often thanked the Lord that he did not follow Mercy Winthrop's advice.

"Ah, George," he continued, "I take pleasant satisfaction in these little christian duties; and yet, I believe, I am oftener mocked than praised. They tell me I am an arrant cheat, for that I cheat the prison of its lawful subjects, (which I have never done) and the gallows of its victims. But thee knows enough to tell me whether any one has been punished less, or has found an easier escape, because I tried to walk with him and prevent his continuance in evil. The same justice which would punish every fault, should not doom the offender to a life

of sin, but arrest him, reform him, and teach him to love virtue more than ever he loved vice. It is just in the Lord to punish every sin, but it would be contrary to his benevolent will to doom the sinner to perpetual transgression when by a helping hand he can convert him and lead him to holiness and peace. But to return: did thee ever see a man or woman, George, who was punished less for an offence because it was forgiven on repentance, and a virtuous life induced? Was not the ministry of punishment fulfilled the same, and was not that painful ministry a process of restoration? They say I keep bad company. James Kimball went off no longer ago than last Fourth day and affirmed that he saw one wanton, two burglars, and a pickpocket, at my table, and me in their midst, conversing with them as with respectable folks. The truth is, George, they had all been to prison and served out their time, with every sign of reformation, and the chaplain sent them to me, requesting me to help them to places where they could reclaim their characters and live useful lives without reproach. I was giving them advice when James stepped in, and he might have seen by their tears that they were punished and grieved by the very words which assured them they had a friend, and that there were hope and honor for them still. One of them sobbed and wept when I told her of a place where she could do service for kind friends, and cried, 'O, sir, this is better than I could dare to hope; but if I had always been good, I might have been doing for others now what they are doing for me, and escaped the shame and anguish I shall carry to my grave!'"

"Were you ever deceived, Friend Buxton, by such persons when you bailed them, or helped them?—did they ever rob you or leave you in the lurch?"

"Not many times. A boy stole my watch once, while I was taking him to a good home and friends, and I have paid three forfeited bail-bonds. But this I must add, George, the boy became sick as death of his bad bargain, and in less than a month he returned the watch of his own accord; and two of the forfeits were sent me afterwards in letters.

"I had like to forget another case. It was that of a discharged convict. He had been imprisoned for theft, and served his full time, and appeared to be an altered man. I had him about me a week before I could get him employment. I was careful to keep him from temptation, yet he managed one night to empty my pocket of a dollar or so in change. I knew that he was the offender, but treated him as though I had lost nothing, and all was right. I got him a place in the neighborhood, and saw him every day. He showed by his manner that he was guilty, and endeavored to avoid my presence; but I sought him often and inquired, 'Aaron, how's thee do by this time? Feel no kind of a desire to indulge the old error, I suppose? I am glad to hear thee's getting along so well. Shut thine eyes, Aaron, against all temptations. If ever thee wants money, and *must* have it or suffer, tell me, and thee shall have help. I would rather give a thousand dollars than see thee forsake thy virtue again. I will not fear for thee, but I had almost said if thee should ever be tempted to take what belongs to another,

I should rather it would be from me than any one else, that I might still hope to save thee, and help thee to live and die a good and honest man. But I will not fear any such thing, if only thee'll let me know when thee's likely to suffer for need of help.'

"I saw that I touched him, as I had never before; his head dropped, tears were in his eyes, he groaned, and passed along without making answer. But the next day he came to me and confessed his crime like a man, and told me how keenly he had suffered his great punishment. I rebuked and forgave him. He continued long to suffer for the offence, but I know that Aaron Melcher never committed another crime. And I might relate other cases of confession and repentance."

"That is indeed encouraging, and it shows a great deal of goodness in poor human nature which is worth saving."

"Ay, ay, thee's right there, George; there's a little spark of virtue in every heart, remaining as the earnest of redemption, and 'we are made all things to all men that by all means we may save some.'"

I was touched in my heart by the part which Milbank performed in this little drama, and also by this conversation. I could not even then dismiss the impression he gave me when years ago he stood a culprit before me. Had he snatched me from drowning waters, I know not that I could have felt quite as well towards him as though I had never heard of that single offence; but his conduct to Amelia touched me, gave me grief for my aversion, and made him look better to me than ever before.

XXXV.

Time passed, and I met more trials and overcame more griefs. But they were small and few, for the course of my rising life was smooth and bright. My brother Jesse remained happy, and Walter kept out of that forbidden way from which he had returned with a penitence that touched while it consoled me. I found that Walter's character had suffered somewhat from the habits of indolence in which he was indulged, and from one or two unfortunate situations into which evil associates led him. True, those who knew him best, still confided in his motives as in the child-like tenderness of his free and open heart, while they lamented his feeble will and strong impulses. But somehow his character suffered greatly among the people, and many vicious things began to be laid to him which he was incapable of doing. These things gave me much trouble, and yet I clung to my dear brother with all the attachment of a sister's love. I thought I was improving him, and found consolation.

But while the next year was passing, the very earth seemed to weep for the crimes of men, and one crime was committed which overwhelmed me with the crowning woe. Poor orphan Walter, how had I ever trembled for

thy fate! Thou wert so unfortunate in having that gift of beauty which brought flatteries to thy ears! thou wert left unprotected and ungoverned when such a tender child! O, I have sometimes prayed in my grief that the Lord would take thee into his heavenly bosom before that white neck of thine should wear the first faint blemish of vice, and while those dimpled hands were soft with a baby's innocence! Was our angel mother permitted never to return to thee, to bless thee, brace thy delicate feet, and guide thy tottering steps over the flints and through the thorns of life's perilous way? Has she now no care for her darling? Weeps she no tears?—breathes she no prayers?—offers she not her warm heart still to pillow thy throbbing temples?—or sees she the consummation of things—to know assuredly that

"The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,"

and is she therefore reconciled to all our transient sufferings?

Walter's first offence was stealing money from Merchant Sudbury's drawer. For that he suffered the anguish of deep and bitter remorse; and for some time afterwards he endeavored, as earnestly as any youth could amid such influences as were around him, to rise to an honorable manhood. But may we not have expected too much of a tender lamb left on the earth while the winds of winter blew, reared from its helplessness by one not its mother, petted and caressed by all who were charmed by its beauty or melted by its griefs, and allowed to follow everybody who had given it a crumb of love, wreathed its

neck with flatteries, or divided its one attachment into hundreds of fond and capricious loves?

I believe, at this time, his conscience was still so true to its native instincts that he would have shuddered at deliberate vice, and revolted at downright falsehood. I believe he was not naturally wicked. But, alas! for the free impulses of his heart which had been growing ungoverned all this time! He was often found in bad company, and after a while, committed another act of vice. This he bitterly repented; but when we all hoped he was fortified against farther temptation, he committed fresh offences, which degraded his character, and destroyed the confidence of most of his friends.

My aunt Dorcas died, and Walter left Danvers without informing Jesse or me of his purpose, and was persuaded to indulge his passions and choose his associates amongst the unworthy, who flattered him and led him farther astray. After that, a single glance could have measured his fall. A party of gamesters in Dexter met him and decoyed him into their dens. He became their comrade; and after an attack had been made upon their establishment, and while they were burning with revenge, the house of an assailant was set on fire, and my brother was arrested at the door with a blazing torch in his hand!

I knew he had gone away, and made every exertion to find him and bring him to Merrimack, where I was promised a good situation for him. But after tracing him to three or four places, I could hear nothing farther from him for six months or more, when I received a letter.

It was written in prison! It was brief—it was traced

in an agitated hand, and blistered all over with tears. He confessed that his life of late had been exceedingly vicious—nay, inexcusably criminal. He expressed the deepest remorse; he was in despair; and yet he denied the crime for which he had been arrested. He related many circumstances of his life in that town. He confessed he had been in the toils of the creatures who swore revenge on that house; he explained why he was out at that evil hour, and why he happened to be found where he was arrested. He was aware that every circumstance appeared to accuse him, and a denial of the act could not save him; yet, for my comfort, and that of our brother and friends, he sent us his denial in the most solemn words he could write. He knew that a case of arson could be easily made out against him, and that the penalty was death.

He anticipated an early trial, and begged to see us before he died, if we would not feel polluted by the presence of one who had been so wicked. He was suffering for want of comfortable clothing, and informed me that instead of the soft bed in which he had buried himself every night at home, he had now—so crowded was the prison—only the cold stone floor with a bundle of straw to sleep on.

He feared that Jesse could not have a heart to see him in that dismal cell with chains on his arms and ankles; but, said he, "Mercy, you have more courage than he, and if a sister can stoop to a brother who has fallen so low, after all your tears and entreaties, O, do come and speak one word to me before I die! Come and tell me,

if you can love me still! Come and bathe my hot forehead, if you can touch me now! Hold my hand in yours once more, and tell me if I may be forgiven! O, if mother were alive, would she not still be kind to her lost Walter? Mercy! she told you to be a mother to us, when you became a woman, and you have been all that you could be to me. Will you not step into her place again and come to my prison, and sit by my side an hour? Come and see me,—may-be I can convince you that I did not set fire to the house, nor intend such a thing. If I can, and you at last forgive what I confess, I can die without a murmur. I had rather die than have you believe I would commit such a crime as arson. There is great excitement here, they tell me. People are enraged against me, and not without reason. Some would be glad to take me out of prison and hang me on a tree."

XXXVI.

An hour before I received Walter's letter, I had reviewed my griefs and trials. It was a gloomy hour, for it seemed to me, that with all my strength and resignation, with all my faith and hope, I had been more keenly afflicted than any one I knew, and my sufferings had been more than I could bear again. Then my heart wandered away like a fond shepherdess in search of the lost brother, and the letter was thrown into my lap whilst I was unconscious of the presence of the bearer. I knew the superscription. I stripped the sheet half in two to learn the worst. I glanced over it to catch all the dark and terrible words, and—O, may the curtain never be raised from the scene of anguish which ensued! And let me hurry through the scenes that followed, if I can, without recalling many of their heart-rending griefs.

I know not how long the first scene lasted, but I found that I had a Helper, and God was pouring strength into my heart; and I arose and maintained a composure which surprised my friends. The tidings flew around the city, and as many of my friends as could venture to intrude on my sorrow were around me, begging me to trust in God and their true hearts, and prepare for the crisis

which I had so soon to meet. I wanted to fly to my poor brother, but I could not start until another day, and then who would go with me? I had several offers of protection. Selwyn Downs visited me that night, and offered to take me to Dexter. George Milbank volunteered his services as Walter's attorney, and assured me that he would defend him with his best efforts, and see that no more than justice was done.

I now remembered that my dear Hannah Parvin resided at Dexter, and I thought of her father, and resolved to go out of my way to Salem, and ask him to take me to Walter's prison. I had every needed assistance. The factory girls gave me generous aid, while the Wardens, Olneys, and others, followed their example. Money for expenses, clothing for Walter, and means to buy a bed, and every comfort he might need in his prison, were piled before me, and more of it came from my bank deposits than my kind friends were willing I should draw.

The next day I went over to Salem. Friend Buxton had gone into the country with two vicious boys for whom he obtained situations, and he was not expected to return before night. That day seemed a year, and that night an age. But he returned, and said he would go with me; and the day was spent in such tender and encouraging conversation, it passed away at last, and I had a little sleep at night to refresh my strength and prepare for my journey.

I fancied before that I knew the sweet and tender goodness of aunt Lydia, and had taken heavenly blessings from her lips and hands; but this time she excelled her-

self. I thought she needed not wings to make her an angel, for she was already an angel of love and comfort on earth. She was thinner and paler than in former years. The long, silky brown hair, which her cap could not hide, had grown quite gray, and her voice was more tremulous. But there was more spiritual ardor kindling her pure cheeks, and tears glistened more frequently in her eyes. She seemed to feel that much conversation would wound my feelings more than it would comfort, and her words were brief and few; but they went right down to the aching place in my heart, and eased it as no other words had done; and in her presence, and in each little act of kindness she did for me, there was a virtue that I received and kept for the trial I had before me.

"Dear Walter! I hope Hannah has heard of his troubles and visited him," she said, once or twice to herself. "Dear boy! I remember how his mother loved him, and how pitiful he looked when she lay in her cold winding-sheet in Becket Court!—He was a comely boy, and I feared his beauty might cause him to fall. Such a tender, white neck for the gallows!—oh! it cannot be!—my heart is at rest there—the motherless lamb will not be slain!" Then she roused from her abstraction, started about to put up something more for me to carry to Walter, and repeated the assurance that Hannah would befriend us both till the end of our troubles.

Morning arrived, and we set out for Dexter. The day was fair and happy, but it seemed to me as the light that shines on the windows of a prison. My outward

sight was shut, and my inward eyes were fastened upon my brother in his cell. Friend Buxton endeavored to animate me with firmness and resolution. He entreated me to hope for Walter's life, and never forget that death on the scaffold, terrible indeed as it was, could not give him so much suffering as a year's imprisonment, with the shame and agony of unrepented crime. He was glad that Hannah would be there to help me with her sympathy and aid. He hoped that my christian faith would do something for me now, for now it was that I needed it most, and it was given to sustain me amidst the darkest troubles.

An angel from heaven could not have outshone Nathan Buxton in my grateful eyes, nor could he have spoken words more refreshing or consoling. The woman rose in me with new energy and courage, and I felt that I could bear Walter's sufferings in addition to my own, and be resigned to as many more as the good Lord might lay upon me. In this resolute spirit we arrived in Dexter, and were welcomed by my dear friend, who had just returned from a visit to Walter, in which she gave him changes of linen, and expressed her regret that she could not have been before Mr. Snowden with a comfortable bed. As soon as I could hurry them away, my friends directed me to his cell.

XXXVII.

Mr. Snowden met us in the street and went with us to the prison. Mr. Parvin introduced me to the keeper, and said, in an entreating tone, which led me to suspect the character of my new acquaintance, that I would esteem it an especial favor if I could meet my brother alone. But if the tone of my petitioner had not led me to fear a brief or negative answer, the keeper's appearance and manner would.

He was a tall, stout person, with a hard face and impudent eyes. As Mr. Parvin presented my request, he gave me a cold and unfeeling look, and said, "that's not allowed here, mum." Mr. Parvin replied that he would vouch for me and for the safety of the prisoner, and concluded, "thee knows me well enough, Thomas, to take my word."

"Yes, I know you wal enough, but 'tain't my orders to connive in this way. Sheriff Keezle's cursed pertic'lar 'bout his orders, and he'll blow me sky high if he hears that I've took or give any lib'ty."

"Sheriff Keezle!" cried I, as the name shot like a barbed arrow through my heart, and then, in silence, inquired, "is it possible that my brother is in *his* power?"

And though I knew Sheriff Keezle, and had been to his house, as that of a friend, I now felt less hope for Walter.

"But this will be no connivance. The young woman feels that her grief is too sacred for our eyes, and it is proper that she should meet her brother the first time alone."

"I can't disobey orders, *no* how. There ain't no use in it, as I see. She'll feel jest as bad alone with him as if I was lookin' on. There needn't any of you go in, but *I go* if *she* goes. It never *hes*, and it never *shell* be said that ever a saw or razor went into Dexter Jail while I was keeper, aither in a dish of soup or under a woman's apron. There you hev it, Parvin, and you know what I mean—he! he! he!"

"But I must see my brother, if you will permit me," interrupted I. "I cannot wait any longer, and I beg you to lead me in."

"Yes, come on, you can go in with me. I guess Walt'll kinder like to see you, though he was up and down with a colic all last night, and I left him asleep a little while ago. Come this way, Miss Wintrop, he is not on the sunny side."

So he led me through a dark alley, past twenty or thirty cells, and in the darkest corner he paused, unlocked an iron door, and ushered me in.

"Here's where your brother rooms now," said he; "and yender he lays asleep on that low bed. Wake him, and have your say as soon as possible, for I've other things to do in the jail."

"Thank you, sir," said I, and hastened to the place where

my brother lay. There was but one small window, and it was so covered with cross-bars, that only a few stray beams of light entered the cell; but as they fell almost directly on him, I recognized his face. His bright hair shone in the sunbeams, and a pleasant smile immediately kindled his pallid cheeks as if he had just dreamed he was innocent, and had been proved and acknowledged so. I could wait no longer. I knelt by his bed, grasped his cold hand, shook him, and said, "Walter—my brother Walter!" He opened his eyes with a stare, arose, gazed on me an instant as if to assure himself I was not an apparition or a dream, threw his arms around my neck, sobbed "Mercy!" and we held the embrace in silence. Our lips clung together, I know not how long; yet the keeper should not have been so impatient: it would not have seemed long to him if he had been Walter Winthrop. But our silence was interrupted by his saying, "Come, come, Walt, be short as you can with her, for I must be away. Say what you are going to now, and come again by-and-by, if you must talk any longer."

And while he struck up a low whistle, which sent a chill of anguish through me, I conversed a few minutes with Walter.

"I dreamed that you had come to see me, Mercy," said he, "and that I had just passed my trial and was cleared, and you led me home in triumph. But am I not dreaming still? O, have you been so good as to come and see me as you used to, and act the same to me?"

"It is I, Walter, and I am your sister Mercy still. I always loved you, and I always shall love you, though I

am shocked by your errors and grieved for what you suffer."

"Then you got my letter?—But you couldn't believe me innocent of this crime, I have been so bad in other things.—Hannah Buxton has just been here, and made me feel better. Mr. Snowden visits me every day—your good Mr. Snowden of Merrimack—he visits me, and tells me I am his brother, and God loves me, and I shall not want for friends. He assured me that you would not scorn me, but be my dear sister still. I feel so much better since he came in and talked with me, got me a better cell, fetched me a bed and blankets, and prayed with me. Do you believe, Mercy, I couldn't persuade him to make a prayer till he brought in a bed and blankets, had my handcuffs loosened, and I was allowed to read and write? He said, his prayers would not be answered till *that* had been done. Then you got my letter, Mercy?"

"You used to tell me the truth, Walter, but I know not what influence your errors have had to tempt you into habits of falsehood. If you are guilty of this, and are like many people, it is natural to deny it. Still I love you, my brother, and have come to do what I can for you."

"I repeat to you, Mercy, that I have been wicked since I saw you, and have lost my character, and nobody believes me now. But, as there is a God in heaven, before him I swear I am innocent of this crime. I can die for it. I expect to die, for appearances are all against me, but if you and Jesse will believe me innocent, I care

nothing for others. Heaven knows I am innocent of arson. I hope I will be forgiven my other sins, and I can die happy. But where is Jesse, has he forsaken me now?"

"Jesse will be here to-morrow, and is ready to help you what he can."

"Come, come," interrupted the keeper, "all that is unnecessary. If you hain't nothing more, let us get away."

"One word more, Mercy," said Walter—"Does Jesse believe me innocent?"

"I know not," said I; "I have not seen him, but he knows that you used to tell the truth, and I hope he will believe you now. I am sure *I* believe you."

"What! what? that I am innocent of this? Can you believe me innocent of arson?"

"I do, dear Walter, I do. Appearances are against you; you will, most likely, be convicted, and perhaps die on the scaffold, but I believe what you tell me, and shall believe you, though all the juries in the world condemn you."

"O, I thank you! I thank you, my good and kind sister. The gallows can't hurt me now,—though I should like to live and prove to you how I can merit some of this love. But the gallows can't hurt me now, and I will die happy as I can in the remembrance of those other vices that have burned my heart."

"I shall stay in Dexter till after your trial," said I, "that I may visit you every day, sit with you when you are tried, and comfort you. Take courage, brother; you are not deserted. You have plenty of friends who

pity you, and will aid you, though they have been shocked by your sins. We are stopping with Hannah Parvin. Friend Buxton will be in to-night to see you and hear your story. George Milbank has promised to defend you. George has become a very successful lawyer, and he volunteers to be your counsel, if you have none, and will accept him."

"O, Heaven! this is being too good to me; I can only say thanks, thanks, thanks to you all, and may Heaven reward you. I—O, I—can't talk any more now, Mercy. Let me hold your hand a minute—one minute more,—Jailor, if you please,—I have but one sister,—you know, Jailor, what it is to have even one sister that loves you when others hate. She has come away here to see me,—don't let my chains scare you, Mercy—they are easy on my arms and ankles now, and I am better off than when I wrote you. Don't weep for me. As I was going to say, Jailor, she has come away here to see me—and you must indulge us a minute more."

"There, there," said the jailor, "the minute is up. I know these sisters is very good friends; mine was the dearest friend I hed afore she died, but I remember her, and I feel a little different toward you, I confess, Miss Wintrop, from what I did when you come in. I hope I war'nt rude to you—but I must ask you to leave him now, and when I hev more leisure, you shall stay longer if you choose, and I'll not take much pains to hear all the talk that's goin' on between you."

We saw that the jailor had grown a little tender, promptly complied with his request, and gave him our

hearty thanks for his kindness. Walter pressed his cold lips on my flushed cheek, and gave me a kiss which I returned as I hung on his neck, and then hastened out of the cell, promising to come again in the morning.

I joined my friends in the hall, and we returned to Hannah Parvin's.

The next day, George Milbank came, and as Nathan shook his hand, he said, "Thee told me, years ago, George, that thee owed a debt to humanity, but I think it has been paid, and thee's getting so much beforehand, thee has many treasures laid up in heaven. That is right, my friend, lay up all thee can in that bank. It gives better interest than stock in railroads or cotton-mills, and thee can draw on it any day. I am glad to see thee looking after this poor boy."

The young attorney turned his face away, and made a low and brief reply, and they started for the prison. George alone entered the cell, and when the keeper withdrew, he heard my brother's story.

Walter was disappointed in George, and the next morning he expressed his regret that another attorney had not been engaged. George showed him so little sympathy, that his hopes were dashed and his heart was filled with grief. He questioned him on circumstances that did not concern him at all, (as my brother imagined) he raked up every thing that Walter had said and done for a year. He looked him through and through with those sharp, unfeeling, lawyer eyes. He repeated some questions in different forms; he came up on unexpected tacks, and with questions, the intent of which could not be

suspected till after they were answered. Had Walter been on a witness-stand, suspected of malice and perjury, he could not have passed a more searching ordeal. George gave no replies to any questions, and left him in suspense and trouble. As my brother attempted to describe it to me the next day, he sobbed, and cried, "O, Mercy, I have no friend, after all, but you! I wish you would plead my cause. I believe you could save me."

I was myself indignant and disappointed, and would have liked to dismiss Milbank and engage another attorney. But my friends thought he would be faithful, and do as well as any one else, and we had to retain him.

XXXVIII.

THE next morning, George Milbank and Friend Buxton left Dexter, and Jesse arrived from Wenham. Walter had written him soon after he informed me of his imprisonment, and he made all haste to visit him. He was even more wretched than Walter in this misfortune, and I hope I may never again witness such a scene as we had when my dear brothers met in prison. I endeavor to suppress even a memory of it while I write, but it will force itself back on my mind, and I find my heart aching once more with inexpressible anguish. The sobs and moanings of these fond brothers; Walter's pleas for forgiveness of many other sins, and protestations of innocence in this; and Jesse's entreaties, choked with sobs, that Walter might believe he was forgiven, and receive till death a brother's faithful love! O, I know the reader will not ask me to describe what he must too vividly imagine!

The keeper received us with all that cold and rude formality which chilled my heart the day before, and I was fearful he might not be moved with pity again, nor afford us a private interview. But his heart could not withstand the pathos of that meeting of my brothers. I soon dis-

covered that he was affected, and he turned his back for a few minutes, then retired from the cell and left us alone for half an hour. It seemed as if poor Jesse's heart would exhaust itself in tears.

Much as we loved Walter, and horrible to us as was the idea of his dying on the scaffold, not one of us wished to have more than justice given him. We did not blame the citizens of Dexter for feeling as they did. We revered the laws, even amidst our heart-rending sorrow. Often as Friend Buxton had denounced capital punishment, both Jesse and I had believed that the gallows was a Christian institution, and was to be upheld; and had we been persuaded that our brother was guilty of a capital offence, I think we would have submitted to the law. But we hoped and prayed that justice might now be vindicated without the shedding of blood.

That evening we paid another visit to Walter. Mr. Snowden read the 15th of Luke, and conversed half an hour as though the spirit of the Lord were upon him, and he had been anointed to preach deliverance to the captive and heal the broken heart. By turns, we ourselves were cast down with grief, and Walter became our comforter. And whilst he showed more and more innocence, in respect to this alleged offence, I found his remorse for his errors growing more intense as the proofs of our love and devotion affected his heart.

The next morning Jesse returned to Wenham, and I began to prepare for the trial. We examined the street in which Walter was arrested, and gathered and sifted all the circumstances that we supposed Milbank would

require to fortify his case. I framed more than one theory on which I hoped Walter's innocence might be vindicated, and now and then received a word of encouragement and sympathy. But strong and resolute as I was, my heart often sank within me, and dark despair came hovering around.

A few enlightened and humane citizens of Dexter sided with me, and were anxious to have my brother cleared. But community in general were greatly incensed against him. And this was not without reason. The crime of arson is more cruel than many kinds of murder, and the people of Dexter were familiar with its horrors. During that same year there had been half a dozen dwellings burned by the hands of incendiaries, and in one instance two children perished in the flames. The terrors of the people were so excited, they dared scarcely to lie down in their beds at night, lest they should be driven from them, or wrapped in flames before morning. And when I was informed of this, I did not wonder that so many clamored for my brother's blood.

Neither could I wonder, although I was thrilled with the keenest anguish, as I passed unrecognized through the streets, and heard this one say he hoped my brother would be hanged, and that one reply, that hanging was too mild a punishment, and he ought to be burned. But Heaven helped me in my sorrow, and I performed my duties with a courage which I had not expected to enjoy. I continued to visit Walter, and did everything I could to prepare him for his trial. I was often attended by some humane friend, who gave him words of sympathy and

comfort, and was glad to find him strengthened and elevated above the deepest sense of anguish, by the lessons he drew from the scriptures.

The night before the trial, Friend Buxton, George Milbank, and my brother Jesse, returned to Dexter. I received messages of love from my friends, accompanied with generous donations, many of which were from the factory girls. Three or four of us visited Walter before the prison was closed for the night, and after Milbank had reviewed his case in a private examination, and left my brother with burning eyes, Mr. Snowden read a chapter in the bible, and we prayed and sang a hymn, and left, bidding him prepare for the worst and hope for the best.

I questioned Milbank concerning Walter's prospects; I watched his countenance and tried every means to discover his opinion, and get a little comfort for myself and brothers. He was respectful as ever, but the brief and blind replies he made went like arrows through my heart. I asked Friend Buxton again if we had not better retain another attorney, but he "supposed George would answer," and bade me be patient and leave the case with him.

It may be well imagined that we took neither slumber nor rest that night. We joined a circle of friends in Hannah Parvin's parlor, and heard words of comfort that seemed to come from heaven. But how could we be comforted? O, what could save us from shuddering terrors and ghastly dreams?

XXXIX.

THE day of trial came. It was fair and bright in the earth and sky, they told us; but to us, its brightness was more gloomy than clouds. Every smiling beam of the genial sun appeared ghastly and intolerable, and, though a fresh breeze fanned my cheeks, I seemed choked and stifled with sultriness, and gasped and sobbed for breath.

Walter's case came on; Sheriff Keezle led him from the prison, and we walked with him to the bar. I seated myself by his side in the box, Jesse was only separated from him by the iron paling that fenced us in, and Hannah Parvin, in her placid Quaker attire, sat next to me on my left hand. Walter looked the best that I had seen him since I found him sleeping in his dungeon,—the most confident and cheerful. His fine bright hair fairly glittered in the sunlight; the excitement of the morning gave a glow of health to his cheeks, and he seemed more like a beautiful wax-figure than a boy of flesh and blood. But Jesse was more dead than alive—so great was his terror and confusion—and many mistook him at first for the prisoner.

The court-house was crowded with spectators, and so general was the impression of Walter's guilt, the very atmo-

sphere seemed to accuse him. A few kind persons were present to cheer us with their sympathetic glances, whilst such was my excitement, I fancied that my eyes met hundreds of the most malignant faces I had ever beheld.

I was happily disappointed, however, in three of the parties. The jury were all intelligent looking men, and their amiable and sad faces assured me, that if they condemned my brother, I might believe the verdict a reasonable (as the evidence appeared to them) and an honest one. The judge impressed me deeply. I know not that I took a fresh hope from his countenance, though I anxiously watched for one; but I was struck with involuntary reverence by his solemn air and patriarchal mien. The states-attorney also convinced me at first sight, that he was a gentleman, and I made up my mind to believe that the prejudices of the mob would not be allowed to take the place of law or testimony.

And if I could see justice and humanity on the faces of those parties, what must I not have found in our dear and devoted friends? How must Friend Buxton have appeared in that noble air, in that beaming smile of heaven, which sat upon his open, peaceful face? What must I have thought of faithful Hannah Parvin nestling nearer and nearer to my throbbing heart, as if to help me bear still more of its awful burden? What must I have thought of my revered Pastor Snowden, as he seemed to be transfigured to a seraph before me? And what of George Milbank?

I can scarcely tell how George appeared to me. His

bearing towards Walter had given me such anxiety of late that I must have regarded him with great impatience, if not with aversion and distrust, that morning. He had not slept an hour the night before; he had hardly spoken to a person since he left Walter's cell, and, when addressed by others, he gave the shortest and most mysterious answers. I remember I said in my heart, as he rose to speak, "Why is that man here to stand between my brother and death? Why did I not retain Mr. Barton of Salem?"

I will not say how Sheriff Keezle appeared to me, as he came to take charge of my brother and guard him with stricter vigilance. The reader may believe that there was no being on earth or in heaven to whom I could compare him.

The case was opened by the states-attorney in a firm, deliberate, confident speech, which was free from cruelty on the one hand, and tenderness on the other. My brother pleaded, "Not Guilty," and there was a tone of true simplicity and frank and conscious innocence in his voice and manner, which roused up the judge from a moment's indifference, as I fancied, and gave the jury new and profound impressions.

The evidence was taken; the states-attorney made his plea; and, while certain passages made me gasp and tremble for the moment, I know not that it damped my ardor, or dashed my hope. He depicted the scenes of affliction created by the crime of arson in Dexter, during the past year. He described that crime in words that made every one shudder with horror and alarm. He in-

quired, "What act could be more cruel, or more worthy the infernal demon himself, than to invade the sacred peace in which a trusting community repose, enter a quiet home in which, at still midnight an innocent family slumber, and cause the very walls that shield, and the roof that shelters them, to become, without a moment's warning, the flaming agents of their destruction?" He then gave a rapid sketch of my brother's history in Dexter, as it had been revealed by evidence. He reviewed the testimony on the immediate circumstances of the crime, appealed to the crushing fact of my brother's arrest within the door of the dwelling, with the torch that kindled the fatal fire,—appealed to this as sufficient to establish his guilt beyond all question, and brought his argument to a close.

George Milbank rose and replied. My readers may imagine my feelings as they followed the train of his remarks, and may be assured that I took comfort from his words. They may assist me now to divine the object of his former coldness and severity, and believe it was exhibited while striving the more faithfully to understand and vindicate my brother's cause.

He frankly confessed there were many circumstances that bore heavily upon his client's hopes; and the fact of his arrest in the burning house, at first sight, appeared enough to establish conviction. But he trusted the jury would solemnly weigh all evidence in the balance of clear and dispassionate reason, and let neither their own prejudice nor that of the justly-excited community influence their verdict. He declared it as the full conviction

of his mind that Walter Winthrop was innocent of arson. "He has been a wayward boy, I know," said he; "his friends are afflicted to know that he has been greatly and inexcusably vicious, and we are willing he should suffer; we know he will suffer terribly for all his vices. But he is innocent of arson, and we are not willing he should suffer the punishment awarded to that crime." George then gave his theory of the case. That fire-brand which they had produced, he said, was not the torch that kindled the fire in Abel Dalton's house. Fortunately, the brand had been preserved, and he had found its exact counterpart on Dalton's wood-pile. He showed them a billet of wood taken from the pile, from which the brand must have been riven in the woods, and with which it must have been piled. And how came the brand on fire, and in Dalton's house that night? The prisoner averred, with an air which carried its own evidence of truth, that he saw the flames, ran into the open door, found a pile of wood and shavings in the room on fire, and plucked this away in hopes to arrest the flames. But while he was passing out, the room was wrapped in a blaze, and all was soon consumed.

"And what story was more reasonable? What more unreasonable than to suppose the incendiary had carried a blazing fire-brand through the streets of Dexter? How could he hope to do it without instant detection and arrest? What thing more reasonable than to suppose that the billet had been carried in with shavings for a pile, and the fire then kindled by matches, after which the incendiary fled, leaving an open door, and turning

round the corner out of sight; and that immediately after his escape Walter Winthrop came along, discovered an open door and lighted room, ran in, and seized a part of the fuel to throw it out doors and extinguish the flames, when he was arrested, and the fire burst forth into such a conflagration as to prevent the discovery of its origin."

This is a faint outline of his argument, and he presented it with a calm and heartfelt earnestness which won the sympathy and respect of those even whom he failed to convince. After this he proceeded to speak of the fallibility of such evidence as was relied on for conviction in this case, and the awful responsibility of deciding that the prisoner was guilty.

Had he been opposed to capital punishment, he said, he would have made no appeal to the jury on that question. They were to decide on his guilt, and not his punishment. He had always been averse to addressing the sympathies of a jury when their judgment alone was to decide. But he could not forbear to set before them the youth and orphanage of the tender boy whose life was in their hands, that their verdict might be more deliberate. And he would also have them inquire who was to suffer most in the case. It was not the unfortunate Walter Winthrop, though his punishment would be great. Having an innocent conscience to sustain him, even his dread of the gallows must grow less and less, and when the fatal hour arrived, his pains would last but a moment. The punishment would not all fall on the prisoner. Here was an innocent sister whom they would punish more than by a hundred deaths on the scaffold.

"You will erect the gallows over the family altar," said he, "and the scene of his execution will be re-enacted there day after day, and year after year, while his kindred live on earth. Every morning will awaken them to the memory of his terrible death; every night they will witness it again and again in their dreams. His image will pass before them with hands clasped in prayer, and those innocent eyes blinded by the horrid death-cap; and their hearts will shudder and bleed with unimaginable woe! O, who would not rather suffer any other affliction on earth—except the horror of a guilty conscience—than have a brother or friend perish on the gallows? Who would not almost feel relief to suffer in his stead? If this boy is innocent, and you shed his blood, that blood will be upon you and your city and state, and God will require it of you. If he is guilty, and you in your serious doubts decide that it is better to let him live, than run the risk of slaying the innocent, he will not go unpunished. The Avenger of crime sees him and marks him; and, though he may wander free as air, the chastening lash will scourge him—the chastening fire will burn in his heart, and give him misery and woe till he confesses, repents, and rises to such a height of goodness that the cloud of sorrow may shrink to a point and vanish away."

He made other arguments and appeals that I cannot remember, and some far more powerful than these. His form had grown more manly and engaging for the last year, and now his eyes and face were kindled with a majestic, (yes, this is the true word,) moral beauty, which I never saw before. I suppose my feelings colored my

object with some exaggerated lights, but I am persuaded that most of that beauty beamed from his stately form and the majestic moral manhood which now inspired his soul. He softened the harsh features of the spectators—he melted even the judge to tears, and, as I fancied, touched the jury.

My brother Walter bore the trial with astonishing composure, until Milbank came to speak of the sufferings of his brother and sister, and then he wept as if his heart had been full of tears. He recovered his serenity, however, and heard the judge's charge. It was kind and tender even toward Walter at times, and we were persuaded it was honest and unprejudiced, but it was not long before we discovered that the judge believed him guilty, and our hope passed from him and fell before the jury, and clung to their feet, as it were, and sobbed, and cried for mercy. The jury retired, and Walter was remanded to prison, where two of us remained with him until nine o'clock the following morning. Then it was announced that the verdict had been rendered, and with bounding hearts we returned to hear it.

In the meantime, George Milbank prepared us to expect a conviction, but gave us a little courage to hope for a commutation by the governor. I need not describe the scene that followed, but hasten to the close of this painful narrative. The jury found it difficult to agree, but at last they agreed to bring in a verdict of guilty, with the recommendation of mercy to the governor, in consideration of Walter's youth and orphanage.

The reader may imagine my feelings as the word

"Guilty" fell upon my ears, whilst I must say that Walter became our comforter, and assured us he was ready to die, and the most he could suffer now was for his brother and sister. We embraced him long and fondly, and declared that we would be the world to him until death should part us, and meet him in heaven, and love him forever. This last scene was too much for Jesse, and he left the court-house in a passion of tears. But not being able to quit my dear Walter in this hour, I sat by his side, and held his head on my bosom while he heard the judge's sentence. I could not but respect that venerable man, and Walter remarked the same, although he addressed us words of death. The sentence was very brief and decided, on the justice of the verdict, and against the least hope of pardon or commutation. The judge bade my brother dismiss every hope of life, beyond the few days now granted as a preparation for death, and look to God for that mercy which he had no right to expect on earth. Yet he was so tender in his manner, and fatherly in his words, and wept so freely himself while speaking, he touched us far more than the verdict of the jury did, and drew a greater profusion of tears. The jury and the lawyers wept. The spectators wept—even Sheriff Keezle relaxed his hard features for a moment, and I believe if a petition had been immediately circulated we should have had nearly all to plead for Walter's life.

We returned to the prison, where Sheriff Keezle set a stricter watch over Walter, but where we were permitted to remain sometime. Mr. Snowden went with us, and

he spake "good words and comforting words," and after another consultation with Milbank, I think we felt almost as cheerful as before the trial. True it was, that Walter gained strength in proportion to his peril, and from that hour he comforted us and made the greatest effort to have us resign ourselves to his death.

We returned to Hannah Parvin's, where every provision was made to mitigate our anguish and rally our wearied hopes. A petition to the governor was drawn up, and arrangements were made to circulate it. It was suggested that I should take it to a few prominent citizens of Dexter, Salem and Merrimack, and that Mr. Snowden should attend me on my errand.

We made our first call upon Abel Dalton, whose house had been burned. He professed great pity for the boy, had promised to sign a petition on his behalf, and it was judged that his signature would have great weight with the governor. He was not in town, so we followed him out to his farm, and found him in the field husking corn. Mr. Snowden opened a conversation, and inquired how much he lost by the fire. He answered that there was no insurance, and his loss was great.

"Yes," replied Mr. Snowden, "your loss has been great, but your sufferings are nearly over, while Miss Winthrop's are just begun."

"Ay, ay, I know all that," answered Mr. Dalton, "and God knows I would do anything in my power to ease her of her troubles."

"We have come to see what you *can* do," said Mr. Snowden.

"O, that would be little, I'm afraid, but God knows I pity her, and her brother too, if he *has* done evil."

"And have you not said you would sign a petition to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life?"

"Well—ah—yes, yes, I believe I did *say* so once when I felt pretty bad for the boy."

"And will you not sign a petition now, sir?"

"I—I should like to do it, but,—I'm afraid the people would be mad at me if I did,—I don't know, but I think I'd better not sign any such thing to-day."

"But make it your own case, Mr. Dalton. Suppose he was your own boy, and an orphan, and you could look down from heaven and see men signing petitions to save and reform him, would you not bless them? Would you not rejoice? Suppose you were in this poor girl's place, would you not think every body ought to sign it, and save your orphan brother?"

Mr. Dalton was touched by this appeal. His eyes filled with tears, and with stifled words he said—"I should, and I would sign it now, if I had pen, ink, and paper."

"Here are pen, ink and paper," said Mr. Snowden, taking those articles from his hat, and handing them to him.

"But there is no table to write on," said he.

"I'll make a table in a hurry," replied Mr. Snowden, and set his hat on the ground, laid out the paper, filled the pen, and handed it to Dalton to write.

"But my hand trembles so I cannot write now," said he, seeming more undecided than ever.

"I will steady your hand," rejoined Mr. Snowden,

and Abel Dalton submitted, knelt, and without any aid wrote his name under the petition, in a strong and legible hand, cut a fine flourish under it, rose and said, "there, make the most you can of *that*! I hope it may do something to save the boy."

We thanked him heartily for this great kindness, and proceeded next to wait on the clergy of Dexter. But here, at first, discouragements met us which almost froze my heart, and quenched my brightest hopes. Many of the clergy had evidently taken the alarm which all other citizens felt, and respectfully as they treated me, they were disposed to express little mercy for my brother. One blamed the jury for recommending mercy. The Rev. Mr. Hare was afraid we were fast approaching a time when the gallows would be abolished.

"And is it not time it was abolished, and imprisonment for life substituted for capital punishment?" inquired Mr. Snowden.

"Are you indeed serious with your question?" asked Mr. Hare, starting back and blushing with marked surprise.

"I am in serious earnest," replied Mr. Snowden.

"But, sir, I judged by your air, a moment ago, as well as by your apparel, that you were a clergyman."

"So indeed I am."

"A clergyman, and speak against that law of God which says, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!'"

"I perceive, sir, that you and I differ very widely, and I trust, sincerely, in our understanding of the divine

word. I revere it as much as you do. I would see it fulfilled. But I take that to be simply a warning or prediction, which you take for a command."

Here they went into an argument for nearly an hour. They both understood the subject, and made good defences of their views. Mr. Snowden concluded his last argument with several striking facts of history.

"And what does all that prove against the gallows?" asked Mr. Hare, with a face flushed with emotion.

"Prove? what does it prove?" replied Mr. Snowden. "It proves that God alone has rightful power to take the life of his creatures; it is what God has told us—'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves; but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' It proves that your text is a divine warning, which teaches the sanctity of human life, and it is true to-day as anciently, and will be morally or literally fulfilled in the fate of blood-shedders, whether they be governments, societies, or individuals. I will submit to our present laws, and insist on their execution, where the guilty incur their penalty, until they are repealed. But my heart and conscience are against the shedding of human blood."

"I must confess, sir, that I am touched by your manner and facts, but still I must believe the text is a command to society to execute capital punishment on

murderers, and I must stand up for that wholesome institution."

"Then I suppose," said Mr. Snowden, "we have no hope of getting your name on this petition, which prays for an erring orphan's life?"

"You mistake me, sir,—I will sign the petition with all my heart. Much as I fear the tendency of the times, I beg you to understand that I love mercy, and will pray for it when I can. I cannot believe this boy guilty of arson. There is something mysterious in this affair which has troubled me much. But if I believed him guilty, I would pray for mercy in his case, for I cannot be responsible, as a member of this commonwealth, for the death of such an orphan boy."

The tears rolled over Mr. Hare's face, as he signed the petition, and as he shook hands with me at the door, he left a gold eagle in my hand, and said, "God give you success, my faithful girl."

We passed around Dexter. Three or four selectmen signed the petition, and others refused. One who was a professed enemy of the gallows dared not sign it, the community were so much excited against the offender. A Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, and Universalist minister gave us their names, while a larger number of clergymen refused. The principal members of the Friends' Society signed it, and we left Dexter with more hope than fear.

XL.

I KNOW it was not superstition which assured me that the hand of Providence strengthened me, and its voice cheered my soul as I took leave once more of my doomed brother, and started for other towns with my petition. I remembered, for the hundredth time, Bessie Plympton's prayer. My heart overflowed with thanks that this prayer had been fulfilled, and as we were passing out of Dexter on our way to Salem, we met faithful Bessie in the return coach, and found that she had sent a secret application by Milbank for a situation at service in Dexter, in order that she might see Walter in his captivity, show him her sympathy, plant a sunflower under his prison window, if she could, and minister to his needs. Milbank had applied to Hannah Parvin for a place, and she sent for Bessie to enter her family and "help her affairs along." We had time only for a few words. But this last instance of devotion touched me more than anything else for days, and my eyes were once more raining tears. Bessie, too, appeared to be something more than human now, and the radiance of her warm and holy spirit hid from my eyes the sable shadows of her face.

I urged my dear old friend to accept of the eagle which Mr. Hare gave me, but she refused it, rebuking the offer, and asking what I supposed she needed even her own money for, if not to help God's crying children.

I arrived in Salem that afternoon. The time drew near the day of execution, and I found I should have to be very busy, if I accomplished my designs.

I passed around with my petition. I met with a few refusals, and heard similar expressions for and against my brother, which had been made in Dexter. But as a general thing, I was received and answered with a kindness which kindles my heart with sweet rapture at this hour. The spirit of the town, I may say, clasped me to its bosom and blessed me, and wiped away my flowing tears. I obtained a hundred of her noblest names, and was sure that in every name a warm heart was given. Besides, scarcely one who favored me, permitted me to depart without leaving a generous present in my hand.

I will here detain the reader a moment to mention a single name which I received on my petition in Salem, and to render my last account of the person who gave it. It was William Knowlton, the Crazy Juror. After years of sad insanity, he had been blessed with a restoration of his reason and peace; and he acquired time and means to devote to the relief and comfort of orphan children, whose cries he thought were the most piteous, and whose trials, sufferings and temptations, the most mysterious and heart-rending of any on this earth. If a vestige of his old mania survived, it was absorbed in this

one passionate devotion, which enkindled and engrossed all the ardors of his life.

His conscience had ceased to accuse him, but still it lived a new and nobler life. He kept calling my brother "Poor Merrill," and when I corrected him, he answered, that he saw Merrill Clark in every child of misfortune to whom he gave assistance or relief. He gave me a quarter eagle with his name, and sprinkled my petition with his tears.

From Salem I went to Merrimack, and there, too, I received the kindest sympathy and help. The factory girls flocked around me, and showered me with blessings. The proprietors and managers of the mills assisted me unasked. Most of the ministers helped me,—in short, my friends burdened me with kindnesses, whilst a few persons whose names have appeared in my history, were protesting that my brother deserved death, and it would be robbing justice of her rightful sacrifice to snatch him from the gallows.

The day set for visiting the governor arrived, and I was led before him by Friend Buxton and George Milbank, attended by Mrs. Buxton, who insisted on going with me. We found the governor in session with his council, and ready to receive our petition and hear our plea. As nearly as I can remember his excellency, he was a person of ordinary appearance, but there was something in his countenance that encouraged me, and he read the petition with evident feeling, commended my devotion, and assured me that he would rejoice to favor my prayer, and he would do so, if he could find any thing

to justify the act. But he would give me no false encouragement. Many flagrant crimes had been committed of late; the people were clamoring for vengeance; he had been censured for granting pardons and commutations which seemed to be justified; and whilst I must remember, that he could not reverse the sentence without clear and weighty reasons, with consent of his council, he would give as favorable an answer as he could.

The next morning was set for the answer, and we retired to the house of a friend. They exerted themselves to the utmost to comfort and encourage me, but I now felt a terrible anxiety which had not troubled me since the day of Walter's trial, and by what I read in their sad faces that anxiety was increased. Still, I trusted that the orphan's Father and prisoner's Friend lived in heaven, regarded us in love, and would answer our prayer.

I sat down to dinner with the rest, but I was too sad to eat. After dinner, they took me out on a pleasant drive to pass away the time. But the light and beauty of the day were as darkness and gloom to me, and my heart was trembling before the governor, or weeping with my brother in his prison. I returned to a pillow on which I found nothing but gloomy hours and ghastly dreams.

The hour arrived, and we waited on the governor again, and I discovered by a glance that we should either get no answer that day, or one that would crush our hopes. The governor appeared sad and care-worn, and I regarded his council with increased aversion and distrust. I also feared that his excellency had more kindness than decision, and the first word he uttered confirmed

my fears. At first, he assured me, he had desired to grant a commutation, but his council opposed him, and insisted that in this case an example was required. I renewed my plea with all the eloquence of an agonized sister's love. George Milbank pleaded for a respite, at least until the case might be reviewed. Friend Buxton added his plea.

"Thee knows, Robert, what a responsibility is resting on thee now, and the consequences that must follow thy decision. I entreat thee to use prayerful consideration. There are reasonable doubts of this boy's guilt. If he is not guilty, (as I verily believe he is not,) and his life is required, another innocent will be sent before God, laying his death to our charge, and the hearts of many will be pierced with anguish as with a sword. Thee will remember all this, Robert, and give it due concern, and know that if his life is spared, his friends will be saved from a more dreadful agony than he could suffer on the scaffold, while God will surely take care that he is punished for every sin. Follow the Lord's example, and not destroy life, but save it. When he raised Lazarus, he delivered him to his sisters, whose hearts were breaking with the sorrow laid upon them by their brother's death. Suppose this boy is guilty, society has in a measure made him what he is, and he has been torn from his friends and buried in the grave of moral death. Let society, through thy hand, raise him from the dead by kind and salutary treatment, and deliver him to his sister with a free and comely moral life."

The governor replied, that he would not decide against

us then, but appoint another meeting, and in the meantime go over to Dexter and review the circumstances of the case. He went to Dexter and returned to tell us he could discover nothing that would justify him in reversing the sentence of the court. My poor innocent brother (as I regarded him) was after all to die a felon's death, and Sheriff Keezle was to shed his blood! Then it appeared that the scene of his execution, in all its horrible reality, passed before me, and I heard the death-march and saw the coffin, shroud and cap,—I gazed on his ghastly face and quivering form, and witnessed his last struggles. Then it seemed that the arms of my God had forsaken me, and my head whirled, my heart bounded as if breaking out of my bosom, and sank down exhausted; my breath stopped, my strength failed, and I reeled and fell upon the floor.

Reason returned, and I felt once more the help of Heaven. If my brother was to die thus, I would hasten to his cell and attend him while he lived. This required courage and resolution, and I received it. I hurried back to Dexter, to bear the fatal tidings.

But I found that in my absence my brother had fallen ill, and he was not able for several days to receive my message. He had only a fortnight to live, and a whole week elapsed before he knew the governor's answer. He received it with a composure which reassured me of his innocence. He declared his perfect submission, and gave me words of comfort which I was almost astonished to hear. His only trouble now was for Jesse and me, and the other good friends who had done so much for him. He was anxious, he assured me,

to join our parents in a sinless world, and to commit himself to the arms of that God who knew his innocence of this crime, and had forgiven all his sins.

Jesse came to Dexter, and he and Mr. Snowden and I were constant in our attentions at the prison. Time flitted like a dream. Sheriff Keezle seemed impatient for the slaughter. The scaffold was erected. Two days would accomplish the cruel vengeance of the law. My brother's illness returned. The last noon appeared, and he was faint and prostrate on his bed. The last night arrived, and he was a little better. We remained until morning in his cell. After midnight he revived still more, and with our dearest Walter clasped between Jesse and myself, we sat and conversed with a calmness which the Lord must have sent.

We took from him a few simple keepsakes, and received the messages he desired us to bear to his friends. He took from us a sentence or two, unconsciously uttered, and said he would remember them in heaven. I saw the power which faith has to abolish time and space, and dissolve every veil and wall of this dark and hard materiality, and open the heaven of heavens around a believing soul. Death, in my brother's view, was now no more than a turn on the way of life, and to leave this world was but to step from one apartment of God's house to another more peaceful and glorious.

The morning advanced,—the clock struck eight, and after having religious exercises, we took our last farewell —and such a farewell! O, the Lord preserve me from even a recollection of its anguish! We again com-

mended Walter to the God of the innocent, hastened to the house of our friends, and reeled upon our beds in a transport of woe.

But at nine o'clock we were informed that a messenger had gone to the governor the morning before, with a certificate from physicians, stating that Walter would be too ill to meet his execution as appointed, and a respite of two weeks had been granted. That, even, was a blessing to us, for which we thanked the Lord with sobs and tears of gratitude, and we hastened to our brother and embraced him in our joy. But he received the news with sorrow, and declared that it was a cruel mercy.

XLI.

WALTER recovered. Time fled. The scaffold was again adjusted, and my brother gave his thoughts to God and immortality. His calmness (which forsook him for a single moment on the morning we left him to die) returned, and he conversed with us like one inspired. He prayed for us as often as we prayed for him; general astonishment was excited by his behavior, and the impression that he was innocent seized upon another and another mind. Another petition was suggested, was circulated in Dexter, and received five hundred names.

Two days before the time set for the execution, I waited again on the governor. He received me with kindness, as before, and appointed the day following, at nine in the morning, for a final answer. I prayed that the appointment might be earlier by a day, or I might only have time to return and embrace my brother's lifeless form. The governor assured me, that in case of a favorable answer he would despatch a special messenger before me, and order a stay of execution. I submitted. The final hour came, and as the governor discharged his apologies, and was proceeding to deny my last sad prayer, a messenger entered, and asked him to reverse his an-

swer. An amazing disclosure had just been made in Dexter.

Walter's innocence was vindicated. The guilty one, who had attempted to conceal the crime, could not conceal it longer, and had gone before the magistrate with a confession of his guilt. An order was sent to arrest the execution. But there was not a moment to lose. The messenger must hasten with all speed to be in time to snatch my brother from the gallows. I insisted on going with him. We had short relays of horses, and urged them to their utmost speed, and yet it seemed, at times, as though our carriage-wheels were rolling backwards.

As we were entering Dexter, it for the first time occurred to me, that the citizens would not permit the execution, even though the governor's orders were a week behind, and I dismissed my long and sad anxiety. But I did not dismiss my haste. We flew through the town. I passed familiar friends without seeing them, and was greeted with congratulations that I could not hear. I was set down at the door of the prison, and rushed to my brother's cell. We embraced and exchanged our joy in silence, with throbbing hearts and streaming tears. The only words he could utter as they knocked off his chains and led him forth from his prison were these—"Thank God, my dear sister!—my life now is yours! and I *will* be a man!"

But I have been too long reciting this sad story, and the sequel shall be short. Against the desires of my friends, arrangements had been made in my absence to form a procession to welcome my brother back to society,

and express to him the joy which the people felt that they had not shed his innocent blood. A carriage was in readiness to convey him from the prison to Mr. Parvin's, and it was decorated with flowers and banners, and drawn by four white horses.

Soon after we met, the selectmen entered in procession, led Walter to the carriage, handed him, Jesse, myself, and two or three friends in, and against our earnest entreaties, drove through the principal streets, and were nearly an hour before they set us down at our good friend's door.

And such a scene of joy as met us along our way! Such shouts and congratulations! Such waving of handkerchiefs, and tossing of hats! The demonstration touched my heart, and more than atoned for the expressions of vengeance which hundreds had given a few days before. Jesse and Walter leaned on each other, locked arm in arm, and weeping and sobbing like children. We all wept, and we saw tears on the faces of those who saluted us with joy.

The afternoon had been one of those seasons you sometimes experience when the air seems to smother and sting you, and there is no life stirring in the world. As we entered the prison, I perceived a bank of dark clouds in the west, and the sun half hidden above it by a dense and lurid haze. As we entered our carriage and moved in the procession, a refreshing breeze came up and lifted the manes of our horses, fanned our hot foreheads, and seemed to pass through our hearts. I looked again, and saw the dark cloud-bank change to a bright purple, and the great glowing sun dip behind it with a smiling

face. Then the purple dissolved to a splendid orange, and the sun flung back a thousand beams, darting north and south, touching the eastern horizon, and changing every cloud and vapor into silver and gold, and some took wings of doves and some of angels, and all seemed to greet us with the prophet's words,—" Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

XLII.

I ROSE the next morning, finding for the first time in days, how completely my sufferings and exertions had exhausted my strength. I was faint and weary as from illness, or a long and perilous race for life. And yet, I suppose, I had as great occasion to rejoice as any being in the world. My very troubles had given me moral energy as they exhausted my physical powers. I had seen many good things brought out of evil. And my darling brother—had not the Lord delivered him? was he not now my own? and was he not henceforth consecrated to a life of manly virtue? Could I have poured out my soul in thanks like a river, I could not have expressed all my gratitude.

But still I had one sorrow. And sure I am that my readers will not censure me when I tell what it was. I shared it with Walter and many other friends. I sorrowed for the poor trembling culprit who had incurred the indignation of the people, and was so soon to feel the terrible vengeance of the law. It seemed to me then no more than just that he should suffer death, and I revered the law whose majesty had been insulted. But still I grieved for the criminal and his afflicted family, and

hoped that his punishment might be commuted to imprisonment. He expressed great relief, and even satisfaction, when he had made confession; but what a different death must his be from that for which Walter had prepared! To his dungeon, and to sit by his side on the scaffold and cheer and soothe him, and give him triumph, that great Comforter, an innocent Conscience, could not come. And he lacked faith and hope. He lacked moral courage. He was faint and ghastly from what he had suffered. From the very hour that he committed the crime and fled, he had been terribly punished, and after my brother's arrest, his pains were augmented an hundred fold. Every thought and reflection had punished him. In every dream at night he had been arraigned, condemned, and punished. Every object in nature, every face of man, whether frowning or smiling, had seemed to accuse him and demand a confession, that the innocent might live.

But he had an innocent wife and children to share his anguish and suffer his disgrace: he had everything to lose, and for a long time he had neither heart nor courage to confess his crime. He was brought into the hall of the prison as Walter was led out. He rushed upon my brother and sobbed his confession in a cry of agony, which makes me shudder as I write. He threw himself down on Walter's feet, clasped them, kissed them, and pleaded for forgiveness. I could not witness the scene; and while I moved away, my brother lifted him to his feet, returned his kiss, repeated his hearty forgiveness, and prayed God to forgive and bless him as they led him to his cell.

I returned to Merrimack, taking Walter along with me. A situation at a trade was offered him in Salem, but I could scarce endure to have him out of my sight. I had not known that my love for him could rise to such a height. I could fancy the mother's love and joy who clomb the flinty mountain cliff and snatched her babe from the eagle's grasp. With a sad heart, now beginning more than ever to suffer for the vices of his youth, Walter went to a trade in Merrimack, and boarded at Mrs. Dorlon's, where I saw him every day.

I returned to my looms once more, and their cheerful clack was music to my ears. I observed a few changes in my company, but there were Agnes and Anna yet at my side, and Mr. Olney was still our superintendent. I worked a number of weeks and found my moral strength and serenity more than I anticipated, but my physical energy remained quite exhausted, and I needed relaxation and repose. I was advised to retire to the country for a month at least and refresh my wasted powers. My dear Agnes Newman was about to return to Quinnebaug and prepare for her bridal; she had often desired me to go with her; she repeated her invitation, and I accepted.

But I could not get away from Merrimack again until I had paid "an old-fashioned visit" to Dr. Downs' family; so I went home with Celia and spent a week—a short week, in one sense, our occupation was so great; and long in another sense, so many bright satisfactions were crowded into it;—a dear, social, happy week, during which was revived in my mind the full idea of a real New England home; a home blessed with moral joys

and intellectual lights; a home where love, thought, and principle sit supreme, and the passions attend as menials. We had conversation and communion; we had reading and story-telling; we had charades and proverbs; we made snow-images and Christmas-trees for the young, and wrought New-Year's gifts for the old. Selwyn was home a few hours every day, and he entered warmly into our enjoyments, and increased them many fold. Several of our young friends visited us, and I felt, as I left, that I had added many treasures to my mind, while issues of love, thought, beauty, and power, were opened all around my heart. That "bright, particular" week was another of the things I expect to remember in heaven. Still my physical strength was not restored, and I went with Agnes to her country home.

XLIII.

In Quinnebaug we enjoyed the pleasures of what, if I were a poet, I would call a "Summer Home in Winter Time;" for, although we had winter around us, it was all summer and sunshine in the home of my sweet friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman were still living in the bloom and cheerfulness of life, and they had a son and daughter beside Agnes to render their home happy. They possessed an ample farm on the sunny-side of the river. They had a large and pleasant old house, and everything about them for comfort and true life. They were an intelligent couple, blessing God for the little New England school-house, and for a library of fine books which they had upon their shelves. Their children were well educated. Their farm was picturesque. The first hemlock-forest I ever saw was there; and there were pine woods covering hundreds of acres, beside large forests of oaks and chestnuts. In front of their house the Quinnebaug was as beautiful as the Merrimack, and half a mile away there was a fall, which appeared in the distance like a miniature Niagara.

We had all varieties of weather. The day after we

arrived, we had a snow-storm. It was mild and still as a mid-summer eve, when it gradually cooled, retaining its stillness, and enclosing us in an atmosphere of clearest blue, and the soft white snow sifted, a day and a night from the clouds. The fences were burdened, the stumps were crowned as with marble capitals; the trees were sheeted as with dimity, and quilted as with wool. Flocks of white snow-birds chirped about the house; broods of timid quails came hovering around the barn, and the crows were in confusion, lighting on the topmost branches of the trees, or soaring high into the heavens to get above the storm.

The weather changed, and a roaring wind piled the snow into drifts, and wrought it into pillars, scrolls, and domes of every style and form of architecture. The weather changed again; the atmosphere softened, a black mist came over, and we had a few hours' rain. The wind then blew from the north, and a cold frost succeeded, and transmuted the world to crystal. It remained very cold for a week, and, though the sky was clear all that while, the crystals were not dissolved.

And what a scene ensued! The keen air inspired us with unwonted vivacity; and during that week we seemed to walk in fairy-land. . We ran on the glittering snow as on marble. We glided through the woods, and gazed at the dark evergreens and yellow maples as they waved their flaming jewels. We traversed the river for miles, admiring each picturesque curve and cascade. We gazed on the fields and forests, as they shone in the sun-

light and moonlight, and answered the cold, bright glances of the stars.

But our happiest hours were in the warm, bright parlor at night, as we read or conversed, or compared our impressions of the world. Before I returned to Merrimack, Agnes was married to a farmer's son, and we had a country wedding worth describing in a book. The month seemed to pass in a week, I was so happy. My strength was restored, and, with a cheerful heart, I returned to my looms.

On the evening of my return, I looked over my accounts, and found I had nearly two hundred dollars, in money received as donations, more than I had expended on all my efforts to save my brother's life. I asked Walter and Milbank to mark with me, and say what disposition I should make of it. We all marked "Charity." So, after giving a portion to the felon's widow and orphans at Dexter, I divided the rest between the "Children's Friend Society of Merrimack," the "Prison Reform Association of Boston," and Friend Buxton's mission in Salem.

XLIV.

It is still the fashion to wind up a story, as the enraptured hero of Sleepy Hollow would have wound up affairs at the Van Tassel House; with 'the pigeons snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, the geese swimming in their own gravy, every turkey daintily trussed up with his gizzard under his wing and a necklace of savory sausages;' and himself married to the blooming Katrina, and away, at last, 'to Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.' Even history and biography seem often to slide into this old fashion, and the turn of events compels me to follow it further than I like, in conclusion of my narrative.

The reader of course anticipates the end of several characters who have figured in these pages, and of others I need render but a brief account. It was to be expected that Newton Puffit and the Keezles could never extract the real wealth of their great fortunes, without finer minds, better tastes and nobler hearts than they possessed; and that the very riches they obtained might become the agent of their wretchedness and fall. The

reader will not be surprised to hear that Amelia Dorlon reformed, and now lives respected; whilst one of her mill-companions has laid off her vanities at last, become intelligent, and retired to a happy, though unpretending home. And what could any one expect of Anna Logan, but that she would be well married, have means to relieve her mother, and enjoy the finest life?

Mrs. Dorlon united her means with those of Amelia's husband, and they built a pleasant home near her old residence, and more than ever, at this age, she resembles the last picture of Martha Washington.

The Buxtons, with their noble hearts and wealthy memories, would have been honored and blessed, though begging their bread from door to door.

My brother Jesse lives in comfort, and possesses a manliness which the discipline of sorrow assisted him to gain. Walter is more cheerful now than he has been since his trial. He is respected, he is master of a trade, and pursues a course of self-culture which improves him every day.

You will say with me, that Julia Warden pairs off well with Selwyn Downs, and you cannot be surprised at their marriage, nor fail to believe that she assists him in the city mission, and they live many years in one.

George Milbank has an extensive practice, and most of his cases are those of the injured and oppressed. He still possesses the rural seat near the cascade, and has a handsome Swiss cottage, where one of the finest landscapes in New England may be seen. I once disliked men of his profession, and was surprised to see the girls

so eager for lawyer-husbands. But my mind is somewhat changed, and I now regard a manly lawyer with respect. I respected George Milbank before he came to Merrimack; and when he rescued Milly Dorlon from destruction, I gave him my admiration. As he next appeared, to defend my brother, that feeling was filled with gratitude, and the trial was not ended, before it was enhanced an hundred fold.

My former serenity returned, and I found every affection for him engrossed in ardent and exalted love, and when I asked how I might reward him, and he replied, "Marry me, if you think I can make you happy," I could neither conceal my joy, nor disappoint his hopes.

We have shadows with our sunshine, and troubles with our peace; and yet we are far more happy than I used to fancy wedded life would be. Bessie Plympton has a chamber in our cottage, and a patch of sunflowers in our garden, and she sings of "Heavenly Union," and dreams of the land of rest.

On last Wednesday afternoon, the present members of the Book Society, with three or four of my old mill-companions, had a pic-nic in our grove, and came to the cottage at night, and read "Kavanagh," and tasted the first catawbas we have brought in this season.

We have just had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Buxton, and next week we are going to Salem, and if the weather continues mild, have a pic-nic on the Juniper.

As our chimney glows with the first autumn fire, and my mother Milbank plies her needles in the corner, and my little rosy Selwyn dreams of his hobby-horse and

bugle at my feet, new issues of joy spring forth, like jets of water from a fountain, and sweetly shower my heart.

My husband is out amongst his trees, and when he comes in for the evening, we are going to resume a course of reading, which includes the memoirs of Lady Colquhoun, Sarah Mayo, and Mary Ware.

PHILOSOPHERS AND ACTRESSES

By Arsene Houssaye. With beautifully-engraved Portraits of Voltaire and Mad. Parabère. Two vols., 12mo, price $2.50.

"We have here the most charming book we have read these many days,—so powerful in its fascination that we have been held for hours from our imperious labors or needful slumbers, by the entrancing influence of its pages. One of the most desirable fruits of the prolific field of literature of the present season."—*Portland Eclectic.*

"Two brilliant and fascinating—we had almost said, bewitching—volumes, combining information and amusement, the lightest gossip, with solid and serviceable wisdom."—*Yankee Blade.*

"It is a most admirable book, full of originality, wit, information and philosophy Indeed, the vividness of the book is extraordinary. The scenes and descriptions are absolutely life-like."—*Southern Literary Gazette.*

"The works of the present writer are the only ones the spirit of whose rhetoric does justice to those times, and in fascination of description and style equal the fascinations they descant upon."—*New Orleans Commercial Bulletin.*

"The author is a brilliant writer, and serves up his sketches in a sparkling manner" *Christian Freeman.*



ANCIENT EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS.

By John Kendrick, M. A. In 2 vols., 12mo, price $2.50.

"No work has heretofore appeared suited to the wants of the historical student, which combined the labors of artists, travellers, interpreters and critics, during the periods from the earliest records of the monarchy to its final absorption in the empire of Alexander. This work supplies this deficiency."—*Olive Branch.*

"Not only the geography and political history of Egypt under the Pharaohs are given, but we are furnished with a minute account of the domestic manners and customs of the inhabitants, their language, laws, science, religion, agriculture, navigation and commerce."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

"These volumes present a comprehensive view of the results of the combined labors of travellers, artists, and scientific explorers, which have effected so much during the present century toward the development of Egyptian archæology and history."—*Journal of Commerce.*

"The descriptions are very vivid and one wanders, delighted with the author, through the land of Egypt, gathering at every step, new phases of her wondrous history, and ends with a more intelligent knowledge than he ever before had, of the land of the Pharaohs."—*American Spectator.*



COMPARATIVE PHYSIOGNOMY;

Or Resemblances between Men and Animals. By J. W. Redfield, M. D. In one vol., 8vo, with several hundred illustrations. price, $2.00.

"Dr. Redfield has produced a very curious, amusing, and instructive book, curious in its originality and illustrations, amusing in the comparisons and analyses, and instructive because it contains very much useful information on a too much neglected subject. It will be eagerly read and quickly appreciated."—*National Ægis.*

"The whole work exhibits a good deal of scientific research, intelligent observation, and ingenuity."—*Daily Union.*

"Highly entertaining even to those who have little time to study the science."—*Detroit Daily Advertiser.*

"This is a remarkable volume and will be read by two classes, those who study for information, and those who read for amusement. For its originality and entertaining character, we commend it to our readers."—*Albany Express.*

"It is overflowing with wit, humor, and originality, and profusely illustrated. The whole work is distinguished by vast research and knowledge."—*Knickerbocker.*

"The plan is a novel one; the proofs striking, and must challenge the attention of the curious."—*Daily Advertiser*

NOTES AND EMENDATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from the Early Manuscript Corrections in a copy of the folio of 1632, in the possession of JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F.S.A. Third edition, with a fac-simile of the Manuscript Corrections. 1 vol 12mo, cloth, $1 50.

"It is not for a moment to be doubted, we think, that in this volume a contribution has been made to the clearness and accuracy of Shakespeare's text, by far the most important of any offered or attempted since Shakespeare lived and wrote."—*Lond. Exam*

"The corrections which Mr. Collier has here given to the world are, we venture to think, of more value than the labors of nearly all the critics on Shakespeare's text put together."—*London Literary Gazette.*

"It is a rare gem in the history of literature, and can not fail to command the attention of all the amateurs of the writings of the immortal dramatic poet."—*Ch'ston Cour*

"It is a book absolutely indispensable to every admirer of Shakespeare who wishes to read him understandingly."—*Louisville Courier.*

"It is clear from internal evidence, that for the most part they are genuine restorations of the original plays. They carry conviction with them."—*Home Journal.*

"This volume is an almost indispensable companion to any of the editions of Shakespeare, so numerous and often important are many of the corrections."—*Register, Philadelphia.*



THE HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

By JOSEPH FRANÇOIS MICHAUD. Translated by W. Robson, 3 vols. 12mo., maps, $3 75.

"It is comprehensive and accurate in the detail of facts, methodical and lucid in arrangement, with a lively and flowing narrative."—*Journal of Commerce.*

"We need not say that the work of Michaud has superseded all other histories of the Crusades. This history has long been the standard work with all who could read it in its original language. Another work on the same subject is as improbable as a new history of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'"—*Salem Freeman.*

"The most faithful and masterly history ever written of the wild wars for the Holy Land."—*Philadelphia American Courier.*

"The ability, diligence, and faithfulness, with which Michaud has executed his great task, are undisputed; and it is to his well-filled volumes that the historical student must now resort for copious and authentic facts, and luminous views respecting this most romantic and wonderful period in the annals of the Old World."—*Boston Daily Courier.*



MARMADUKE WYVIL.

An Historical Romance of 1651, by HENRY W. HERBERT, author of the "Cavaliers of England," &c., &c. Fourteenth Edition. Revised and Corrected.

"This is one of the best works of the kind we have ever read—full of thrilling incidents and adventures in the stirring times of Cromwell, and in that style which has made the works of Mr. Herbert so popular."—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

"The work is distinguished by the same historical knowledge, thrilling incident, and pictorial beauty of style, which have characterized all Mr. Herbert's fictions and imparted to them such a bewitching interest."—*Yankee Blade.*

"The author out of a simple plot and very few characters, has constructed a novel of deep interest and of considerable historical value. It will be found well worth reading"—*National Ægis, Worcester.*

MACAULAY'S SPEECHES.

Speeches by the Right Hon. T. B. MACAULAY, M. P., Author of "The History of England," "Lays of Ancient Rome," &c., &c. Two vols., 12mo, price $2.00.

"It is hard to say whether his poetry, his speeches in parliament, or his brilliant essays, are the most charming; each has raised him to very great eminence, and would be sufficient to constitute the reputation of any ordinary man."—*Sir Archibald Alison.*

"It may be said that Great Britain has produced no statesman since Burke, who has united in so eminent a degree as Macaulay the lofty and cultivated genius, the eloquent orator, and the sagacious and far-reaching politician."—*Albany Argus.*

"We do not know of any living English orator, whose eloquence comes so near the ancient ideal—close, rapid, powerful, *practical* reasoning, animated by an intense earnestness of feeling."—*Courier & Enquirer.*

"Mr. Macaulay has lately acquired as great a reputation as an orator, as he had formerly won as an essayist and historian. He takes in his speeches the same wide and comprehensive grasp of his subject that he does in his essays, and treats it in the same elegant style."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"The same elaborate finish, sparkling antithesis, full sweep and copious flow of thought, and transparency of style, which made his essays so attractive, are found in his speeches. They are so perspicuous, so brilliantly studded with ornament and illustration, and so resistless in their current, that they appear at the time to be the wisest and greatest of human compositions."—*New York Evangelist.*



TRENCH ON PROVERBS.

On the Lessons in Proverbs, by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B. D., Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, Author of the "Study of Words." 12mo, cloth, 50 cents.

"Another charming book by the author of the "Study of Words," on a subject which is so ingeniously treated, that we wonder no one has treated it before."—*Yankee Blade.*

"It is a book at once profoundly instructive, and at the same time deprived of all approach to dryness, by the charming manner in which the subject is treated."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

"It is a wide field, and one which the author has well cultivated, adding not only to his own reputation, but a valuable work to our literature."—*Albany Evening Transcript.*

"The work shows an acute perception, a genial appreciation of wit, and great research. It is a very rare and agreeable production, which may be read with profit and delight."—*New York Evangelist.*

"The style of the author is terse and vigorous—almost a model in its kind."—*Portland Eclectic.*



THE LION SKIN

And the Lover Hunt; by CHARLES DE BERNARD. 12mo, $1.00.

"It is not often the novel-reader can find on his bookseller's shelf a publication so full of incidents and good humor, and at the same time so provocative of honest thought."—*National* (Worcester, Mass.) *Ægis.*

"It is full of incidents; and the reader becomes so interested in the principal personages in the work, that he is unwilling to lay the book down until he has learned their whole history."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

"It is refreshing to meet occasionally with a well-published story which is written for a story, and for nothing else—which is not tipped with the snapper of a moral, or loaded in the handle with a pound of philanthropy, or an equal quantity of leaden philosophy."—*Springfield Republican.*

MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

Memoirs of the Life of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by THOMAS MOORE, with Portrait after Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two vols., 12mo, cloth, $2.00.

"One of the most brilliant biographies in English literature. It is the life of a wit written by a wit, and few of Tom Moore's most sparkling poems are more brilliant and fascinating than this biography."—*Boston Transcript.*

"This is at once a most valuable biography of the most celebrated wit of the times, and one of the most entertaining works of its gifted author."—*Springfield Republican.*

"The Life of Sheridan, the wit, contains as much food for serious thought as the best sermon that was ever penned."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

"The sketch of such a character and career as Sheridan's by such hand as Moore's, can never cease to be attractive."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

"The work is instructive and full of interest."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"It is a gem of biography; full of incident, elegantly written, warmly appreciative, and on the whole candid and just. Sheridan was a rare and wonderful genius, and has in this work justice done to his surpassing merits."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*



BARRINGTON'S SKETCHES.

Personal Sketches of his own Time, by SIR JONAH BARRINGTON, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, with Illustrations by Darley. Third Edition, 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

"A more entertaining book than this is not often thrown in our way. His sketches of character are inimitable, and many of the prominent men of his time are hit off in the most striking and graceful outline."—*Albany Argus.*

"He was a very shrewd observer and eccentric writer, and his narrative of his own life, and sketches of society in Ireland during his times, are exceedingly humorous and interesting."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"It is one of those works which are conceived and written in so hearty a view, and brings before the reader so many palpable and amusing characters, that the entertainment and information are equally balanced."—*Boston Transcript.*

"This is one of the most entertaining books of the season."—*N. Y. Recorder.*

"It portrays in life-like colors the characters and daily habits of nearly all the English and Irish celebrities of that period."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*



JOMINI'S CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.

The Political and Military History of the Campaign of Waterloo from the French of Gen. Baron Jomini, by Lieut. S. V. BENET, U. S. Ordnance, with a Map, 12mo, cloth, 75 cents.

"Of great value, both for its historical merit and its acknowledged impartiality."—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

"It has long been regarded in Europe as a work of more than ordinary merit, while to military men his review of the tactics and manœuvres of the French Emperor during the few days which preceded his final and most disastrous defeat, is considered as instructive, as it is interesting."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

"It is a standard authority and illustrates a subject of permanent interest. With military students, and historical inquirers, it will be a favorite reference, and for the general reader it possesses great value and interest."—*Boston Transcript.*

"It throws much light on often mooted points respecting Napoleon's military and political genius. The translation is one of much vigor."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

"It supplies an important chapter in the most interesting and eventful period of Napoleon's military career."—*Savannah Daily News.*

"It is ably written and skilfully translated."—*Yankee Blade.*

THE MASTER BUILDER;

Or, Life at a Trade. By DAY KELLOGG LEE, author of "Summerfield, or Life on the Farm." One vol., 12mo, price $1.00.

"He is a powerful and graphic writer, and from what we have seen of the pages of the 'Master Builder,' it is a romance of excellent aim and success."—*State Register.*

"The 'Master Builder' is the master production. It is romance into which is instilled the reality of life; and incentives are put forth to noble exertion and virtue. The story is pleasing—almost fascinating; the moral is pure and undefiled."—*Daily Times.*

"Its descriptions are, many of them, strikingly beautiful; commingling in good proportions, the witty, the grotesque, the pathetic, and the heroic. It may be read with profit as well as pleasure."—*Argus.*

"The work before us will commend itself to the masses, depicting as it does most graphically the struggles and privations which await the unknown and uncared-for Mechanic in his journey through life. It is what might be called a romance, but not of love, jealousy and revenge order."—*Lockport Courier.*

"The whole scheme of the story is well worked up and very instructive."—*Albany Express.*



GRISCOM ON VENTILATION.

The Uses and Abuses of Air: showing its Influence in Sustaining Life, and Producing Disease, with Remarks on the Ventilation of Houses, and the best Methods of Securing a Pure and Wholesome Atmosphere inside of Dwellings, Churches, Workshops, &c By JOHN H. GRISCOM, M. D. One vol. 12mo, $1.00.

"This comprehensive treatise should be read by all who wish to secure health, and especially by those constructing churches, lecture-rooms, school houses, &c.—It is undoubted, that many diseases are created and spread in consequence of the little attention paid to proper ventilation. Dr. G. writes knowingly and plainly upon this all-important topic."—*Newark Advertiser.*

"The whole book is a complete manual of the subject of which it treats; and we venture to say that the builder or contriver of a dwelling, school-house, church, theatre, . . . or steamboat, who neglects to inform himself of the momentous truths it asserts, commits virtually a crime against society."—*N. Y. Metropolis.*

"When shall we learn to estimate at their proper value, pure water and pure air, which God provided for man before he made man, and a very long time before he permitted the existence of a doctor? We commend the Uses and Abuses of Air to our readers, assuring them that they will find it to contain directions for the ventilation of dwellings, which every one who values health and comfort should put in practice."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*



HAGAR, A STORY OF TO-DAY.

By ALICE CAREY, author of "Clovernook," "Lyra, and Other Poems," &c. One vol., 12mo, price $1.00.

"A story of rural and domestic life, abounding in humor, pathos and that naturalness in character and conduct which made 'Clovernook' so great a favorite last season. Passages in 'Hagar' are written with extraordinary power, its moral is striking and just, and the book will inevitably be one of the most popular productions of the season."

"She has a fine, rich, and purely original genius. Her country stories are almost unequaled."—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

"The Times speaks of Alice Carey as standing at the head of the living female writers of America. We go even farther in our favorable judgment, and express the opinion that among those living or dead, she has had no equal in this country; and we know of few in the annals of English literature who have exhibited superior gifts of real poetic genius."—*The (Portland, Me.) Eclectic.*